

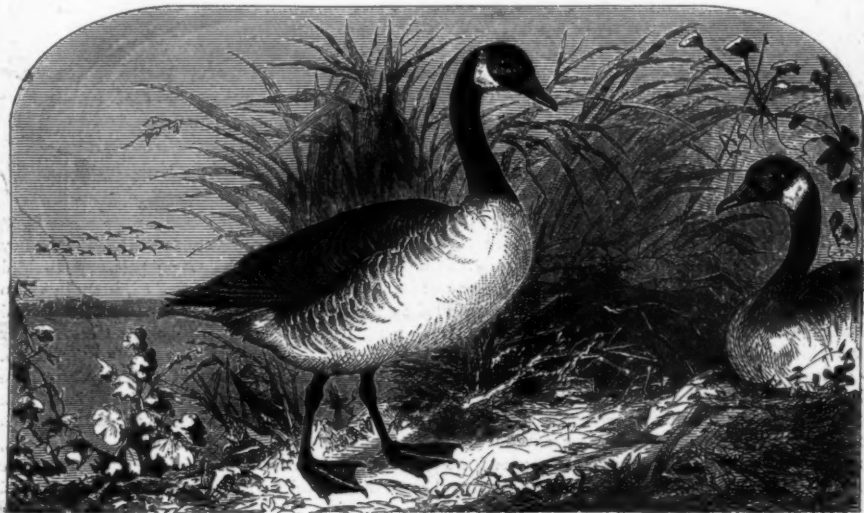
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

SOME OF OUR GAME-BIRDS.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

THE wild-geese, a name very strangely applied to the male and female of the species, is the widest wanderer of all the game-birds. It goes from the tropics to the polar sea, and back again, every year. Like a barbed arrow-head in shape, and cutting the air at a great height from the earth, the safely-led and exactly-marshaled hosts may be

gregates at many places on the coast and in the interior of the United States, especially in spring and fall. The best sport I have ever had with it was on the prairies of Indiana and Illinois, in the vicinity of the Wabash and Kankakee Rivers, where large flocks drop down for rest and refreshment midway of the extremes of their flight in March and Octo



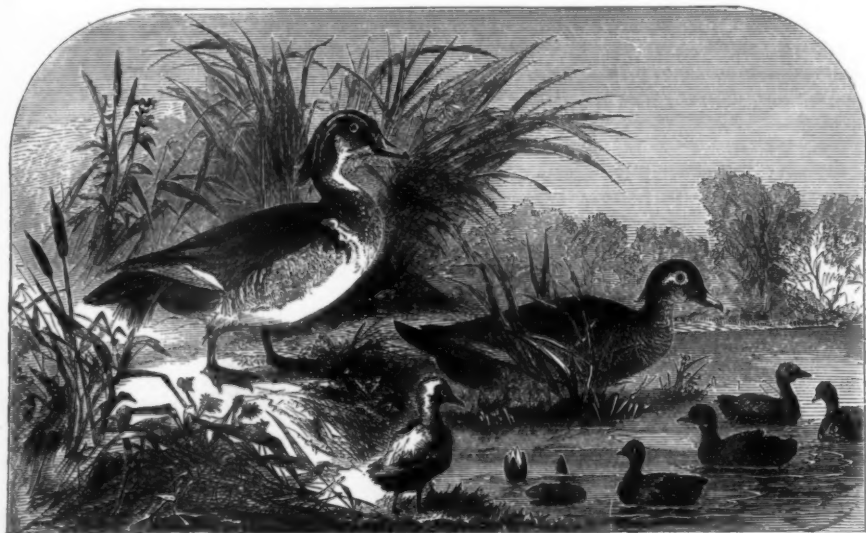
WILD-GOOSE.

seen in spring and autumn sweeping southward or northward, their clanging voices falling to the ears of man mellowed almost into musical softness. Wherever any considerable water-course flows in a direction nearly approaching a north-and-south line, the migrating flocks of these giant birds follow the general course of the stream in their flight. The wild-geese will probably never become extinct, from the fact that it nests and rears its young in the inaccessible polar regions, while it is also endowed with instincts of self-preservation most baffling to its enemies. It is a long-lived, hardy, plucky bird, affording the sportsman an ample field in which to display his craft and skill. When not too old, its flesh is peculiarly juicy, tender, and well-flavored. It con-

ber. To illustrate the powerful vitality of this bird let me record an incident of a week's shooting on the Kankakee. From the second-story window of a shooting-lodge I fired at a flock of geese passing over, and succeeded in knocking one of the birds off his wings. He fell hard on a sheet of ice formed over a lagoon, and lay for some seconds as if quite dead, but before I could descend and secure him he got on his feet, and began to run at a lively gait. One of my fellow-sportsmen, seeing my game about to escape, let go right and left at it at short range, knocking it over, and fairly stripping its back of feathers, but it immediately recovered again, and made off with great energy. The bird was shot six times before it was secured. The guns used were

hard-hitting breech-loaders, and the shot went through and through our victim's body at different angles. Geese are often very fat when found in the maize-fields of Illinois, which renders them less alert and slower of flight. Fine sport may be

taken in different localities. When they have been feeding for a month or so on wheat or Indian-corn, no barn-yard fowl can compare with them for tenderness and delicacy; but often, when taken on small spring-streams, where their food consists of



WOOD DUCK.

had in those places where the corn has been cut and "shocked." The gunner secretes himself in the vicinity of a feeding flock of geese by entering one of these shocks and sending an assistant by a wide circuit to drive the game to him. By this method I have killed many with both gun and long-bow. It is difficult to kill a goose with a shot-gun when the bird's breast is presented, but no coating of feathers can turn a well-sent arrow. In some of our Atlantic coast-regions great numbers of geese are killed by professional hunters for the city markets, and no game finds a readier sale at good prices.

Among aquatic game-birds, the wood-duck may be next mentioned as a general favorite with sportsmen. He is the most beautiful in outline, plumage, and bearing, of all our ducks. Though small, he is stately, and nothing can exceed in brilliancy of coloring, and happy contrast of gay tints, his oddly-blended feathers from crest to tail. The habits of this bird are peculiar. Its nest is built in the hollow of a tree, like that of the woodpecker, and its young crawl out from their home and tumble to the ground without injury before they can fly, and are led away to some adjacent pond or stream, where they immediately proceed to care for themselves, asking nothing further of their parents than mere attendance and companionship. I have killed these birds at many points between Lower Florida and Lake Michigan. Their food is various, which accounts for the great difference in the flavor of their flesh when

periwinkles, water-snails, and small shell-fish, they are unsuited to a discriminating palate. No bird affords better sport. When flushed, it springs into the air like a quail, and darts away with a loud sound of wings. You must be no poke-shot to cover it, or it escapes by plunging behind any cover that offers. In September and October all the thousands of little lakes and ponds scattered over Northern and Middle Indiana teem with rafts of wood-duck, and very often one or two teal may be seen in the midst of a flock, apparently quite welcome and happy. One singular habit of this bird I do not recollect seeing mentioned by any writer. When sorely wounded, it will dive under any floating substance, ice, drift-wood, or matted leaves or roots, and there drown rather than be captured. For shooting with my own favorite weapon, the long-bow, the wood-duck presents many "fine points." The sportsman, if at all crafty and light of foot, may, by taking advantage of the cover offered by a clump of papaw-bushes or a fallen tree-top, get within twenty or thirty yards of his birds without attracting their notice, and if his arrows be skillfully delivered he may knock over two or three before the flock takes fright and rises. The "elbow-ponds" of the West, so called from being grown up full of a kind of aquatic bush called elbow or button-ball, are the favorite resort of wood-ducks with their broods, hatched in the hollows of the trees during the summer months, and it is at the cost of the most careful manœuvring and watchfulness that their

habits can then be observed. The old birds are ever alert, and the young ones hide beyond any chance of discovery at the slightest hint of danger. Several kinds of hawks and the big-horned owl prey upon the wood-duck, and I have often found where a raccoon or an opossum had dined on one, leaving a heap of brilliant feathers as evidence of his delicious repast. I once saw a tall, lean, red fox galloping through an open forest with a wood-duck fluttering in his mouth. I started a dog after him, but—forgive the comparison—it was like starting a snail after lightning. The fox and the bird slipped from my sight like a shadow in a dream, one to its lair to sleep on a good supper, the other to the paradise of birds.

The woodcock is a game-bird highly prized by sportsmen and epicures. The peculiarity of its habits, and the fact that year by year it approaches extermination, make it an object of great interest, too, to the naturalist. You will find a solitary bird starting at your feet and whirring up through the air from some moist spot in a brushy wood. Your eye will scarcely be able to follow its short, zigzag flight to where it drops into cover. Its motions are those of a nocturnal bird. Its wings are almost soundless, and it whips about in its flight as if its dull black eyes would serve it better in the dark. It feeds mostly by night, boring with its long, flexible bill in moist earth, guided to its prey by a fine sense of smell. I have seen it in every State from Florida to Michigan. Woodcock-shooting is excellent sport

quick for sure aim, and I consider it more luck than skill to cut a bird down without getting your gun to your face. Occasionally a spot may be found where at twilight woodcock fly over, going to their feeding-grounds, affording a few minutes of rapid shooting; but it is a stretch of good-humored fancy to call such business sport. The best woodcock-gunning I ever had was in a large semi-marshy sedge-field in Georgia, whither I had gone to shoot plover. My dog, an old, slow pointer, came to a stand, as I supposed, on a quail which I had seen alight near the spot, but when I got the bird up it was a woodcock. The sedge was in tufts about waist-high, and nothing else but a few persimmon-bushes offered any flight-cover. I got up one after another until I killed a heavy bag. Not one in all the field escaped me. I once had an excellent opportunity of watching the manoeuvres of a woodcock while feeding. I was lying under some maple-bushes on the bank of a pond, my shot-gun to the right of me, and my long-bow to the left. It was about the 1st of May, I think, and I was in ambush for some buffle-heads I had noticed coming into the pond, late stragglers from the north-going flocks. All about me the shadows of the maple-thicket were dusker than ordinary twilight, and the ground was soft and damp. While I lay thus waiting for an assistant to slowly make his way round the pond and drive the ducks to me, a slight rustling directed my eyes to a woodcock running swiftly in elliptical lines on a small, almost



WOODCOCK.

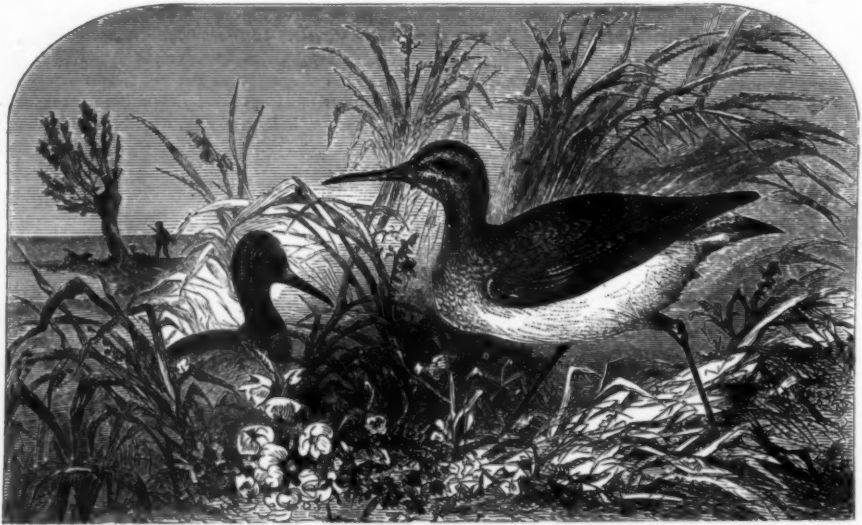
where the birds are found in sufficient numbers, but I have rarely seen a place from which taking a bag of three braces in a half-day was not grand luck even for the best shot. You must nearly always kill your bird at snap-shot, that is, by firing too

muddy flat some twenty yards away. Its motions were strangely eccentric, almost grotesque—its wings akimbo, its head thrown back till its long bill pointed almost directly upward, and its big eyes gleaming as if in ecstasy of fright or pain. Suddenly it

stopped, stiffened its legs like stilts, and began tilting up and down, piercing the soft loam with its bill to the depth of two inches at each movement. It drew forth worms and semi-aquatic insects, which it devoured with lively show of delight. After a few successful borings in this way, it again began its strange curvilinear running, which lasted for a few seconds, and ended in a repetition of the feeding process, then again the running, and so on till some slight movement on my part frightened it, whereupon it darted into a patch of water-grass, and I saw it no more. To my taste, the woodcock, served with currant-jelly, is the most toothsome of all the wild game-flavored birds. Whenever I can take home a brace I feel that my tramp has not been in vain.

The American snipe, while not so fine a table-

tuft of water-sedge. I have found excellent shooting, however, in fallow fields, or old corn-stubble plats whose surface was badly drained. With a well-trained dog, a No. 12 breech-loader gun, and a good meadow, the sportsman, on a hazy, mellow April day, may bag a hundred snipe. If the wind is rather strong, your dog will have some difficulty, and half your shots will be hasty ones at long range. A gentle draught from the south is best weather. While the snipe generally takes wing rather beyond desirable flushing distance, it sometimes lies very close and hard, having to be kicked out of the grass. This makes shooting doubtful, and the sport very exciting. When the bird jumps up at your toes, whirls over on the wind, and wriggles off like a fish in a swift shoal, you make no deliberate, graceful shots. Your gun goes to your shoulder on a skew,



SNIFE.

bird as the woodcock, offers much better sport. Indeed, a good broad meadow of snipe has but one thing to surpass it in the sportsman's estimation, namely, a field of low cover with plenty of quail. The snipe's manner of feeding is much like that of the woodcock, and in shape and plumage he somewhat resembles the latter. He is difficult to shoot till one has learned his ways. Jumping against the wind as he rises, he generally flies with a corkscrew motion very bewildering to the novice. His cry—"Scaip, scaip!" given out as he leaves the grass—is delightful music to the cultured sportsman. I have killed snipe from North to South wherever there are meadows suited to their feeding. They drop down upon us in spring and fall, and remain just long enough to give us our fill of sport. You will find them in marshy flats where little ponds or puddles abound in the midst of reaches of rush-grass and

and you fire on a half-turn in a cramped position. If you hit your bird, you hit it hard at close range, cutting it up badly, or, after a poke-shot, you knock it down, winged only, beyond ordinary killing distance. This bird is as swift of foot as of wing, and, when not instantly killed, generally escapes though mortally wounded. When shot through the heart I have known it to rise perpendicularly till it disappeared from sight, then presently fall to earth dead. One dropped at my feet from such a flight once, greatly to my astonishment, some minutes after I had shot it. The snipe breeds in the almost interminable swamps and marshes of the semi-boreal regions, goes south in April, stopping along his way, and returns in September and October, straggling and apparently reluctant to leave our States.

I have spoken of the wood-duck as, of all wild ducks, the sportsman's favorite; but twenty other



WILD-DUCK.

varieties might be mentioned with satisfaction. Sea-ducks, with the canvas-back in the lead, and the fresh-water ducks, headed by the beautiful and

or early April, and in mid-autumn, vast flocks of mallard settle upon the inland streams and wood-fringed lakelets of Illinois and Indiana, where they offer



PLOVER.

gamy mallard, might be the subject of a volume. But I cannot refrain from registering here some observations and recollections touching mallard-shoot in the West and South. In the spring, late March

good sport, of which the hunter may avail himself in many ways. The readers of the JOURNAL (old series) know my preference for the long-bow as a sporting-weapon wherever it can be used. I think

it the weapon *par excellence* for shooting our mallard in the West and South, but a No. 12 gun loaded with an ounce and a quarter of No. 7 shot before three drachms of strong powder is far more destructive, and requires much less skill and craft to successfully use it. I have an eight-pound, twelve-bore, breech-loading shot-gun, which is the size and kind I would recommend for shooting mallard on small waters. Take a skiff or "dug-out" that will hold two persons, viz., yourself and your assistant, seat yourself in the bow of the boat, and direct your man by signs in the way you wish to go. Now, if you are on a river like the Kankakee, you will keep along shore under the fringe of button-ball bushes and tall oat-grass till, just as you turn a jut of marsh, or strike across the mouth of a little estuary or creek, up goes a flock with a great clapping of

set out some excellently-finished mallard-decoys on a little lagoon within easy shot of my shooting-cabin, and, during the week that they were allowed to float there, twenty scaup-duck settled by them to one mallard. On Southern streams and fresh-water lagoons, mallard-shooting is often mere murder where ordinary shot-guns are used, and yet I have seen men, calling themselves sportsmen, using a kind of swivel loaded with a half-pound of No. 2 shot! At one discharge the water would be blackened with dead birds. This fine duck is not second even to the canvas-back in juiciness and flavor, especially where it has for some weeks had access to wheat, rice, or wild-oat fields. I think it best when kept from the table not longer than eighteen or twenty-four hours, and it should be drawn as soon as killed. If the weather is warm, stuff it with green-grass leaves and



VIRGINIA RAIL.

wings and scattering cries of "Quap, qua-a-p!" their bodies darkening the air above the shaken and rippling water. At this instant your trained assistant backs his oars or paddle. Your boat steadies itself quickly, up goes your gun, and sharply, spitefully, rings out the double shot. The gentle wind bears off the light-blue smoke-puffs, under which with limp wings and ruffled feathers you see three, four, five birds pitch down upon the water and lie there, rising and sinking with the miniature waves their concussion has generated. Sometimes a lone mallard rises close ahead, giving you a pretty single shot. This game may be shot in great numbers if one can find a good "stand" in the line of flight from a "roosting" or sleeping pond to a feeding-ground. I have killed many at such points with both gun and bow. The mallard will drop to stool or decoy ducks, but cannot be relied upon to do so. I once

keep it in the shade. If, however, you prefer a rank gaminess of flavor, you may let your bird remain undrawn twelve hours.

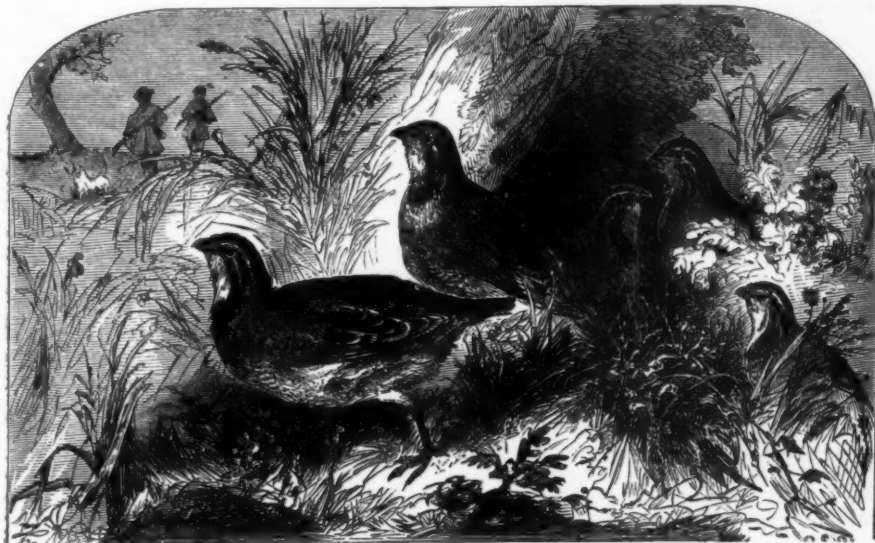
No accomplished American sportsman can look into his memoranda of days by flood and field without coming across notes of plover-shooting. I cannot speak in very high praise of the plover as a table-bird, but he is rather gamy and toothsome when well served. Most kinds of plover fly well, and, if killed clean, drop right down upon their backs with closed wings and without a quiver. I have found them from Florida to the Northern lakes in great abundance wherever the country is suited to their habits. The upland plover, so roundly lauded by Frank Forester for its delicious flavor, may be seen by the thousand on the prairies and flats of Illinois and Indiana, where in an hour's time a heavy bag is easily taken; but the prairie chicken or hen is there



WILD-SWAN.

also, and the sportsman forgets the plover. The golden plover, the black-bellied plover, and quite a number of sand-pipers, all called plover by most sportsmen, and reckoned excellent table-birds, are in no wise difficult to shoot, though on clean ground and in windy weather they rise rarely short of forty yards from your feet, and scud away like a dry leaf on a strong breeze. I have seen places in Florida where kildée-plover made the day terrible with their

shrill clamor, and where at one shot I could have potted a score of them. The sportsman in the engraving has approached the birds under good cover, and will no doubt make a clean double shot, or, if he is a pot-hunter, he will rest his heavy gun against one of the trees and pour in a murderous three ounces of No. 8 shot among them as they stand. If, instead of a gun, he has a long-bow, he will be sure to bowl over the bird you see sleeping with its head behind



QUAIL.

its wing. On the savannas of Georgia and Alabama and the Opelousas of Louisiana the upland plover abounds, early in the spring, making a stay of uncertain length on its passage from the far South to the North. I have killed this bird on the mountain-brooks of North Georgia in midsummer, but I can-

seen these sleek little fellows slip out from their hiding-places in the reeds, and run timidly along the black line at the water's edge, as represented in the engraving. At the least unusual noise they glide as quickly and noiselessly as shadows back into the brake.



PRAIRIE-HEN.

not say it is ever resident there. I have reason to believe, however, that a few breed in our States from Georgia to Minnesota. All the plovers are trim, graceful birds, swift of foot and light of wing, wary, watchful, and timid.

The rail is justly a favorite with sportsmen. He is one of the sweetest and juiciest of table-birds, always tender and delicately flavored. I cannot say that rail-shooting offers particularly fine sport, however, for this bird's flight is slow and labored. He gets up at the last moment, right under your nose; and, if you are at all deliberate, you cannot fail to hit him. I have killed several kinds of rail from Florida to Michigan, and have not infrequently knocked down a clapper-rail on the mud-prairies of Illinois. On the marsh-islands of the Georgia coast, and on the meadow-bogs of the James and Delaware Rivers, great numbers of rail are killed every season. The negroes of the South "slash" them, as they term it, which is done by fixing a large pitch-pine torch in a canoe, and going, at or near high tide, on moonless nights, into the submerged marshes. The rail, startled by the canoe, and blinded by the light, spring up and flutter round the torch, and are stricken down by the negro "sportsman" with long, slender bundles of small oak limbs or switches. Though very slow on the wing, the rail runs rapidly, darting through thick grass and matted rushes at great speed. Lying in a boat at low tide, I have often

Passing from the smallest to the largest of aquatic game-birds, a word about the swan. He is an ungainly bird, poets to the contrary notwithstanding. He swims tilted forward, as if about to "turn a somersault," and his flight, though strong and swift, appears labored and rolling. The accompanying engraving will give the reader a good idea of the swan seen to the best advantage when sitting on still water, with his great neck curved to Hogarth's line. He is said to be a delicious table-bird when young. I cannot testify to the truth of the assertion, however, for the only one I ever tasted was not more savory than leather quilted with wire. He is also given the praise of singing his own requiem in a charming voice—but this may be a poetic burlesque on his rasping vociferations and his almost interminable longevity. The swan is probably by far the longest-lived of all birds. A few years ago one was killed, on a stream in Indiana, in the breastbone of which was found firmly imbedded a beautifully-finished arrow-head of fish-bone, which must have been there for very many years. Like the wild-goose, the swan goes farther north in summer than man has ever gone, probably to an open sea yet undiscovered by navigators. In winter I have seen him as far south as Florida. He is the wariest and most difficult of approach of all birds, and holds on harder to life after a death-shot than any animal, biped or quadruped, with which I am acquainted. As an in-

stance of the latter, take the following from our notes of shooting on the Chesapeake: "Shot a swan with a broad-headed arrow, striking him through the lungs. He rose heavily, and I gave him right and left of my No. 10 breech-loader at short range with swan-shot; but after whirling over a time or two he recovered his balance, and escaped." The swan is a brave bird, and, when wounded and infuriated, will fight with great desperation as long as life lasts.

Leaving the aquatic birds, let us spend a while with the feathered inhabitants of our woods and fields. The first in everything except size is the quail, which is altogether the best game-bird of America—strongest of flight, swiftest and readiest in rising, keeping down best in cover or out of cover, never flying beyond the limit of a five minutes' walk, and rarely taking to wing outside a circle of twenty yards' radius from the sportsman as a centre. The quail is often called the "Bob White" from the cry of the cock-bird in spring and summer, and in the Southern States partridge is its common name. From Texas to Florida, and thence to Maine and across to Minnesota, it is our most familiar bird, on the prairies and in the woodlands, in the grain-fields and clover-meadows, in the pine-barrens of the far South and the hazel-thickets of the North, everywhere busy, contented, querulous, well-fed, a beautiful bird and a hardy one, best for the table. The strongest strain on the sportsman's skill is its rushing flight, and the

handle it easily and freely in any kind of cover; then, when your dog stiffens on the game—there by the *bois-d'arc* hedge, for instance—while you are shoulder-deep in the blackberry-briers close by, if the birds suddenly flush, you may whip up the light weapon and do fine work under most adverse circumstances. Our quail is a very prolific bird, and but for its many enemies besides man would always be as plentifully distributed over the country as the most ardent sportsman could desire. Foxes, opossums, raccoons, skunks, muskrats, minks, weasels, house-cats, owls, various kinds of hawks, and the common snakes of our fields, all prey upon the quail. In cold winters, when the snow lies deep for a long time, the poor birds have nowhere to hide, and the contrast of their dark-brown plumage with the white of the fields exposes them to every enemy, and renders them utterly defenseless. No sportsman should ever let slip an opportunity to kill any bird, quadruped, or reptile, of the above list. Death to them is life to quails. Many and many a pinching winter morning I have heard the calls and answers of a scattered bevy attacked the night before by some murderous assassin, and it is quite common to find the blood and feathers of the hapless victims of the owl and fox. The quail has a peculiar cackling cry, never uttered save when fleeing from a pursuing hawk. The sportsman, if accomplished, never mistakes this sound, and he should always fire at the hawk, instead of the quail,



RUFFED-GROUSE.

mere sound of its wings sends the blood jumping through his veins. A well-trained pointer is the best dog for quail-hunting, as his short hair does not fill with burs like the woolly coat of the setter. Your gun should be light—say a six-and-a-half-pound twelve-bore, with twenty-eight-inch barrels, so that you can

under such circumstances. We have but one American hawk swift enough to catch a quail on the wing. It is the medium-sized bird known as the blue-tailed darter or blue chicken-hawk, a wary, cunning robber, and a voracious eater. All the hawks catch quails, however, by falling upon them unawares.

The prairie-hen, prairie-chicken, or pinnated grouse, is at present confined to our Western prairies, and is known in Western sporting parlance by the simple word "chicken." By the game-laws of most States wherein this bird is found, the season for shooting it begins August 15th and lasts till January or February. The prairie-chicken has habits very similar to those of the quail, but, being a much larger bird and slower of flight, and rising almost always from slight cover on an open plain, is very much easier to cover and cut down. It lies well before the dog in August and September, but after the cold winds begin to blow it generally rises beyond gunshot. In summer and fall its food is grasshoppers, oats, wheat, Indian-corn, and grass-seeds; and in winter it feeds upon the acorns of the oak-barrens. It is killed in vast numbers on the prairies of Indiana,

prophesied that I would miss the first one; they had never known it to fail. So I went forewarned and prepared. At the edge of a bit of oat-stubble my dog crouched, crawled forward a few steps, then came to a stand, glaring into a tuft of tall saw-grass. I walked confidently forward, spoke kindly to the dog as I passed, and—up went a pair of chickens! Bang! bang! Left and right, two clear misses and a shout from my two friends as they fired, knocking down my game! The cocks of the pinnated grouse are proud, arrogant fellows, and when they meet they sometimes have terrible fighting, especially at the dust-beds whither they go to wallow.

The ruffed-grouse, partridge, or pheasant, as it is indiscriminately called, is the drumming-bird about which naturalists and sportsmen have differed and quarreled so much. The "bone of contention" has



WILD-TURKEY.

Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa, for the Eastern markets. Its flesh is dark, gamy, a little dry, but tender and good. Shooting prairie-chickens over a good dog is delightful sport. The scent is strong, and your pointer or setter generally comes down at once, often on a stiff half-turn, with the bird not twenty feet from his nose. The game rises strongly with a loud wing-noise, and sweeps rapidly off in a right line, or nearly so. The engraving gives a fine idea of the excitement of the moment when the birds are up. The sportsman has cut down the top bird in good style, but why doesn't he let go the other barrel of his breech-loader? I fear he is a raw hand and is taken with what is called "chicken-ague!" I remember well how easily I missed the first chicken I ever stirred up. I was fresh from the South and knew I was a crack shot. I had killed every game-bird except this. My Western friends

been as to how the noise is generated. I think I know (as I have been within fifteen feet of the cock while he was doing the thing) that the sound is caused by the striking together of the convex sides of his wings above his back, and then bringing the concave sides of them against his inflated breast. This causes a sort of double drumming noise, which, when heard at some distance, resembles low, murmuring thunder. The pheasant, as I shall call it, is generally found in hilly and even mountainous regions, but not always. The oak and hickory-flats of Northwestern Ohio and Northeastern Indiana are plentifully stocked with it, and I have shot it along the hazel-fringed brooks of Middle Indiana. It is a bird of strong flight, a good hider, wild, wary, watchful, and, being generally found in bad thickets or dense woods, it is very difficult to kill. Its flesh is very white, tender, and sweet, but dry and sometimes stringy. The

pheasant nests in May, and its young are hatched about the 1st of June. Until late in the fall the mother cares for her brood; then, when nearly full-grown, they separate, and through the winter may be found singly or in pairs, and occasionally in bunches of four or five. A good snap-shot with a well-trained dog may get good sport along the brushy slopes of our Northern hills if he well understands the pheasant, but nine times out of ten the game is not worth the candle. Tired limbs, torn clothes and skin, and an empty game-bag, are quite often the result of a day after the ruffed-grouse. Sometimes in damp weather this bird may be shot with a rifle after having been driven by a trained dog to the tops of the trees, but the hunter must be himself well trained before he can see a pheasant sitting on a bare limb right before his eyes, so strangely perfect is its power to render itself invisible. The name ruffed-grouse has been given this game on account of the ruffle or puff of dark, lustrous feathers conspicuously set about its neck like the parted cape of a jaunty hood. The cock is a sultan whose harem is limited only by his ability to persuade females to remain under his care and control. He is often seen happily strutting in the midst of a dozen wives, and when he beats his muffled long-roll it is to call these wives together.

The wild-turkey is our largest upland game-bird, and is so wild, timid, watchful, and possessed of such keen sense of sight and hearing, that the sportsman must have made its habits a special study before he can hope to ever see one at all. In the green foot-hills of the Georgian mountains is where I have had best sport with the turkey, though it is still found in most of the Western and Middle States east of the Rocky Mountains. In the vast pine-lands of Florida I have seen great numbers of turkeys, but the game there seems not to have so fine a flavor to its flesh as in the regions farther north, which may be on account of its eating aquatic insects and the rancid pine-nuts and the bitter acorns of the water-oak. The turkey rises swiftly and readily in dry, windy weather, but will run for miles before a pretty swift dog when the air is damp and its feathers wet and heavy. When about half-grown the turkey is a fine table-bird served broiled and buttered, but the roast-turkey is a national dish with us, and cannot be surpassed for richness, mildness, and deli-

cacy of flavor. The bird is rarely hunted in a sportsmanlike way by even accomplished sportsmen: for this thing of hiding behind a log or in a brush-heap and calling the cocks to you by imitating the cry of their wives, and, after they have come close up, pouring in upon them four ounces of shot, can hardly be called decent, much less sportsmanlike; but it must be confessed that, in a general way, the choice lies between this and trapping them. In spring the cocks utter a peculiar guttural but far-reaching sound called "gobble," and from this they are termed gobblers. In the mating-season the breast of the gobbler is like honeycomb in its texture, which somewhat spoils it for the table. A good rifleman or long-bow-man may, if very quick and sure of aim, be quite successful shooting turkeys by silently stalking for them. Generally, when the game first sees you it will stretch its long neck up, and for a few moments stand quite still, uttering a shrill cry like "Pit! pit!" This is your opportunity. Whip up your rifle, catch sight in a twinkling, and fire, or, if you bear the long-bow, lay the string to your ear at once and let fly steadily, rather under-marking the distance, for this bird always looks farther away than it really is. You will rarely, however, get a shorter shot than sixty yards. The Spaniard's search for the Floridian fountain was not more perplexing and futile than that when one undertakes to discover a wild-turkey's nest. The bird during incubation is doubly wary, watchful, and wild. The most distant and slight sound, like approaching feet, sends her off her nest, and as she slips away she very adroitly kicks a few brown leaves or a wisp of wood-sedge, prepared for the purpose, over her eggs, completely hiding them. She will not return to her eggs till every sign of danger is removed; then she winds her course in and out and round and round, so as to baffle even the sharpest watcher, and finally slips like a shadow upon her nest. The turkey scratches for food like the common barn-yard chicken, and if you are a crafty woodsman you may come upon them best while they are thus employed, for the noise they make whisking the dry, resonant leaves about, drowns the sound of your approach. When you are near enough you utter a sharp cry. The birds take to wing, and you blaze away left and right. Your game falls heavily, and your heart is glad.

FAITH.

NO helper in the stranger land!
Hold thy burden, feeble hand;
Conceal thy sorrow, failing heart:
All weariness shall sure depart—
There's a morning and a noon,
Then the evening cometh soon.

No pity for thine often pray'r!
Take thine arms from empty air,
And clasp again thine orphan's woe
In patient silence as ye go—

There's a morning and a noon,
Then the evening cometh soon.

Look over to the changing west!
Look upon the pilgrim's rest;
See, darkness lieth down with day
And woos him into sleep away—
There's a morning and a noon,
Then the evening cometh soon.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

OLD-TIME FRANCE.

III.

PLEASURE AND PASTIME.

IT is very likely that the cynic who declared that "life would be supportable but for its pleasures" had in his mind the France of the eighteenth century. We have seen in a former article how pleasure divided with ceremony the whole time of the court, and of the great people who inhabited Paris in the reigns of Louis XIV., Louis XV., and Louis XVI.; to what painful and far-fetched devices the nobility and people of society resorted to amuse themselves and their guests. Nor can we fail to recognize, amid all the glitter and splendor, what a burden this necessity of amusing themselves was to the gay and volatile throng of the high-born, and what a weariness their perpetual pleasure-seeking must often have seemed even to them. Montesquieu writes to a friend, about the middle of the century, that he cannot go to Paris for at least a year, since he has not the money to spend in the city; "which," he says, "eats up the provinces and claims to amuse, because it makes one forget that one lives." The weight of the sustained pleasures of the metropolis was too much for the philosopher, who was fond of thinking. A quarter of a century before Montesquieu in a published work had expressed a similar idea. We find in the "Lettres Persanes" that "Paris is probably the most sensual city in the world, and the one in which pleasure is carried to the highest pitch; but at the same time it is the city in which one leads the hardest life."

It is somewhat surprising that not till the eighteenth century did the French theatre become the great mirror in which the passions, foibles, and humors of men were reflected, which we see it to be now. At the beginning of the century Paris was no better provided with dramatic entertainment, either in quantity or quality, than are American cities of the second rank at the present day. While the blight of Madame de Maintenon's repressive piety was upon the court and the capital, there was no chance for the managers, no way open to fame and fortune to the players. Molière went out of fashion under this cloud, and so did Corneille. The people were not even regaled with those Biblical dramas which Racine wrote at Madame de Maintenon's request, which were played in her own apartments by nobles like the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Orleans, and which formed for a while the only theatrical recreation of hen-pecked old Louis XIV. To these performances only forty spectators could be admitted; and the nobility, deprived of even this poor substitute for dramatic sensation, were obliged to set up little theatres of their own in their hotels. At the beginning of the century, it is surprising to remark, there were but two theatres in all Paris. These were the Royal Academy of Music and the Théâtre Français, the latter of which is now the model dra-

matic temple of the world. There had been, it is true, an Italian company, who had given performances after a modest fashion in the Hôtel de Bourgogne. But these swarthy exotics had on one occasion played an apparently innocent little comedy, in which Madame de Maintenon thought she discovered a covert satire on herself. They were ordered to stop their performances; and, when they went to the king to beg that the order might be revoked, Louis coldly said to them: "You have no reason to complain that Cardinal Mazarin invited you hither from Italy. You came to France on foot; and you have made enough to go back in your carriages." The two theatres that remained were ludicrously insufficient to provide the lovers of music and the drama in Paris with these pleasures. The largest was the Théâtre Français, which then only held fifteen hundred people; and many of its seats were monopolized by the court and the nobility. It may be easily imagined that, after the royal and noble "dead-heads" were provided, there was little room left for the mass of Parisians, not to speak of the numbers of Germans, Italians, Spanish, and English, who yearly resorted to the French capital for amusement. It is readily seen, too, why the managers of the Français had frequent occasion to get rid of their liabilities by going into bankruptcy. The Royal Academy of Music, where three performances a week were given, was also small, and also crippled by the large number of free seats with which it was necessary to provide the great. Still, this was a very fashionable resort. Its boxes were rented by the year, as now, and upon the door of each box the name of the lessor was put in gold letters, with his escutcheon. When the proprietors entered their names were called out by the Swiss guard, just as if they were attending a fashionable reception.

The taste for lyrical drama was in its infantile period in the later years of Louis XIV. We cannot but be amazed to think with what the Parisians of that time were content and delighted in regard to music. When we think of what they enjoy in our own time, of the splendors of Mozart, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gounod, and Wagner, it seems strange that the now utterly obscure and forgotten Lulli should have filled the measure of the musical desires of a people of undoubted taste. There was, indeed, opera—but what opera! The music of Lulli and of his successor Quinault was stilted, formal, artificial, pompous, and, when it strove to be humorous, flippant and silly. The songs, both in words and melody, were empty, though sounding; musical and dramatic art still clung to classic scenes and plots as the only worthy basis of heroic declamation and song; while the dim dawning of what was to grow into a fine musical taste appeared in the habit which the

actors at the Français acquired of half intoning the metrical measures of Corneille and Racine. In one respect only were the French theatres of that day worthy to be compared with those of the present—this was in their mechanical decoration. In scenery, in dress, and in *mise en scène*, probably the Français of 1700 was not inferior to the Français of 1876. A writer of the period says of the display in the opera, which appealed to the eye rather than to the ear, that it was "an enchanted spot, and the land of rapid transformations. In the twinkling of an eye, the men become demi-gods, and the goddesses change into weak mortals. There is no need to travel in foreign countries, for they are brought before your eyes, and, without moving from your seat, you can go from one end of the world to the other, and from the infernal regions to the Elysian Fields. If you are distressed at the sight of some arid desert, a signal lands you in the abode of the gods; another signal, and you are in fairy-land." As this quotation implies, the plays and operas (if operas they are to be called) of this epoch were very often versions of the legends of Greek and Roman mythology.

The taste for the drama and music took a new and vigorous departure, as did most court and public pleasures, when the gay and reckless regency had replaced the cloistral gloom of Madame de Maintenon's reign. We see this taste and fashion springing up in all the higher social ranks. The French became a nation of actors and mimics. People of rank and fortune imitated their children; and just as boys and girls then as now were playing some character, or enacting some scene on their holidays, the lords and dames of the court and of the hotels imagined every variety of dramatic diversion with which to beguile the time that hung heavy on their hands. It was, as Taine says, carnival-time in France all the year round. There was comedy and the spirit of comedy everywhere. "In every château, in every mansion, at Paris and in the provinces, this fashion of comedy sets up travesties on society and domestic life. On welcoming a great personage, on celebrating the birthday of the master or mistress of the house, its guests or invited persons perform in an improvised operetta, in an ingenious, laudatory pastoral, sometimes dressed as gods, as virtues, as mythological abstractions, as operatic Turks, Laplanders, and Poles, similar to the figures then gracing the frontispieces of books; sometimes in the dress of peasants, pedagogues, peddlers, milkmaids, and flower-girls, like the fanciful villagers with which the current taste then fills the stage. They sing, they dance, and come forward in turn to recite pretty verses composed for the occasion, consisting of so many well-turned compliments." Among the great houses where this sort of performances was much in vogue, and where they were presented with much picturesqueness and elaboration, was the historic château of Chantilly, then the lordly residence of the Princes de Condé. There the young and lovely Duchess de Bourbon was wont to array herself as an alluring water-nymph, and to conduct the young nobility across the canal in the park to the island

which she had named the Isle of Love; while the Prince de Conti acted as the fair dame's pilot, and a crowd of gallants and demoiselles attended in every variety of allegorical guise. On one occasion, at another château, the ladies were mysteriously advised that they were to be carried off to seraglios; whereupon a pretty play was improvised, in which the ladies got themselves up as vestal virgins, and sought an improvised temple in the park, where they were received by a melodious priest with a suspiciously-black mustache. Then the temple was suddenly attacked by three hundred gaudily-attired Turks, who broke in upon its sanctity amid a thrilling chorus, and carried off the vestals in palanquins. We hear, on another occasion, of the Little Trianon being turned into a fair, behind the stalls of which royal and noble ladies appeared as saleswomen. To the queen was consigned the supervision of a *café*. About the grounds, meanwhile, charades and little plays were performed under the trees and beneath silken tents.

The rage for comedy so completely possessed the French in the time of Louis XV. that a house, either in town or country, was scarcely regarded as fashionable or well furnished that did not have its little theatre, with stage, scenery, green-room, wardrobe, foot-lights, auditorium, and all. Bachaumont, writing about 1770, says that the rage was so great for theatricals that "there is not an attorney in his cottage who does not wish to have a stage and his company of actors." County magnates would erect theatres in their châteaux, form companies from among their neighbors and intimates for miles around, and beguile the long winters with several performances a week. It became a part of the education of children to learn how to act gracefully in the polite comedies of the period privately played; and Madame de Genlis, among others, wrote pretty little dramatic pieces, in correct and graceful verse, for the children to play; men and women of rank became as accomplished in the dramatic art as professionals. The Duke de Luynes declares that "those who are accustomed to such spectacles agree in opinion that it would be difficult for professional comedians to play better and more intelligently." The fashion was long-lived, and was in full favor in the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette was not only passionately fond of the theatre, but was herself one of the very best actresses in the court, and won what was evidently sincere applause by taking the part of *Colette* in "Le Devin de Village," and *Rosine* in "Le Barbier de Seville." The princes of the blood and the greatest nobles constantly participated in these dramatic diversions. The Count de Provence had a theatre in his house, and the Count d'Artois and the Duke d'Orléans each two. Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., was noted as a comedian of striking merit; while the Count de Clermont was equally distinguished for the talent with which he took "serious parts;" Philippe Égalité was famous for his vivid representation of peasant characters; and Count de Pons was a wonderful *Misanthrope*. The Prince de Lignes de-



THE VARIÉTÉS AMUSANTES (NOW THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS) IN 1789.

clared in one of his letters that "more than ten of our ladies of high rank play and sing better than the best of those I have seen in our theatres." "In a certain château, that of Saint-Aubin," says Taine, "the lady of the house, to secure a large enough troupe, enrolls her four chambermaids in it, making her little daughter, ten years old, play the part of *Zaire*, and for over twenty months she has no vacation. After her bankruptcy, and in her exile, the first thing done by the Princess de

Guéménée was to send for upholsterers to arrange a theatre.

These patrician theatricals were carried out with the most elaborate and professional completeness. There was always a drama or comedy, something by Molière, or Voltaire, or, late in the century, by Beaumarchais; and after this the dramatic dessert was given in the shape of "a parade borrowed from La Fontaine's tales, or from the farces of the Italian drama." Philippe Égalité was wont to sing coarse

songs before the court, with ample grimace and broadly suggestive gesture; making, indeed, a moun-
tebank of himself. After these performances, the noble company, stirred by plentiful champagne, and put in wild humor by the play, would indulge in frolics which are surely amazing to read of as happening in so polite a society. Madame de Genlis relates how on one occasion "they upset the tables and furniture; they scattered twenty *carafes* of water about the room; I finally got away at half-past one, wearied out, pelted with handkerchiefs, and leaving Madame de Clarence hoarse, with her dress torn to shreds, a scratch on her arm, and a bruise on her forehead, but delighted that she had given such a gay supper, and flattered with the idea of its being the talk of the next day." In such manner the butterflies of the court danced and gamboled on the already smoking volcano of revolution.

Side by side with this theatrical taste and rage of the great people, the theatre rapidly grew and flourished. Crébillon rose to provide comedies with which to vary the monotony of always listening to the jokes of *Scapin* and the humorous complaints of the *Malade Imaginaire*. The Italians were allowed to return, and were the best company of comic artists in Paris for many years. French comic opera, rising from the humble beginnings of a fair-show, attained a permanent footing of popularity, and has ever since preserved its position as the "Opéra Comique." The Théâtre Français, reviving from the gloom of Madame de Maintenon's displeasure, now took its place as the foremost dramatic temple of Europe and the world, a place which it retains to this day. Early in the last century, the company of the Français was noted for adhering to the highest standards of the dramatic art, and for being in itself composed of the most accomplished artists on any stage. This company was, indeed, a business association as well, and managed the affairs of the theatre by a majority vote. Above them, however, was the royal censorship, exercised by four gentlemen of the bedchamber selected by the king; these acted as arbitrators between the public and the actors, and "also intervened in cases of misunderstanding between the actors themselves; saw that the regulations in regard to the theatre were carried out, granted retiring pensions, ordered the *début* of a new actor, sanctioned the programme for each evening, and sometimes reprimanded any actor who failed in his task."

It is curious to observe that, while the theatre was held in such high esteem by every class in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was peculiarly fostered by royalty and high society, the actors and actresses themselves were under both an ecclesiastical and a social ban. Actors were refused the offices of the Church; they were "vagabonds," as in England in the time of Shakespeare, and from society were outcasts. The audiences assumed it as a palpable right to hiss and stamp them down, and even to pelt them on the stage; and woe to the actor who resented this treatment! Mademoiselle Clairon, the first of the long line of actresses of gen-

ius who have since illumined the French theatre, was so much outraged by the treatment she received one night that she abruptly retired from the stage in the height of her fame and powers, and could never be induced to return to it.

It was this famous actress who, with Lekain, introduced costumes congruous with the historic scenes of the plays upon the French stage. Previously to this, the French artists were wont to appear in magnificent toilets, indeed, but in costumes utterly out of keeping with the legendary and historical characters they assumed. Juno appeared in a broad hoop-dress, with powdered hair and veil; Jove's head was adorned with plumes, and he wore top-boots; Julius Caesar wore full-bottom wigs, knee-breeches, and frilled shirts; gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, always appeared in the most fashionable and elegant attire of the period. The first performance in which the costumes were in harmony with the play was that of Voltaire's "*Orphelin en Chine*," in which the actors appeared in Chinese dresses, Mademoiselle Clairon among the rest. She discarded the panniers which had hitherto been invariably used on the stage, and Lekain in like manner tabooed the traditional plumes and tinsel. Even in those days of dramatic luxury, the theatres were lighted by nothing better than tallow-candles; and these were snuffed between the acts by attendants. It was not until 1784 that tallow-candles were replaced by oil-lamps. The prices of admission, toward the end of the century, were forty-eight cents for the pit, and a dollar and a quarter for the orchestra and first tier of boxes. The love of opera increased as the century advanced, and the Royal Academy of Music became a subject of speculation among financiers; but was almost always in debt, and was soon abandoned by successive managers. Finally, its management was assumed by the city of Paris, which sublet it to contractors. The Palais Royal Theatre became the rival of the Academy, and the music of Gluck and Piccini, the forerunners of the great German and Italian operatic composers, was performed there to the great delight of the theatre-goers. The staff of this theatre comprised three hundred persons in 1780, including actors, actresses, ballet-dancers, musicians, inspectors, and business subordinates. At the same time there were two singing and dancing schools near by the theatre, where pupils were prepared to go upon the stage. There was also a certain *café* in the Rue des Boucheries, where, at Easter-time, all the actors, both of Paris and the provinces, who were out of engagements, and wished to secure new ones, were wont to meet as at an exchange. Meanwhile, theatres sprang up during the century in the provincial towns, and in these it was the custom to play pieces composed by local dramatists, and to receive such strolling companies as came into the neighborhood to entertain the people.

The common people of Paris in the eighteenth century had ample resources for festivity and pastime. It is said that the Sundays and fête-days, on which the masses were wont to abandon work and

to give themselves up to unstinted recreation, absorbed nearly a third of the laboring year. Voltaire complained bitterly of so much waste of valuable time, and estimated that the popular holidays deprived the state of labor worth a hundred and eighty million francs. The occurrence of a holiday was really the loss of more than the day itself; for "the men work half-time on Saturday, and on Monday sleep off the effects of their dissipation; and if there should happen to be a saint's-day in the middle of the week, their employers do not see anything of them the other four days." Yet it is clear, from the narratives of the time, that there was perhaps less actual drunkenness in Paris in the reign of Louis XV. than at any other period. Intoxicated persons were sternly marched off to the lock-up, and

spread about, a small stage occupied a corner, and wine and edibles were distributed to the frequenters, while they were regaled with fiddling and dancing. Notable among the old-time *guinguettes* were three called the Grande and the Petite Courtille, and the "Tambour du Jour," kept by that fat and ideal mine host, the famous Ramponeaux. The latter was not only resorted to by the rag-tag and bobtail of Paris, but not seldom by the quality. It was even said that Marie Antoinette on one occasion supped at Ramponeaux's in disguise, being accompanied thither by the gay and reckless D'Artois. Often, outside the larger *guinguettes*, there were shows of marvels, and mountebank displays; quacks and peddlers also drove there "a roaring trade." An Italian traveler speaks of seeing a number of these gentry:



COMEDY SCENE ON THE PARIS STAGE.

only released on the payment of a fine. On the other hand, there was a great deal of "guzzling" done at the *guinguettes*, *cabarets*, and *cafés*; and there must have been many days of public festival when nearly the whole population of Paris were in a condition of mellowness from the free imbibing of cheap white wine. An Italian nobleman, who visited Paris in the later years of Louis the Well-Beloved, thought he could observe that the popular recreations were not of an evil tendency, and were more harmless than those of other great capitals.

The chief resorts of the common people were the three kinds of places of entertainment just mentioned. The *guinguette* was more modest than the tavern or the *café*. It was often a mere tent, pitched in some open space outside the barriers, or under rows of trees in the city itself, where tables were

"Some offer to replace teeth that have fallen out; others, to fix glass eyes; and all of them are able to cure hopeless diseases. Another has a secret for beautifying the visage, and for imparting perpetual youth; while a third effaces wrinkles, and makes wooden legs."

The modern *café*, which is now so popular, and to which all the world resorts, seems to have come into vogue as a prevailing fashion after the regency had set the example of social revelry to all France. The celebrated *Café Procope* gave the impetus to this mode of entertainment. The object of the *café* was to furnish a resort in a convenient quarter of the town where people could sit and sip their coffee, rest, and gossip about the news. There was but little heavy drinking at the *café*, nor were its frequenters addicted to reckless gambling. They read the

papers; played dominoes, chess, and draughts; and watched the crowds which tided to and fro on the boulevards. "Bachelors, both old and young," says Lacroix, "men of letters, retired officers, foreigners, and news-reporters, formed the regular customers of the *Paris cafés*."

A lower order of resort, for poorer and less temperate classes, and one that imitated the *café*, was what are still called the *estaminets*. At these a great deal of smoking and consumption of strong drink went on; they were frequented mostly by artisans and laborers. The eighteenth century was, in Paris, emphatically a period of indolent and sedentary recreation. Tennis, bowls, skittles, and archery, had been pretty much given up by young men of good family, and even the apprentices no longer displayed their prowess in foot-ball and running matches on the outer boulevards. A few only of the athletic games which had been in vogue in the previous century survived; among these were such games as prisoner's-base, rounders, and battledoor and shuttlecock. Even swimming was almost a lost art among the well-bred youth, while the only skaters to be seen on the Seine, when at rare intervals during the winter it was frozen over, were Hollanders who had strayed thither, and wished to show off this peculiarly Dutch accomplishment.

The most popular every-day recreation of the Parisians of this period was the promenade; and Paris afforded, in many of its quarters, agreeable scenes upon which to saunter up and down, and chat and observe each other. "We have two sorts of promenades in Paris," writes Dufresny; "the one to which people go to see and be seen; the other, to be seen by nobody." The lady of fashion had ample opportunity to display her new silks and gewgaws; while there were plenty of shady retreats where the *grisette* might saunter with her apprentice-lover in the seclusion proper for such companionship. The chief resorts for promenading were the inner and outer boulevards, the Jardin des Plantes, the Tuileries gardens, the Place Royale, the Place Louis XV., the Luxembourg, and the Palais Royal; while in the suburbs, notably at Bicêtre, Gentilly, Belleville, and Vincennes, were parks and avenues which were all alive on Sundays and fête-days with merry multitudes of the common people, who visited the *guinguettes* on their way to and fro. The Bois de Boulogne, Champs Élysées, and other places, were reserved for carriages and horseback-riders; and on a pleasant summer afternoon these places must have afforded a gay and brilliant spectacle.

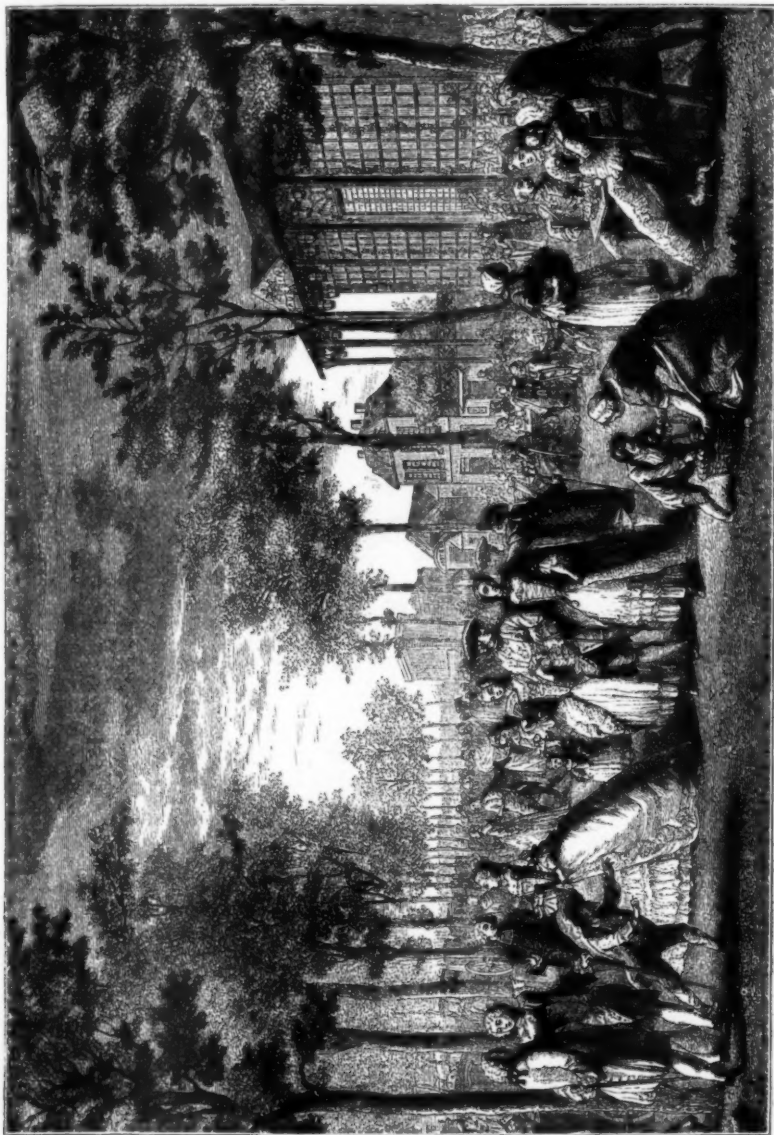
The scene in the Palais Royal gardens at the fashionable hour for promenading is described as a most spirited one. It was a custom with the ladies of fashion to appear there in full dress just before and just after the opera, and to sit on the benches under a particular clump of chestnut-trees; while their gallants stood about, fanned them, praised their toilets, and offered them *bombons* from gold or ivory boxes, and the common people gazed admiringly on them at a respectful distance.

Another corner of the gardens was the habitual

resort of those who came thither to read the papers; these clustered under the Cracow-Tree. Here and there were set out tables, where whoever chose could be supplied with tiny cups of coffee or glasses of *liqueur* from the neighboring *cafés*. People took their ease at the Palais Royal, lolled about upon the chairs, and enjoyed occasional music (as is still the case) from some military band. On moonlit evenings the gardens which surrounded the chief abode of French royalty were filled with a gayly-dressed and chattering multitude. De la Bretonne exclaims of this sight, "What can be more charming than these serried ranks of beautiful women, who line the noble avenue of the Tuileries of a summer evening, and during the fine days of spring and autumn?"

Dancing is a recreation of which the Parisian, high or low, is never wearied. The poorer classes, to whom home-parties and private ballrooms are forbidden, have always been amply provided with public places where with trifling expense to trip the light fantastic toe. In the last century pleasant and prettily-decorated dance-halls and open-air dance-gardens grew up in every direction, both within the city and in a wide suburban circle around it. The French readily caught the idea of the London Vauxhall, a place where all classes went to eat, drink, promenade, flirt, listen to songs and fiddles, dance, and laugh at farces and ballets; and a large number of dance-gardens called "Wauxhalls" sprang up in every part of Paris. The people who frequented these did not stop to practise all those Terpsichorean formalities which were the fashion in aristocratic ballrooms. The dancing was not begun with stiff and stately minuet, as was the case at the great hotels; but the *garçons* and *jeunes filles* were wont to plunge at once into the rollicking reels and waltzes without ado. Paris quickly adopted the traditional dances of the province. The *gavotte* and *bal* of Brittany, the *bourrées* of Auvergne, the *pas* of Navarre, the jog of Poitou, and the jig of Picardy, were all to be seen at the open-air Wauxhalls. Dancing was not the only attraction of these popular places. At the Wauxhall Torre and the Colisce fireworks and illuminations were often provided for the public amusement. Here, too, on occasion, there were exhibitions of tight-rope dancing, legerdemain, and marvelous tricks. On public holidays many free entertainments were provided in Paris at the expense of the government, just as under the Second Empire the theatres were thrown open free on Napoleon's fête-day. The Parisians and their families spared no pains and bore every discomfort in order to gain entrance into these "free shows." When there were religious or state processions, as occurred often in the year, the whole populace of the city turned out to witness them. "These processions, which defiled through the streets, hung with flags and emblems, were made attractive by the attendance of official persons in full costume; and the ecclesiastical processions were especially magnificent. They formed a topic of conversation for a week afterward."

The Parisian fondness for diversion and sensa-



THE WALK UPON THE RAMPARTS OF PARIS.

tions was often gratified by the exhibitions of people who professed to have discovered mechanical means for doing hitherto impossible feats. At one time a man drew the population out upon the banks of the Seine to see him cross the water with dry feet, which he apparently did, having some contrivance attached to his shoes. At another, it was a certain count, who promised to fly across the Seine to the Louvre, but who ignominiously failed, and fell, amid the jeers of the crowd, midway in the stream.

A certain magician, named Breton, claimed to possess the power of causing springs to spurt of a sudden out of dry places; and one day astonished the multitude in the Luxembourg garden by appearing to make good his boast. River-jousts were for some time the rage, and then came a period when the Parisians used to flock to see donkey or bull and dog fights. But the French of a century ago were more humane and civilized than the Spaniards of to-day, and these cruel sports were tabooed by law and opin-

ion after a brief career. Horse-racing proved an attractive substitute, and this sport may be said to have been borrowed by the French from England just about a hundred years ago. The nobility had previously had some private races, and early in the century a celebrated race on a wager had taken place between the Count de Saillans and the Marquis de Courtauraux, from Versailles to the Champ de Mars. Races began to be held before the court at Vincennes about the year 1775.

The invention of balloons gave the Parisians a new and exciting sensation, for it was there that some of the earliest experiments in the science of ballooning were made. When Pilatre de Rozier made his ascent from the Parc de la Muette, thousands of people met to see him venture into the upper air, and great was the amazement when he descended safely an hour or two after near the Gobelins.

Besides the ordinary *fêtes* and holidays, royalty and other great people were accustomed to celebrate events of especial note by providing amusements for the populace. The birthday of a king, the birth of a prince or princess, the anniversary of a victory, the conclusion of a peace, the betrothal of a son or daughter of the royal house, were made the occasions of gorgeous illuminations and splendid dis-

plays of fireworks. It is stated that the Parisians were more fond of witnessing pyrotechnic marvels than of the free feasts of meats and wines which were sometimes lavished upon them. On the occasion of the betrothal of Louis XV. to the Infanta — a match that was soon after broken off — the Spanish ambassador gave a brilliant *fête* to the Parisians, which cost him forty thousand dollars. Among the displays were a hundred illuminated boats, which floated up and down the Seine and cast a dazzling glow over the waters. When royal *fêtes* were given, "the tocsin of Notre-Dame, sounded day and night for twenty-four hours, invited the inhabitants of Paris to the festival;" and the whole town answered the gay summons, and crowded the streets. In the country, the pastimes of the people were as primitive and simple as they have continued down to this day. They had their "harvest-homes," and quaint celebrations of the vintage; occasionally the village was enlivened by the appearance of a German or native mountebank, who displayed his tricks and told comic stories; while in the long winter evenings the favorite recreation was the telling of long stories around the cottage or tavern fires, by some rustic gifted in the art, or a villager who had traveled and had returned to tell the wonders he had seen in Paris or in a foreign land.

HIS DOUBLE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

I.

THE extreme terror with which the sight of the stranger had inspired Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln seemed to have given place to no calmer mood when he had reached Faustelmann's home. His features were still very pale, and the hand with which he rang the bell at the door of the house still trembled. In response to his inquiry for Herr Faustelmann, a maid-servant ushered him through the kitchen into a back-room, where the steward sat behind his writing-table, stooping over books and papers.

"What! Back already?" cried Faustelmann, in astonishment. "And how pale and alarmed you look! What can the princess have done to cause such terror? But you cannot have seen her in this short time."

"The princess has done nothing. I didn't even see her; but what I have seen is—" Herr von Uffeln looked around to see if the door was closed, and then, sinking heavily into the nearest chair, said, in a low whisper, "But what I have seen is my double—a man who distinctly called himself Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln!"

Herr Faustelmann had risen at the young man's entrance. Now he came forward from behind his writing-table, and, gazing fixedly at Uffeln, said, in a puzzled tone: "You've seen your double! This

is nonsense! An excited imagination made you fancy it."

"I wish I could think so," replied Herr von Uffeln, with a deep sigh.

"Tell me exactly how it happened," said Faustelmann. "The affair is certainly very strange."

Herr von Uffeln related the incident in detail. The steward listened with a more and more attentive face, and finally, as if infected by the agitation and anxiety of his companion, exclaimed:

"It is absolutely necessary for us to go to the bottom of this matter, and the simplest and best way of doing so is to frankly ask the princess who the man who was admitted to her presence to-day in your place is, what he wanted from her, and what he told her."

"Must I do that?"

"Let me," replied Faustelmann—"it will be better so; besides, I can more easily go to Idar at once. He seems to have greatly agitated you."

"He has, indeed," replied Herr von Uffeln, uttering a sigh of relief at the thought that he should be spared the task.

So Faustelmann undertook to request from Princess Elizabeth, in case she should be able to give it, some explanation of the matter which had so greatly perplexed the two men. He changed his dress, attired himself with great care, and then set out for Idar, while Herr von Uffeln quietly sought his room

in Castle Wilstorp. Here he paced slowly to and fro, and at last paused before the little picture of his mother, and, after looking at it a long time, took it from the wall, pressed a kiss upon it, and burst into a flood of tears.

When Herr Faustelmann reached the castle and inquired for Princess Elizabeth, he was ushered into a spacious apartment where the princess sat alone at a huge table covered with heavy old books, drawing from one of those ancient works, with delicate strokes of the pen, a coat-of-arms evidently designed as a pattern for embroidery.

She looked up as Faustelmann approached, gave him a gracious though somewhat distant nod in return for his low bow, and said, turning slowly back to her work, as if absent-minded :

"Herr Faustelmann! What brings you to us? I suppose you have taken the place of Herr von Uffeln, whom I requested to call upon me. Why doesn't he come himself? He received my note?"

"He received it, your highness, and did not neglect to set out to obey your gracious command. He was here at the castle, and in the act of sending up his name, when a very singular circumstance prevented him. He heard another man, who entered with him, announce himself to your highness under his name, and saw the latter admitted."

"And then went home, without asserting and maintaining his right to his own name?"

"Oh! your highness, he could not think of beginning a dispute with a stranger about his name here in the castle, and, while quarreling with this stranger, force his way into your presence."

"That is true, Faustelmann; of course he could not. You are right! But do you know I am very sorry he did not, could not do it?—for I should have liked to hear what my Herr von Uffeln would have said if your Herr von Uffeln had entered the room, and stood face to face with him."

"He would, I think, speedily have admitted that he had no right to the name, and had been guilty of a great piece of presumption in assuming it."

The princess made no immediate reply, but, as if absorbed in her task, carefully put the finishing touches to one of the eagle's wings above the helmet on her coat-of-arms.

"Would you do me the favor," continued Faustelmann, "to tell me what this man, who was admitted to your presence, wanted—what he said?"

The princess paused. "I could not help admitting him," she answered, after a moment's delay, "for, when he was announced, I had no other expectation than that it was *the* Herr von Uffeln whom I had invited to call upon me. Of course, I was surprised to see a totally different person enter."

"Of course; and you did not deign to tell him this, and request him to explain why he had been so bold—"

"Certainly; I told him I had expected another Herr von Uffeln, and must request him to explain why he had assumed the name. He replied with the simple statement that he must have a name, and, since the one he bore procured him the favor of be-

ing admitted to me, he should retain it. This was all he said on the subject—evading it whenever I returned to it."

"All, when he had learned that with the name is connected a claim to a fine property, and that he can be called to account for it?"

Again the princess hesitated.

"It is a strange business, Faustelmann," she said, after a pause, with a faint sigh; then raised her head and bent it a little aside, as if to examine the effect of her drawing.

Faustelmann keenly watched the young girl, while she thus seemed to bestow her whole attention upon the sketch. He must have believed that she had told him by no means all she thought or knew. And, as quietly waiting for her to continue the conversation was useless, since she remained persistently silent, he no longer hesitated to frankly express his opinion.

"I think, your highness, that I have the key to this strange mystery."

"Ah!" she eagerly exclaimed, "you have the key? Well, who is the real, genuine Von Uffeln?"

"Of that," he answered, smiling, "there can be no question. But I think I have the key to the reason why *your* Herr von Uffeln assumes the name—ventures—"

"Go on."

"Your Herr von Uffeln is an emissary of the Tugendbund. As such he must remain concealed from the world, and therefore cunningly assumes another's name in case any rumors of his proceedings in this neighborhood should spread abroad. If the French police get wind of the matter, if the name of the allies' agent should reach their ears—why, they will seize our Herr von Uffeln, and, while the latter is being arrested and tried, the real criminal will have ample time to slip away unsuspected and unharmed. It's really a very cunning stratagem to adopt for this object the name of a person who is himself still a stranger in this part of the country. If your emissary had assumed the name of a man who had long been known here, or taken that of a total stranger, it would have done him no good; by calling himself Uffeln, he threw, in case of discovery, the first danger upon a man with whom no one is yet well acquainted, who must prove his identity by letters, and of whom all sorts of suspicions may be entertained if he is denounced to the magistrates as an emissary, spy, or anything of that kind."

The princess had listened in perplexed surprise.

"Has your Uffeln proved his identity to you and your master by letters and seals?" she now asked.

"Certainly he has!" exclaimed Faustelmann—"to me, Herr von Mansdorf, and to the notary."

"And what you just said about emissaries of the Tugendbund—are you perfectly sure it is not a mere rumor that such agents are here?"

"I am not only sure, your highness," replied Herr Faustelmann, "but, more than that, can give you positive proofs. If you should still doubt, I would request you to go with me to the ruinous old building called the Kropp."

"The Kropp? And what should I see there?"

"If you were not afraid to go down into a dark cellar with me, I would show you the weapons the emissary smuggled into the country, and which a citizen of Idar concealed there."

"A citizen of Idar—in the Kropp—weapons! What tales are these, of which none of us had the least suspicion? And the man who was with me is he who has ventured to do such a thing here, where the whole region is garrisoned by the French! What courage it required! But I should expect it from him. And who is the citizen of Idar of whom you speak?"

"I dare not name the man, your highness. I was, of course, obliged to promise secrecy when, a short time ago, he invited me, with several others, to meet him at Meyer Jochmaring's farm to obtain our aid for his patriotic plans. The fact of this meeting, however, Meyer will undoubtedly confirm if you desire such testimony."

The princess had thrown her drawing aside long before, and, with hands clasped in her lap, sat gazing silently at the steward. The latter's words had surprised her; but they contained nothing incredible. In truth, they harmonized with the cautious hints her father had received from friends on the other side of the Elbe and Weser.

"In what a situation your Herr von Uffeln is placed!" said the princess. "The poor man isn't sure that he won't be arrested, and, notwithstanding all his protestations, shot in the place of the emissary the authorities desire to seize."

"To be sure, he has been placed in this position by the insofent use of his name, and must not neglect to do everything in his power to put an end to it. This emissary with the assumed name must leave the neighborhood. The only difficulty is to find him, and here, I trust, you will help us, your highness; he has doubtless not left you without some idea of his real abode."

"Without some idea—no; but, as he gave me the information voluntarily and in confidence, I should prefer to assist you, or rather Herr von Uffeln, in a different way from betraying where you could find this stranger."

"And in what way would you condescend to aid us?"

"By telling him that he must instantly leave the country with his stolen name."

"And if he should not be disposed to do so?"

"Then I will tell him that I shall no longer consider myself bound to conceal his place of abode, and Herr von Uffeln will undoubtedly point it out to the French commissioner of police."

"That would certainly be sufficient," said the steward, with a smile of satisfaction.

"But I shall impose one condition," continued the princess.

"And what is it, your highness? Herr von Uffeln and I will consent to everything."

"To everything? Very well. My condition is, that Herr von Uffeln shall give up the idea of marrying Fräulein Adelheid—"

"That is a hard condition, your highness."

"But one upon which I positively insist. I asked Herr von Uffeln to call on me, that I might speak to him on this subject. Dr. Günther made me the confidante of his love for Fräulein von Mansdorf; she returns his affection; the lovers have vowed eternal fidelity to each other. They will not be separated—of that I am firmly convinced. But the two poor things can be tortured and made unhappy. I wished to inform your Herr von Uffeln that Adelheid is the doctor's betrothed bride, and that I expect him, as an honorable man, to respect this fact, and tell Frau von Mansdorf that he will renounce all pretensions to her daughter's hand. A personal discussion of the matter with Herr von Uffeln has been prevented; but it is all the better, since I can now demand where this morning I could only have entreated."

An expression of great disappointment rested on the steward's features, and he answered in a somewhat discomposed tone:

"But, your highness, Adelheid's parents know nothing about any betrothal between the young lady and the doctor, and if they have no more ardent desire than to see their daughter united to Herr von Uffeln, as is so natural under the circumstances, your kind intervention for this Dr. Günther will be a great cruelty to the parents."

Princess Elizabeth shook her head. "You may be right there, Faustelmann," said she. "But what can be done? Is it not a primal law of Nature that the ideas of the young will not harmonize with those of the old? And, if either must yield, we prefer to ask it of the old, because the latter, during their experience of life, have learned resignation; young people have had no practice in the art, and it cannot be expected from them. But do you think Herr von Uffeln will accept my condition? In that case, I will undertake to save him from the danger in which—the other places him."

"I am not authorized by Herr von Uffeln to promise such a thing in his name, but I will inform him of your wish," replied the steward.

"Very well, do so. And if you see that he hesitates, if Adelheid's love for Günther is no sufficient reason for him to withdraw, ask him to call upon me, that we may frankly discuss the subject. I think I can succeed in making him clearly perceive what he ought to do."

"I will gladly deliver the message, your highness," replied the steward; "but may I be permitted to mention that in this matter minutes are not valuable, while, on the contrary, in the other affair, the withdrawal of this emissary, there is the greatest danger in delay?"

"That is true. I will endeavor to remove this peril at once, rely upon it."

Faustelmann had risen and bowed as low as his stiff figure permitted. The princess dismissed him with a gracious bend of the head. Faustelmann's countenance was grave and gloomy as he walked through the corridors of the castle to the entrance. "Really," he muttered, "I went out to get wool,

and am returning home shorn by this clever chicken of a princess. There can be no question about Uffeln's giving up Fräulein Adelheid. If they were only married, or the whole party on the other side of the mountains, matters would soon be arranged so that they should never return to Wilstorp, and the master of the castle would speedily be named Faustelmann."

With these and many other thoughts passing through his mind, Faustelmann walked steadily toward home, and, on reaching Wilstorp, proceeded directly to his young master's room.

"Well, what news do you bring, Faustelmann?" he asked, as the steward entered.

"News of by no means the most satisfactory kind—the result is, that we must help ourselves. The best thing about the matter is, that I succeeded in gathering from the princess's words who your double is, though she refused to give any direct information. He is undoubtedly the emissary of whom the apothecary spoke, the man who brought arms into the country—"

"Ah! but why should he call himself Uffeln?"

"What better mask could the man choose than the name of such a new-comer into the country as yourself? If any suspicion is awakened against him, if the French hear anything about an Uffeln who is working for the Tugendbund, if they happen to seize a collection of arms directed to such a Herr von Uffeln, they will, of course, arrest you; and, meantime, the swindler will have plenty of opportunity to make his escape."

"Is that your explanation?"

"Do you know of any better?"

"No; certainly not. But what did the princess want of me?"

"To ask a great sacrifice from your generosity, to beseech you to resign all claim to Fräulein Adelheid."

"Impossible!"

"It is true; she was going to represent the love-affair between Adelheid and Dr. Günther in such a romantic light that you, touched to your inmost soul, would voluntarily resign all pretensions to Fräulein Adelheid's hand."

"But I cannot do that."

"No, you cannot. Though the princess is in earnest, for through me she solemnly imposes this upon you as a condition."

"As a condition? The princess imposes conditions upon me? Why?"

"She will then undertake to secure the departure of this stranger."

"How can she do that? what power has she over him? I shall be very grateful to her if she does; but—"

"But you would like to know what means she will use? Well, one that she mentioned lies ready to her hands; she can betray the secret of his abode; she knows it."

"And would she do so?"

"No, she would not. She promised to threaten him with it if necessary, but I am convinced she

merely wished to soothe me by the promise. If this man has trusted her, she'll not betray him. That is not to be thought of. So, if she agrees to send him away, she must have other means of influencing him which she does not wish to mention, and therefore speaks of such a threat."

"But how do you explain that? How can the princess be connected in any way with the emissary? How can she have means to influence his actions?"

"Heaven knows!" said Herr Faustelmann. "I understand as little about it as you do. The best part of it is, that we need not fathom it to be able to get rid of the pretender."

"What means have we to accomplish it?"

"About the same as the princess, though, it is true, she seems to know where the man lives, while we do not. On the other hand, we can act without regard to betraying confidence, or any considerations of that sort. And if we don't know the residence of the person we denounce, we know something of equal importance—the place where he stores his weapons."

"Do you mean to inform the police?"

"Why not? It must, of course, be done anonymously, or else we would be branded as no true Germans."

"It would be a detestable thing, too," observed Herr von Uffeln, in an almost shocked tone.

"People defend themselves as they can, Herr von Uffeln; but if you prefer to remain in the danger this man brings upon you—"

"No, no; every one for himself; do what you think necessary."

"I will consider the matter, and shall probably think it necessary. The discovery and seizure of the arms stored in the Kropp would cause a great excitement, make a terrible ado, and set the whole police force on the alert. I imagine our Tugendbund emissary would have enough to do to secure his own safety—he would take to flight as quickly as we could desire."

"That is certainly to be expected," replied Herr von Uffeln. Then both relapsed into silence.

"I must confess," said Herr von Uffeln at last, with a sigh, "that all this makes me feel still more uncomfortable here. Fräulein Adelheid's aversion deeply wounds me; and now comes this Tugendbund man, as you call him, who oppresses the very air I breathe. All this makes me wish—"

"You could have a change of air? That is very natural," replied Herr Faustelmann, with a somewhat sarcastic smile. "And," he continued, "it harmonizes exactly with the desire long expressed by our family for a change of air, and the physician's recommendation of a different climate for Fräulein Adelheid. So we'll hasten the preparations."

"What can you do?"

"As much as will be necessary. The money is ready—the revenue from your share of the estate placed to your credit by the notary, and which you have generously left at Herr von Mansdorf's disposal. To enable you all to pack up and leave the forest shades of Wilstorp for the sunlight of a warmer cli-

mate, it is only needful to have a public betrothal with Fräulein Adelheid ; as her declared lover, you cannot remain behind the family."

"Of course not. But this betrothal—"

"Must now be made without loss of time. Let that be my task."

With these words Faustelmann quitted the room.

II.

SEVERAL days had passed. Meyer Jochmaring's farm was illumined by the bright sunshine of a remarkably beautiful autumn day. Beneath one of Meyer's huge oaks, where we first saw her, Princess Elizabeth is again seated on the rude wooden bench, in earnest conversation with the mysterious personage we have so frequently met, who, during his visit to the castle, must have succeeded in completely appeasing the princess's indignation at his presumption in their former interview on this spot.

The stranger sits opposite to the princess on a straw-chair, with his chin resting on his hand, and his elbow on the table ; his hat lies beside him, so that his high forehead, framed in dark-brown hair, is distinctly visible. There are faint lines upon it, marks of time and care. His large, dark eyes rest upon the young lady with a strange, half-questioning, half-perplexed expression.

"You are wonderfully kind, your highness," said he ; "do you know that all this makes me feel very oddly, as if in a dream ?"

"How you feel is not the point in question," replied the princess ; "and especially your dreams. You must decide, and that at once."

"The point in question for me, however, somewhat concerns my feelings," he replied. "You want to drive me away from here. Suppose, while here, I feel as if I were in a strange dream, which I wish might never end, then you will perceive how difficult it will be for me to decide to do what you ask. I feel as if some magic power bound me to this spot ; the sunny world around us, with its charming alternations of groves and isolated clumps of trees, fields of corn, patches of turf, and quiet meadows with rivulets gliding through them, the gentle undulations of the land—are all wonderfully pleasant to me. Where will you find such another rural scene ?"

"How can you talk of things which are of no consequence ?"

"They are of consequence to me. Coming from burning Spain, I find myself in a refreshing, beautiful world. And in the midst of these charming surroundings, where I can forget what lies behind me, where courage to live happily, without anxiety for the future, has returned, and daily gushes up with greater strength, there you sit opposite to me, a strange, lovely, fairy vision, and, in a voice whose every tone goes to my heart, talk of a young love with its joys and sorrows. Don't you see that I can't help feeling as if I were in a dream of poesy—and can you expect me to rouse myself from it and wander forth, never to return ?"

The princess shook her head. The compliments the stranger paid her no longer seemed to rouse her

indignation, it is true, but there was a little impatience in the tone in which she replied :

"Yet I think I have plainly shown you that you no longer have time to dream—that you are in the greatest danger !"

"Certainly, you have not lacked earnestness in describing the horrors of my situation. The young man at Wilstorp feels dangerously compromised by my having assumed his name to carry on my revolutionary intrigues. You have promised to relieve him from this anxiety if he will give up his suit for the hand of a young lady, who has long since bestowed her heart upon a young physician, your *protégé*. To relieve this anxiety, I am to stop my work and disappear. If I don't disappear, if you should not succeed by your kind persuasions in inducing me to quit the country without delay, then you threaten that the steward would undoubtedly go himself to the French authorities, denounce me, and tell them of the weapons I have hidden in the Kropp, and which he accidentally discovered ; upon which the said authorities would arrest, condemn, and shoot me. The shooting in particular is a matter which it would be better to avoid."

"And how can you still delay ?" asked the princess.

"Because I like to stay here. Because I have not been so happy for years. Because I inhale this warm, soft, still air with delight. And perhaps, also, a little out of defiance. Perhaps from wicked defiance, because the very lips from which I am least willing to hear the words, say, 'Go.' You probably do not know, your highness, that under some circumstances the word 'go' can be a very cruel one ?"

The princess blushed. "There is no cruelty in it when I utter the word to you. I warn you of the danger that threatens you ; I say to you : 'People have discovered who you are, what brings you here ; so, save yourself, fly'—do you call that cruel ?"

"If you admit that it is personal interest in me, kindness, solicitude, anxiety about my fate, I will certainly recall the word. But you send me away that Fräulein Adelheid may be permitted to love her Dr. Günther, and therefore—"

"Would you go if I admitted that it was also anxiety and interest in your fate that makes me desire to have you fly to some place of safety ?"

"Would you admit so much, would your royal pride condescend so far, humble itself so greatly, merely to succeed in getting rid of me ?"

Princess Elizabeth turned angrily away. "You are suspicious, and therefore wrong," said she. "You don't deserve the words I have just uttered."

"Have I offended you ?"

"Yes—deeply."

"Then you spoke the truth ? You really take a personal interest in me, feel a solicitude about my fate ! That would be a happiness in which I no longer venture to believe. Good Heavens ! when has any woman shown real interest in me ? Not since my mother died."

"Then you have either not sought or not deserved it."

"Sought? I have done nothing but seek it all my life, but probably not in the right way. I have always been something of a dreamer. I passed through life as a child anticipates its Christmas-tree—in a state of quiet expectation. Why did the clouds sail over my head, if at the right moment happiness were not to fall from them? But hitherto it has not come. Nothing has fallen from the clouds save the luck all dreamers have of escaping with their whole skins where others lose their lives. I have never been wounded, and attribute it to the circumstance that, when in battle, everything passing around me seemed as if it were happening in a dream, and I never thought of danger to myself."

"And so you have lived here, too, without thinking of the terrible danger to which you are exposed?"

He looked at her with smiling, thoughtful eyes, and answered: "Do not blame me for it, Princess Elizabeth! Since I met you that day in the forest, I have thought of something different and better, something which gave me so much food for reflection that I could not possibly fix my mind on anything else. You won't be angry because an ordinary mortal says such words to you! You want me to go, leave here forever, and a man who is departing is forgiven for uttering what he feels."

"But a man," replied Princess Elizabeth, growing red and pale by turns, "is not forgiven if he says whatever enters his mind, without considering the significance of his words."

"Do I?"

"Yes!" retorted the princess, almost vehemently, "just as recklessly and thoughtlessly as you acted when you unceremoniously assumed the name of Uffeln. You are now saying words to me which no honorable man addresses to a young girl at the risk of disturbing her peace of mind. Can you help confessing to yourself that this is a poor return for the interest I have shown in you, and whose sincerity you could not doubt? Now, before leaving, you speak to me of thoughts, of feelings, which, if I believed them to be true, could not fail to make an impression upon me. And when you have gone, never to return, will this impression render me happier? You have no conscience."

He looked at her in surprise. "No conscience? You may be right there. Where I love, I shall go forward, I fear, just as recklessly, with just as little regard for the reproaches of conscience, as I have in battle for the bullets whizzing around me. Am I therefore a bad man? Do you think so? I don't know; I only know I am as God made me, and that my nature can undergo very little change. So forgive me, even if I cannot retract the words I uttered, and which you call unprincipled. Ever since I saw you, my life has been pervaded by one thought, and it will never be otherwise, never. What is that to you? I shall not take your peace of mind away with me."

The princess sat gazing into her lap. She had grown a little paler, something was sparkling in her eyes. Suddenly she raised her head, looked at her

companion with a strangely significant but very hasty glance, and with equal haste held out her hand, saying:

"As you will not cease speaking of this subject, I must go. I take with me your promise to depart. Farewell! May God be with you!"

She had risen, and, ere he could even return the pressure of her hand, was already three paces away, walking down the path toward the garden, to summon her maid, with whom she turned toward home, and soon vanished from the stranger's eyes within the shadow of the forest.

The latter gazed after her with his peculiar, dreamy expression.

"And I am to go now," he muttered, after a pause—"now, when this pure, noble nature has made such a confession, out of the artless frankness of her generous heart? Leave here now! Yes, I will go, but not where she sends me."

He gazed at the ground a long time, then, angrily muttering a few words, stamped his foot, turned toward the bridge, and disappeared behind the hedge on the opposite side of the river.

Meantime the afternoon sun had sunk lower and lower. Its last rays, ere they vanished behind the surrounding woods and the roofs of the adjacent buildings, were shining upon Castle Wilstorp, and flickering on the dark foliage of the ivy that garlanded the towers and screened the pretty nook between them. The family were again assembled around the huge table in this charming retreat, attended by the same friends we formerly met here, the notary and the forester. Faustelmann, too, was present; he sat in front with his back turned toward the courtyard, while Herr von Uffeln was seated in the rear with Herr von Mansdorf, beside Fräulein Adelheid. The latter looked very pale, and from time to time dropped her crocheting into her lap, in order after a pause to hastily snatch it up again, as if rousing herself from her thoughts. Herr von Uffeln, though apparently entirely absorbed in the conversation between the gentlemen, frequently cast hasty side-glances at the young girl, noting these tokens of secret agitation. Frau von Mansdorf knitted her huge stocking, and also listened to the conversation.

The remainder of the party were absorbed in the latest war news. It is remarkable how quietly and calmly the most opposite views were at that time exchanged. The German subject was so accustomed to see in political events, war, peace, the division of countries, things which to him had the character of elementary appearances, dark clouds that rose over his head without troubling themselves about him, and from which fell only showers, hail, or even lightning that set his home in flames—so accustomed, we say, was the German subject to this state of affairs, that gradually apathetic patience became the prevailing characteristic of public opinion. A few hot-heads formed an exception, a few hearts throbbed passionately, and the more impulsive, excited by the war then raging, made no secret of their views when they could do so without danger. But, on the whole, there was scarcely any

trace in the neighborhood in which the incidents of our story occurred of the stormy enthusiasm which history records prevailed in other parts of Germany during the war for freedom. After a long discussion of the *pros* and *cons* of a victory on this and that side, Herr von Mansdorf said, quietly :

"At any rate, I wonder who will rule over us?"

"I only hope he will be somebody who will let us smoke good tobacco in peace," said the forester. "This system is no longer to be endured, and is wearing out the patience of the meekest."

"It has lasted a long time," said Herr Faustelmann, in a tone of quiet conviction.

"But you have seen the Prussians marching through, Faustelmann," said Frau von Mansdorf, "so there can be no doubt."

"No," said the steward, nodding.

"Then you must see how you can get along with the new master, Faustelmann," added Herr von Mansdorf. "The change in everything will bring a fresh throng of annoyances."

"I'll get along with them," replied Herr Faustelmann; "I shall have the notary's quick brains to help me."

"Of course," replied the notary, with a keen side-glance at Herr von Uffeln; "you won't find me negligent, if I can use my brains. But, Herr Faustelmann, if you can so surely, by means of the peculiar gift you possess, foresee the end of the war, and the entrance of the Prussians, you are acting against your own interests in saying, so confidently, 'I shall get along.' In your place, I should show somewhat more fear of the great responsibility you are about to undertake, somewhat more anxiety in regard to the difficulties that may attend the management of an estate in such troubled times, in the hope that our worthy employers might then not all go away at once—that Herr von Uffeln at least would stay here to look after his property."

"But Herr von Uffeln doesn't wish to stay at home alone," replied Faustelmann, "and, if I feel no fear of my responsibility, but am convinced that I shall be able, during the absence of my employers, to manage everything to their satisfaction, you will not expect me to feign it. I managed Wilstorp many years, long before Herr von Mansdorf took possession of it."

"And we shall go," observed Frau von Mansdorf, "without feeling the least anxiety, and only thank God that we can go at all, and do what we have so long desired—spend a winter with Adelheid at Geneva. As for your suggestion, that Herr von Uffeln should stay here, Herr Plümer, there can be no thought of it, since Herr von Uffeln does not wish to leave his betrothed bride."

"His betrothed bride!" exclaimed the forester, in a tone of amazement; and the notary also cried, though his voice was one rather of indignant bewilderment, "His betrothed bride!"

"Yes," replied Frau von Mansdorf, looking at her daughter and Herr von Uffeln, "it is a fact, which it gives me great pleasure to tell you, and I am sure you will not withhold your congratulations.

Herr von Mansdorf and I have given our consent to the young people's engagement; and, if we formerly rejoiced at Herr von Uffeln's entrance into our home, we can now cherish the hope that this event will lead to still greater and more lasting happiness."

As Frau von Mansdorf uttered these words, in order to increase the solemnity of the moment in which she announced this event to the world, and thereby sealed Adelheid's fate, she laid her knitting on the table, and, placing her left hand upon it, drew with the other her daughter's hand into her lap and clasped it with a warm pressure.

Adelheid sat quietly, with downcast eyes; as she was somewhat behind her mother, and the evening light was very dim, probably no one noticed how pale she had grown, or how her lips trembled with the nervous quiver that usually precedes a burst of tears. But there must have been some magnetic power in the clasp of her mother's hand that prevented this outburst. Besides, that very morning she had promised to yield to everything without resistance, and accept her fate as inevitable; her mother was, of course, right in all she had said; that she must admit, though it was terrible that it should be so.

"Herr von Uffeln loves you, and has asked for your hand in marriage," her mother had said; "if you refuse him, the state of affairs between us will be unendurable. The property we hold in common binds us by the closest ties to Herr von Uffeln, who could instantly make our lives miserable if hostility and ill-will should take the place of friendship and confidence. If you refuse him, he will leave our house, and perhaps remove to Faustelmann's; the steward, who cannot serve two masters, will take sides with one, and I think Faustelmann will choose Uffeln rather than ourselves, because he will listen to him in everything more than your father does. Think of the embittered lives you will prepare for your parents—to say nothing of the fact that our journey can no longer be thought of. Uffeln has been generous enough to put at our disposal for this purpose the money placed to his credit. Can we accept it unless you are his betrothed bride? And if we do not, what will become of your health, what of your father, wandering about the house without occupation, and falling more and more under the power of the evil habit which this lack of employment has caused? I think you must perceive all this yourself, and no longer oppose childish, foolish objections—your affection for this Günther, who would be a very bad man if he had not long since renounced all hope of your hand; he knows our circumstances, and if he were here would say to you, 'Your mother is right.' There is but one path you can pursue for your own and your parents' sake."

With these arguments Frau von Mansdorf had subdued Adelheid's last effort at resistance, and she was silenced. She had submitted to become the victim of circumstances, but with the firm conviction that the sacrifice required was still greater than that of affection—it was life; that she should die ere she became Von Uffeln's wife; and with the feeling that in this fact was deliverance from her terrible fate

came the wish that the deliverance was already here.

She now sat silently beside her mother, absorbed in unutterable grief; she was struggling to repress an outburst of tears, and summoning up for this purpose all her strength of will; she did not wish to show her misery before these strangers, and her father must not see it; he should never suspect her repugnance to the marriage, and when she had died he at least should not stand by her grave tormenting himself with reproaches, and feel his last days embittered by remorse.

Frau von Mansdorf's announcement, of course, called forth cordial congratulations.

"This is excellent news you have given us, madame," cried the forester, "and certainly years have doubtless passed since the betrothal of a couple whom Fate seems to have so destined for each other."

"You are right, Runkelstein," said Herr von Mansdorf; "it is a betrothal that cannot fail to please the parents, because it gives them the rare happiness of not being forced to see their beloved daughter leave their house and go among those who are strangers to them."

"Let us drink to their health," said Faustelmann, seizing his glass; "let us drink to the health of the young couple."

The men rose at this proposal and raised their glasses, while the forester in his sonorous bass voice exclaimed: "Long live the betrothed pair! Hurrah for Herr von Uffeln and Fräulein Adelheid! May the happiness of both be as deep and unclouded as is possible in this earthly, variable life, and as lasting as we all desire!"

"May God grant it!" said Herr von Mansdorf, in a voice trembling with emotion. He was easily moved to tears on such occasions.

"Gentlemen," replied Herr von Uffeln, "I am unfortunately too bad an orator to answer such cordial wishes, and express the gratitude they inspire. I—"

"Wait a moment," said Frau von Mansdorf, laying her hand on his arm; "somebody is coming."

Uffeln paused and looked up. The eyes of the rest of the company also turned toward a stranger, who at this inopportune moment was rapidly approaching the group.

"Who is it?" asked Herr von Mansdorf, angrily—"who— But what is the matter, Herr von Uffeln—do you know him?"

This exclamation was occasioned by the circumstance that Uffeln's glass had suddenly been put down with so unsteady a hand that the wine overflowed on the table. Just as suddenly a death-like pallor overspread his face as the stranger approached, who bowed slightly, and then gazed keenly around the circle from beneath his half-closed lids with a most peculiar glance. The company in return stared intently at the new-comer, who with a haughty smile on his lips stood beneath the ivy-wreathed entrance to the nook between the towers, with his figure brightly illuminated by the last rays of the setting sun. But Frau von Mansdorf, whose attention had

been attracted by her husband's exclamation, glanced at Uffeln, and perceived with terror that the latter had sunk into a chair as if on the verge of fainting, and was staring with dilated eyes, as if he beheld an apparition.

"Are you ill? What is it—what is the matter, Herr von Uffeln?" she exclaimed, aloud.

The reply was given by the stranger. With singular calmness in his tone he said:

"What is the matter with Herr von Uffeln? Why, he sees his double!"

III.

THE day after this incident Princess Elizabeth was pacing thoughtfully up and down under a group of trees in the park, amusing herself by trying to set her foot at every step upon one of the yellow leaves which already lay in tolerable numbers, though still separate, upon the ground. Yet her thoughts were very far from this mechanical occupation. They were engaged in a singular struggle, a conflict between the heart and head—and in this clever princess both heart and head were unusually strong, the one warm, the other clear.

For with her clear reason and strong perception Elizabeth could no longer conceal from herself that she loved this strange, dreamy man, who lived in an atmosphere of singular ideas and thoughts; this mysterious, lonely mortal, whom no firm bonds seemed to unite to the real, actual world, and who walked through Meyer Jochmaring's green woods as much unfettered by any human ties as the falcon circling above their tops. To allow her heart to be won by such a man—Princess Elizabeth did not hesitate to say so to herself—was an insane folly; it was something unnatural and monstrous in a sensible girl accustomed to control her feelings and maintain her dignity. But what did all this avail? her heart still remained under the spell of this stranger.

The only good thing about the matter was, that she had made him clearly understand that he must go—that he had now vanished from her sphere of life, and assuredly would never appear in it again. This afforded the best security for her recovery from the wound that she had received, and which, if she no longer saw or heard anything of him, must soon heal; but to-day, at the idea that he might perhaps at this very moment be leaving his quiet asylum, it bled painfully.

She continued pacing up and down under the trees, pausing, and gazing, as if absorbed in thought, around the grounds, at the clumps of shrubbery, the lawns, the beds of flowers. How long a time had passed in this aimless way she did not know, when she saw at a short distance her father, the prince, returning from his morning walk in the park. She averted her face, as if conscious of guilt. He must not perceive that her mind had been thrown off its usual balance, and she therefore walked toward the castle, supposing that her father would cross the terrace. But she was mistaken. He had seen and followed her, and presently she heard his voice behind her:

"Elizabeth!"

She turned and approached him. "Back already, dear father? Your morning walk is generally longer."

"Longer? I think it is late now. You look pale, Elizabeth; did you pass a wakeful night? Just think! we have had a little event in the neighborhood."

"Ah! what is that?"

"You can't guess—a political event. You told me that you knew weapons were concealed in the old Kropp."

"Why, yes—and that efforts were being secretly made to— But what about the weapons?"

"Their concealment has been betrayed to the French."

"Betrayed?"

"Yes—the arms have been discovered. I just met Duplessis, the sergeant of the gendarmes, who was riding by the corner of the park; he was very much excited about the affair, and called over the hedge to tell me the news. The commissioner of police received a hint last evening; the seizure was made during the night, and they also captured the emissary, who—"

"The emissary?" interrupted Princess Elizabeth, with a cry of terror.

"Yes, the emissary—a former French officer, who served in Spain, a man who boldly assumed the name of 'Von Uffeln,' but has no right to it; his name—if I understood the gendarme correctly—is Falsner or Falsner; he has been taken to M—, poor fellow! and will probably— But tell me, Elizabeth, what is the matter? What ails you?"

Elizabeth had turned deadly pale, and was trembling from head to foot; she gazed steadily at her father, then tottered and clutched with both hands at his arm. The prince hastily caught her just as she was in the act of falling.

"Elizabeth!" he exclaimed again, greatly terrified.

"O Heaven! father—father—I shall never survive it—they will shoot him, and I shall never survive it!"

"You know him? It is the stranger of whom you have spoken. I thought so."

"The same, father, the same!" she cried, covering her face with her hands; "and if they kill him I shall die."

The prince gazed in bewilderment at his daughter, who, supported by his arm, betrayed her intense agitation by the violent heaving of her bosom.

"O father, father!" she cried, "why did you do this, why did you tell me this? It will be my death!"

"Your death? But, Elizabeth, what—"

"Oh, you can know all, hear all. I not only know this man, I love him; and if they do this terrible thing—"

"You love him?" The prince uttered the words as if a thunder-bolt had struck him. "Love him! You are raving!"

She raised herself from his embrace, and stood

with clasped hands and drooping head, struggling for composure.

"Father," she said at last, more quietly, but without looking up, "I well know what I owe you, what I owe our name. I love him, yes," she burst forth, impetuously, "I love him—how deeply I now feel for the first time, and nothing, nothing can change me. But," she added, in a calmer tone, "I see it is folly, madness. I unite no wishes, no rebellion against reason, no disobedience to you, with this love. I will forget him, forget him forever. Only, they must not kill him, for if they do—"

She paused, and, putting her hand on her father's arm, said, gasping for breath: "Come, help me to that seat. I cannot stand any longer; there I will tell you all."

The prince supported her to the nearest bench, which stood under a group of trees. Overwhelming, revolting to his feelings as his child's confession had been, at this moment as a kindly-natured man he saw only the deep suffering of a woman, as a father the despair of his daughter, and therefore tenderly supported her, without a word of reproach.

When they had seated themselves, the princess, bending forward, laid her clasped hands on her father's knee, and with downcast eyes said: "Father, you will understand me, feel with me. This man must not be murdered, or I shall be miserable forever. If he is saved and disappears, if he vanishes from my sight forever into the wide world, I shall forget him; day by day I shall think of him less and less, day by day I shall be able to tell myself more and more plainly what a fool I was to allow myself to be ensnared by the singular spell he exerted over me—I shall be cured of such a passion."

The prince laid his hand gently on her hair. "I believe you, Elizabeth," he said, sighing. "Yes, you have plenty of will."

"But, father," she vehemently continued, and her hands clinched each other convulsively, "if they kill him—if I am compelled to endure that, forced in imagination to see him kneeling before his executioners, lying bathed in his blood—O God! O God! I shall never survive it, I shall never drive that vision from my soul! It will make me mad; and, if you wish to save me, save him!"

"I save him? But, for Heaven's sake, what are you thinking of? How can I save him?"

"We must go to M—. You say he has been taken to M—. We must go there. You must speak to the prefect, or whoever has the decision of his fate; you must plead for him—obtain his release in some way. The prefect is no monster. He released Meyer Jochmaring at your intercession, when the old man had been imprisoned because his son would not go to the war as a conscript."

"But, good Heavens! what could I say to the prefect?"

"That he is no emissary—that you will answer for it on your word of honor."

"But he undoubtedly is one."

"True, he is. Oh, how terrible it is to be forced to deceive these people. But, father, father, if by a

falsehood you can save your daughter from madness and a man from death, will you not utter it?"

The prince passed his hand across his brow. "Listen, Elizabeth," he said, after a pause; "I will yield to you so far as to drive to M—— with you. We will speak to the prefect. We will see what can be done. Heaven will put the right words into our mouths. But, give my princely word to confirm a lie? No, that I cannot do. But, while we are on our way, other expedients, other means of escape will come."

"Oh, I thank you!" exclaimed the princess, starting up. "And now let us make haste—let us go this instant!"

The preparations for the expedition were quickly made. Fifteen minutes later the prince and Elizabeth drove out of the courtyard in a somewhat clumsy traveling-carriage, drawn by four horses, and turned toward the city where the prefect lived.

The condition of the roads in those days, as is well known, was wretched. But, fortunately, the beautiful, dry autumn weather had made them so tolerable that the prince's horses could proceed at a rapid pace. Nevertheless, there was plenty of time for conversation and consultation. Elizabeth told her father everything about her intercourse with the unfortunate man, and in doing so succeeded in winning the prince's sympathy for him. The princess at last ventured to propose to her father to deceive the prefect by telling him that the prisoner was entirely innocent of collecting the arms which had been seized. Though he had remained in the country under an assumed name and in the greatest seclusion, it was because he was secretly betrothed to the princess against her father's will; if she, the princess, should declare this openly, and her father did not contradict it, the prefect, she was sure, *must* yield to her representations and release the prisoner.

This plan was intensely repugnant to the prince, but his resistance and objections gradually died away, and the more clearly he perceived the despairing agony of his child, the more he felt constrained and urged to a mode of action that at heart he detested.

At last the carriage rattled over the ill-paved streets of the city, then across a wide square adorned with trees, and finally rolled thundering under the vaulted entrance of the castle-like building where, instead of its former owner, now lived the prefect of a French department. The prince and his daughter alighted, and passed up the high flight of steps, where they were received by a French lackey, who ushered them into a reception-room, where he left them and went to summon his master. The princess's heart beat so violently that she was obliged to sink into a chair, while the prince paced up and down, muttering:

"So a German prince must wait in the antechamber of this French adventurer.—Calm yourself, Elizabeth. You must be the one to speak. I cannot use much eloquence to such a man—"

But he was wrong to complain of being kept waiting in the antechamber. The folding-doors

were quickly thrown open, and the prefect appeared, hastening forward with great courtesy and affability to receive his visitors. He was a thin man, of middle height, thoroughly French in character and manners. After the first exchange of courtesies was over, and the prefect had induced his guests to take seats on a divan, while he sat opposite to them on a modest *tabouret*, the prince said:

"As you may suppose, Herr Prefect, we come with a petition. We remember the kindness you once showed me. The question to-day again concerns an innocent person, only with the difference that he is threatened with a far more terrible fate than formerly menaced my old Meyer. The matter is connected with a number of guns that have been seized in my neighborhood."

"Oh, yes; last night," replied the prefect, whose face had suddenly grown very grave. "I have just been attending to the affair, and ordered the allies' emissary, who was captured at the same time, to be brought before me."

The princess was greatly agitated at this intimation that the prisoner was in her immediate neighborhood, perhaps only separated from her by a few doors; while her father, who now perceived that he must act as mediator, continued:

"If you have spoken to him, you have doubtless already received the impression that this man is not guilty—only the circumstance that he has remained a long time in our neighborhood, and, unfortunately, under a false name, has aroused the suspicion—"

"Suspicion?" interrupted the prefect. "Information has been given against him—information which led to the seizure of the weapons."

"Then," cried Elizabeth, impetuously, "this information is a shameful slander! The man who is in your hands never thought of carrying out treasonable plans against the power of the emperor; he came into the neighborhood solely and entirely because he loved me; and if he assumed a false name, if he remained concealed, it was done that my father might not suspect his purpose."

The prefect looked at her in the utmost bewilderment. "I do not doubt your assertions, princess. Any young man who had the good fortune to see you might love you," he replied, with a smile. "But we do not live in Arcadia; and a young man may, in the leisure hours such a love affords, pursue other occupations more or less harmless. Your emissary has made a full confession of—"

"Ah!" cried the prince, "he has confessed?" The princess grew deadly pale.

"Even so; he has just acknowledged everything," assented the prefect.

Elizabeth could scarcely retain her presence of mind under the weight of this statement. There was only the one hope, that he might be induced to retract his confession, as soon as he received the slightest hint of how they were trying to save him; so she exclaimed:

"But, good Heavens! this is madness—the confession is only made in despair, to escape the torture of the trial, or because he wishes to die."

The prefect shrugged his shoulders. Then he rose, rang a bell, and, when a servant appeared, said :

"Bring in the prisoner who is waiting in my office, but under a guard.—You shall hear from his own lips," he continued, turning to the prince, "that he openly confesses his seditious work. The only thing I cannot clearly understand from his answers is, whether the man's name is Faltner or Von Uffeln. If the latter should prove to be the case, there are facts connected with his service in Spain which must be carefully investigated. But there he is, and you can question him yourself."

The door through which the prefect had just entered, opened, and, accompanied by a gendarme, a figure appeared on the threshold, at the sight of which Princess Elizabeth started up in amazement too great to be described.

"Good Heavens ! " she impetuously exclaimed, "will this confusion of persons never cease ?"

The person who had entered was no other than Adelheid von Mansdorf's betrothed husband.

"I was speaking of another man," exclaimed the prince, in surprise ; "this is surely—" The prince swallowed the name of Uffeln, which he was about to utter, that he might not compromise the prisoner.

"What surprises you so ?" asked the prefect. "Did you expect to see some one else ?"

"Yes," replied the prince ; and Elizabeth hastily added : "A very different person—I know nothing about this man."

The prisoner came forward with a modest, dignified bearing, and said :

"You know nothing of me, your highness, but it is of infinite importance to me that you should know and speak of me to Fräulein Adelheid. I have committed a great crime against her, a crime that cannot be justified, but which I hope she will be induced to judge leniently ; and if you would listen to me, and then speak to her according to the dictates of your own kind heart, she would do so. Will you hear me ?"

Princess Elizabeth, not yet fully recovered from her surprise, but with a feeling of infinite relief, answered : "Oh ! certainly I will. Speak !"

"Will you permit me to have an interview with the princess ?" asked the young man, turning imploringly to the prefect.

The latter frowned, then, as the princess also looked at him beseechingly, replied : "A private interview ? I can only permit you to speak in my presence. So tell her highness what you have to say. You can go to yonder recessed window, and be brief."

Elizabeth went to the last window in the great room, which was hung with heavy draperies. Meantime the prince and prefect paced up and down, and the gendarme remained motionless at the door.

"I have only a short time, your highness," said the prisoner, "in which to tell you what, from my inmost soul, I desire Adelheid von Mansdorf to know, that she may think of me more kindly than I can expect others to do. I must also compress into few words what, as I hope to God, will dispose her

to think of me more mildly if your kind heart will make itself the interpreter of my explanations.

"In the first place, to begin with a frank confession : what I said at Wilstorp about my life and origin is true in every particular, except that my name is not Uffeln, but Faltner, and I am the son of a plebeian. The Herr von Uffeln, whose name I assumed, I never saw but once, and that was in Spain, in a *café* in Saragossa. I was sitting with some comrades belonging to my regiment at one of the tables, while a party of officers attached to another regiment that formed a portion of our division had taken their places at an opposite one ; directly behind me sat a gentleman whom his companions called Uffeln ; my attention was instantly attracted, because from the name I supposed him to be a German. Thus it happened that I listened to the conversation, and heard my German countryman tell his friends that he had received a letter from home containing intelligence that advertisements had been inserted in the papers requesting him to return and take possession of some property. He was congratulated on his good fortune, but accepted these congratulations in a careless, jesting manner, saying that the property in question was a dilapidated owl's-nest, which he did not even inherit alone, but must share with a distant relative, whom he was far from desiring to disturb in his rural seclusion until the war was over. Until then the gentleman might hold the plough-handle himself. These words made a strong impression upon me, because I, on the contrary, had the greatest longing for such a quiet, peaceful existence, and would have asked no greater happiness than to know that such an asylum was open to me somewhere in the world. So it was with a certain feeling of envy that my eyes rested upon the fortunate officer, who wore the uniform of a captain, as soon after he left the *café* with his friends.

"I never saw him again in Spain," continued the prisoner after a pause, "but, when my situation, my profession became unendurable, often thought of him, and therefore was startled when one day he suddenly recalled to my memory in a very remarkable manner. As I was a poor soldier and an excellent penman, I was often detailed for clerical service. So it happened that I had been working three or four months in the office of my division, when a document arrived containing the report of a trial by court-martial of this Captain Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln, who had shot a companion ; the paper ended with a sentence of death, and had been sent in to be approved by the general of division, who now represented the wounded commander of the corps. The sentence was approved ; I myself handed the fatal paper, together with an order commanding its immediate execution dictated by the general himself, to a mounted orderly ; and when this man rode out of the courtyard of our headquarters and dashed down the street toward the town where Uffeln's regiment was stationed, I could not do otherwise than consider the latter a dead man.

"The document ought to have been preserved in our office, but there was little order in our military

register—in the sudden arrival of orders and the hasty departure of troops, the whole collection of papers was frequently destroyed or left behind; nay, the whole war in this unhappy country had assumed the most irregular character; well-considered strategic movements were rendered impossible by utterly incalculable events, constant fighting developed the most demoniacal impulses of human nature, and of often deeds of the most horrible cruelty—

"I know—I have heard," interrupted Princess Elizabeth, gasping for breath; "go on."

"I found the document of which I was speaking among Uffeln's papers, his certificate of service, his commission in the army; I thought these would have afforded the proofs of his legitimacy if he had announced himself as the heir; I also thought that they would be of importance to the relatives who were expecting him, in order to prevent a false heir from claiming the property: so, to save them from destruction, I took them myself and preserved them among my own papers. I had no design in this act, and entirely forgot it during the excitement of the next few days, which were full of hurried marches, because we found ourselves suddenly threatened in the rear by an English corps, and skirmishes of more or less importance occurred almost daily. In one of these skirmishes I was wounded in a way which I considered a great piece of good fortune, since this wound brought me release from a position which had long seemed unendurable; it secured me my discharge. When partially cured, I received my dismissal and a pass home; I returned by way of Paris, where my pension as a retired officer was fixed at a sum on which a dog but no man could live, and at last I reached my birthplace, where I found only distant relatives in needy circumstances, who seemed to receive me with the question, 'Why did you come? what do you want here?' In this situation, I remembered the papers which were in my possession. I might deliver them where they were certainly of interest, perhaps of great value; if the latter, I might obtain a sum of money for them, which would be of great assistance to me. A newspaper containing an advertisement for Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln was not difficult to procure; it gave me information regarding the road I was to take, and so I set out on my pilgrimage until one evening I reached Wilstorp, and went first to the steward. He received me with evident delight when I informed him I had come to announce Uffeln's death and bring his papers.

"Is that intangible heir dead?" he said; "then we shall be sole heirs here, and all difficulties will be removed. Where are the papers?"

"I handed them to him, and he hastily examined them. 'But the certificate of death?' he cried; 'where is it?'"

"A certificate of death? I haven't any," was my reply.

"You have none, nor anything else that proves his death?"

"Nothing of that sort. But I told you he was shot; I myself placed the general's order in the hands of the orderly, who—"

"You say so," he interrupted. "But what good will that do us; what will anything avail so long as we have nothing in black and white? Can you write to Spain and procure any official paper from there?"

"No," said I. "To whom should I write? To the commander of the division? Heaven knows where it is now! I saw by the papers that the emperor had recalled the troops from Spain, to use them against the allies. They are on the march, perhaps already before the enemy; how is it possible—"

"Herr Faustelmann threw my papers angrily away. 'Then we are just where we were before,' said he. 'It's enough to drive one to despair. We cannot move in any direction. You can use your papers for lamp-lighters, sir. They are useless trash to us, useless trash, nothing more. If you had only obtained an official copy of the sentence of death—then your testimony that this Uffeln was really executed, shot before your eyes—'"

"But the execution was ordered," I answered.

"The steward suddenly grew very thoughtful; he looked steadily at me, nodded, and, after gazing some time into vacancy, said: 'I will make you a proposal. Help us yourself. These papers will be sufficient. Say they are *your* property.'"

"I think they are—at least now," I replied.

"You don't understand me. Call yourself Uffeln—"

"Oh! how could I?"

"Why not? Call yourself Uffeln—and we shall be relieved from all our difficulties. You will inherit a fine property, at least half of it; Herr von Mansdorf will be delighted to be master of *his* half, and it can make no difference to the poor devil who was shot in Spain."

"I was startled, and indignantly rejected the proposal; but the steward persuaded me so long and earnestly that this would be the best possible arrangement, that my objections were at last overruled, and only the fear of detection asserted itself.

"Detection is impossible," said he, "and, if you fear it, we can avert its worst consequences. Marry Fräulein Adelheid von Mansdorf; then you will belong to the family, and it will be all the same whether you live at Wilstorp as Uffeln or as Mansdorf's son-in-law."

"But what a horrible conspiracy!" exclaimed Princess Elizabeth, indignantly.

"You are right," replied Falstner, "it was a shameful deception—that I perceived more and more clearly every day, while suffering under its consequences. But at that time—O God! I was so poor, so desolate, that the thought of finding a home was indescribably alluring to me, and then—was I not accustomed to be the tool of others, bow to others' will, permit the influence of others to decide my fate? I am not a bad man, believe me, your highness—"

"But weak, very weak," replied Princess Elizabeth, sternly, looking him steadily in the eye.

"Yes. Do you condemn or excuse me?"

"Go on. Make haste. The prefect is looking at us impatiently."

"Then I will say nothing of the days that followed, nothing of the torture I endured, when I felt Adelheid's loveliness exerting a more and more powerful influence over me, and perceived that her heart was no longer free, but throbbed with passionate love for another, while I, dreading the possible detection of my fraud, for the sake of the security of my future, could not resign her hand. I have bitterly atoned for my fault. Then came the terrible moment when, as I was in the act of calling upon your highness, a man appeared, who gave his name as Von Uffeln. I felt as if a thunder-bolt had struck me. Was this the man I had seen in Spain, the man whose name I had usurped? or was it a stranger, who had also assumed the name—"

"Didn't you recognize him?"

"No. I had only seen him in the evening, in a dimly-lighted place; at that time he wore a uniform, and was now in citizen's dress. And if the impossibility that he could have escaped death had become a possibility, why had he not come to Wilstorp to assert his rights? No, no; it could not be he, and with this thought I hurried home to seek counsel and protection from the steward, though I did not venture to tell him my secret fear that this man might really be Von Uffeln. He would have overwhelmed me with reproaches for having deceived him in representing Uffeln's death as an incontestable and certain fact. No, I dared not let Faustelmann perceive all the torturing anxiety that filled my heart, and so he set off to make inquiries of your highness. He returned with the firm conviction that the man who so boldly called himself Von Uffeln must be an emissary of the allies, who, for the sake of greater security, had insolently assumed the name. I, too, tried to soothe myself with this thought, and as the stranger remained concealed, as he allowed day after day to pass without putting forth the claims he would have asserted had he had any right to do so, I lulled myself in a false security, until at last, yesterday, the catastrophe came—"

"Yesterday? And what happened then?"

"Yesterday, about twilight—my betrothal to Fräulein Adelheid had just been announced—this Herr von Uffeln suddenly stood before us, as if he had sprung from the earth, and said, with sarcastic composure, that he was sorry to bring discord into a party who were in such a festal mood, but his name was Ulrich Gerhard von Uffeln, coheir with Herr von Mansdorf to the Wilstorp estate, and, though he could not produce the smallest proof of the fact, not the smallest scrap of document, he, with the utmost composure, called upon me to look him in the face and say he was telling a lie."

"What a scene!" exclaimed Princess Elizabeth.

"What a scene, indeed! I need not describe the bewilderment, the surprise, the helplessness, the wild confusion of questions that followed; I could not do so; I was more dead than alive. Only one thing was clear to my mind, that the true Von Uffeln really stood before me. I recognized him

now, I recognized the tone of his voice, the broad, drooping eyelids that had attracted my attention in Spain—recognized him without needing to hear his account of the manner in which he had escaped being executed. Besides, I was too much bewildered to understand it. I helplessly allowed myself to be drawn aside by the steward, who whispered:

"Be a man! Don't waver a finger's breadth; for God's sake, don't lose your wits! He confesses, himself, that he hasn't a scrap of proof. So defy him until I have made him harmless. And that shall be done at once." And with these words he hurried away."

"To lodge information against him?"

"Certainly; to—"

"But pray tell me," interrupted the princess, "what induced Faustelmann to make your cause his own, and without any inquiries take sides against the real Uffeln? Was he afraid that, if unmasked, you would accuse him of being the instigator of the plot?"

"I don't know whether that was the only motive. He might have denied it. He had another inducement, I think, a long-cherished plan. I was his creature; he could force me to give up my share of the inheritance to him for a mere nominal sum, and I don't doubt that that was his intention as soon as I was married to Fräulein Adelheid. Mansdorf's portion could have been secured on the easiest terms."

"The cunning scoundrel!" exclaimed the princess, indignantly. "And what happened next?"

"Do not ask me. I only know that I sought deliverance in flight from the eyes of those who surrounded me; and the questions with which they assailed me; that I wandered about in the forest for hours, and then glided home, intending to disappear early in the morning from Castle Wilstorp, with the few articles of property to which my heart clung, before any one was up, and could see my departure. I accomplished this successfully, but had scarcely left the house and entered the road leading to Idar, when I fell into the hands of two gendarmes, who rode toward and stopped me, demanding my name. I replied by giving my name as Faltner, admitted that I had called myself Von Uffeln, and been an officer in the French army in Spain, upon which I was arrested and taken to Idar, and thence back to the place where arms were secretly stored, at whose seizure I was required to be present."

"And you did not deny having anything to do with these arms—being an emissary?"

"No, I denied nothing. By keeping silence and allowing myself to be treated as the guilty man, I protected Uffeln from pursuit and arrest. It was the only thing I could do to atone for the fraud I had been induced to commit."

"Oh, that is noble in you!" exclaimed the princess; "that is noble and generous, and soothes my indignation against you. But do you know to what fate you are exposing yourself?"

"Certainly—death. And I will not be untruthful, will not pretend I do not fear death. No, I do

fear it, and therefore shall make every effort to escape my doom as soon as I can suppose that Herr von Uffeln has had ample time to escape. I shall be sent to the nearest fort, and there tried by court-martial; then I shall tell the truth, and defend myself as well as I can, and to the last. And now, your highness, you know all—will you speak to Fräulein Adelheid for me?"

"I will. She shall learn what excuses there are for your conduct, and also the act that restores your honor—all; she shall think kindly of you. When I give you my hand in farewell, as a token that I pity you, you can imagine it is Adelheid's hand extended in forgiveness."

"I thank you with all my heart," replied Faltstner, raising the princess's hand to his lips.

"I believe," said the prefect's voice, "that the long conversation is at last over; at least I must request you to end it, your highness."

The princess, with a slight bend of the head, turned hastily away from Faltstner and rejoined her father. The prefect made a sign to the gendarme, and Faltstner went forward to meet him, to be conducted from the room.

"You are as kind and considerate to the unfortunate man as your duty will permit, are you not, Herr Prefect?" said Princess Elizabeth.

"Since he has the good luck to possess such an intercessor, you need not doubt it," replied the prefect, smiling.

"Then," said the prince, "we will not impair your friendly intentions by making longer claims upon your valuable time."

"As if I were not entirely at your service, prince," said the prefect, bowing.

They shook hands with each other. The prefect accompanied his visitors to the first flight of steps, and at the end of a few minutes the four horses were again trotting swiftly across the square in front of the castle.

IV.

MEANTIME Faustelmann had spent a very uncomfortable day. He had returned late the evening before from Idar, after a secret interview with the commander of the gendarmes, and eagerly sought his *protégé* to assure himself that the latter had remained faithful to his part, and bid defiance to his opponent. Faustelmann did not despair; it was an easy task to rebuff a man who had confessed that he had not a shadow of proof of his assertions. But, in spite of his search and inquiries, he could not find his young master; on the contrary, he learned that, after the other gentleman had gone away, the new Uffeln conversed a long time with the family, after which he took his departure.

On this day blow after blow had fallen upon him. Herr von Mansdorf had sent for him early in the morning. "Now, Faustelmann," he said, "I want to know what you say to this story. How could we have allowed ourselves to be so deceived?"

"Deceived? Are we deceived? I don't think so. I believe the man who appeared before us yesterday with such a bold front is a swindler."

"A swindler? He? If you had heard him talk a little longer you wouldn't think so; and, if he were, why should the other take to his heels before him? why need he slink away like a dripping dog?"

"Ah! I hope he has not—"

"Certainly—he has taken to his heels, is up and away, has vanished without giving any of us a word of explanation or defense. Doesn't that speak plainly enough? And if you had heard the other talk—but where were you? You had disappeared too, as if you had sunk into the ground."

Herr Faustelmann did not find it advisable to give any information on this point; he only looked at his master in the utmost perplexity, and repeated: "So he has gone? Uffeln has gone?"

"Your Uffeln? Yes. Don't you believe it? Go up to his room. Nobody has seen him this morning—perhaps you, with your second sight, may be more fortunate."

"Then," replied Faustelmann, drawing a long breath—"then of course he must be guilty, must have deceived us."

"There is no doubt of that," said Herr von Mansdorf, "and I've sent for Plümer, to discuss the question whether we shall pursue him. I hope he will be here soon with Dr. Günther, for whom my wife sent, as Adelheid has been so much excited and agitated by all this that I fear she will be ill." Herr Faustelmann passed his hand several times over his hair, and said to himself that he had done a very foolish thing in lodging information about the arms; how terribly he would be compromised if the fact were noised abroad! And his well-arranged plan of becoming master of Wilstorp was now baffled, destroyed by this resurrection of a dead man who walked about alive and well among the living—how this was to be explained, how it was possible, surpassed even Faustelmann's knowledge of the world of spirits. *His* Uffeln must have deceived him abominably.

Herr Plümer, the notary, soon arrived. His crafty face was glowing with excitement; his eyes fairly glistened over Faustelmann's puzzled face.

"Well, this is getting better and better," he exclaimed, as he entered—"better and better.—Do you know the latest news from Idar, Herr von Mansdorf?"

"From Idar? I know of nothing."

"A quantity of arms have been seized in the Kropp. Runkelstein's children's coffins! Pretty coffins! Boxes full of muskets! And they've caught an emissary to boot—and do you know whom? Why, our false Uffeln, our charming cousin, who almost became your son-in-law into the bargain!"

"Him?" cried Faustelmann; "have they seized—arrested him?"

"Him! I saw him taken across the market-place."

This was the second blow for Herr Faustelmann. If this man were arrested, he would undoubtedly confess the part he had played in Wilstorp, and not without accusing Faustelmann of being his tempter.

"Him?" he repeated, in a low tone, secretly

cursing the stupidity of the French sergeant, whom he had distinctly told who the emissary was, and whose person he thought he had described with the utmost precision. But Herr Plümer gave the steward no time to reflect long upon the terrible mistake, for he continued :

"And now every effort must be made to discover whom we have to thank for this abominable treachery, this information given to the French; the scoundrel must receive a fitting punishment. Widmer, the patriotic apothecary, says he knows people who would be ready to give him a secret trial, and make nothing of hanging him to an oak in the good, old-fashioned way. Widmer is frantic, and will discover the guilty man before the end of twenty-four hours. If the gendarmes betray nothing, he'll go to M——, where he has a cousin in the prefect's employ, who'll not refuse him a sight of the papers."

This was the third blow for Herr Faustelmann, who, after so much excitement, felt the need of breathing the fresh air, and meditating upon the uncertainty of human calculations. He professed that some people were waiting for him in his office, and that he must go and attend to them.

Meantime Dr. Günther had gone up to see Adelheid. Although Frau von Mansdorf was present, it could not prevent the young people from expressing in their radiant eyes the happiness afforded by this meeting, and this happiness so melted away all feelings of anger and bitterness from Adolf's heart that he could not bring himself to execute the plan of vengeance with which he had come, and inform the mother that the condition to which she had brought her child was a very critical and dangerous one. Dangerous, in fact, he did not consider it; he knew that a few days of happiness would so strengthen and restore Adelheid's health that he really prescribed Widmer's drugs almost entirely to soothe the anxiety of the family.

Yet, when he went away, and Frau von Mansdorf accompanied him into the anteroom to hear his opinion of Adelheid's condition, he said, plainly, to the now humble, subdued-looking lady :

"Thank God, madame, that matters are no worse, and beware of trying again such experiments with Fräulein Adelheid's heart. Heaven has not endowed it with sufficient strength for the purpose. You must not do it violence, or you will lose your child. I will not conceal from you that her love is mine, that I alone am the physician by whom she can be cured, and that you must permit this physician to visit her without interruption. I shall now come to see her every day, and you, madame, are too good a mother, are you not, to seek to prevent it?"

"It is a singular stretch of medical authority for the physician to prescribe himself as a remedy," said Frau von Mansdorf, with a sad smile—"or at the end of his visits claim the patient as his fee."

"True, it is not ordered by the rules of medical etiquette," replied the doctor, in a jesting tone, "but neither is it forbidden. And, as for the remedy, this must always be prepared with a view to the special case for which it is intended; and, as only the

doctor can judge of the case, I trust, madame"—the doctor added this with a beseeching glance, and in a gentler tone—"you will not interfere with his mode of cure."

Frau von Mansdorf sighed. "I am to blame for having caused the illness, so I can make no objection to the manner in which it is cured."

Late in the evening, the prince's carriage stopped on its return from M—— at Castle Wilstorp; the occupants did not alight, as they were very weary, but the prince sent for Herr von Mansdorf, and he and Princess Elizabeth hastily related the substance of all that was necessary to be told. These communications sealed Faustelmann's fate. Herr von Mansdorf was furiously angry, and swore, by all that was sacred, that he would not keep the fellow in his service another day. As for Herr von Uffeln, he could give no information about him. After remaining until a late hour the evening before, and giving all the particulars about himself that could be desired, he had gone away and not appeared at all during the following day. So the prince and his daughter were obliged to resign all hope of warning him at once, and hastened to Idar to obtain some rest after their fatiguing journey.

Princess Elizabeth's anxiety about this singular man, who had again disappeared, was once more aroused. When she reached the castle, and was again in her own room, she hastily wrote a few words of warning; intending to send the note to Meyer Jochmaring, that he might take it to Von Uffeln. But she could not make up her mind to do so; if she dispatched the note, he might perhaps leave the neighborhood before daybreak. Then she would never see him again—and, at the thought, all the courage she had displayed to her father that morning, all the heroism of self-sacrifice, all the power of reason, gave way. Besides, now that it had been proved that this man had a right to the name he bore, the whole affair had taken a different turn: he was no longer an adventurer—no wide gulf yawned between them.

So she resolved to meet him once more, and, if they must part, first obtain some explanation of the cause of his conduct, which appeared so mysterious. And still reflecting upon the subject, with a soul shaken with emotion, but firm in the conviction that she could give him her hand in farewell, without betraying how terribly she suffered, she pursued her way to Meyer's farm the next morning. Meyer should go to his place of abode, and bring him to her. She would go quickly, before her father was up; no one should know anything about the matter, and, after a short conversation, she would return home.

She was to see the man she sought sooner than she expected. As she walked through the forest, with her faithful Marianne by her side, she heard footsteps, and, at the first turn in the path, saw Uffeln coming toward her. They met at the stile where she had seen him first.

"I thank you, princess," said he, "for meeting me on my way."

"I don't understand you," she replied, looking at

him in astonishment; "who in the world told you that I was going to see you?"

"I did not say you intended to do so. But you have come to tell me that for my sake you took the long drive to M—— yesterday, you and your father."

"You know that?"

"I learned from Meyer that you went away in great haste, and was presumptuous enough to suppose it wasn't done for the sake of my double, who has been arrested—I don't know why, for the poor devil is no more an emissary than I am; but you went, fearing I might be the prisoner—"

"I see you know all," interrupted the princess. "Well, then, I won't deny that I spoke to my father, who, in the interest of the patriotic cause, resolved to use his influence with the prefect to try to save you. We were greatly surprised to find the prisoner was another person, but learned that you must fly as quickly as possible to save yourself from the same fate."

"Save myself? But I am no emissary, which you were kind enough always to take for granted; besides, the necessity for flight is not so urgent that you will not permit me to accompany you home."

"No, no, you must not," the princess hastily replied; "my father would not approve of it. I only wanted to tell you of the danger that threatens you."

"Then, at least, let me walk by your side as far as Margaret's Linden, if you will not allow me to accompany you the longer distance to the castle—or through life."

"I will allow you to do nothing," she replied, with a vivid blush, "except explain why you mystified the people here—why you did not at once appear under your real name."

With these words she began to retrace her steps toward home; and, while he remained by her side, her maid, who probably thought her presence undesired during this conversation, walked on a long distance in advance.

"How was I to do so?" he answered. "I have not concealed my name. Did I deceive you about it? But I could not enter into a dispute with those who doubted it. I had no means of convincing them. Could I appear before a magistrate and assert my claim to the Von Mansdorf property? No, I was obliged to wait until an attorney in Stockholm, to whom I applied, had succeeded in procuring from my home the papers I required to commence proceedings against the man who had taken possession of my inheritance. So I remained concealed—especially as I had cause to fear that, if the name of Uffeln became too prominent before a magistrate or a court of law, my affair in Spain might involve me in dangerous relations with the police. I don't know whether my escape was accepted and forgotten as a matter of indifference, or gave occasion for inquiries among the imperial police, whose agents are scattered over half of Europe."

"I think," said the princess, "from a remark of the prefect, that the latter is the case."

"So, you see, I had every reason for not making

myself conspicuous. When, while in England, I resolved to come here to claim the inheritance that awaited me, I hoped for a much more rapid change in the state of affairs. I had seen how weak was the French power in Spain, and therefore did not expect it would make so long and tenacious a resistance against the vastly superior force that threatened it in Germany. I did not expect to arrive here much before the advance-guard of the allies; but I was disappointed in this respect, and so sought shelter in the quiet hut that concealed me, when I learned with great surprise that an heir to my property had already been found, but, before attacking him, waited to hear from my attorney that he had procured papers to prove my title. Now you know all."

"All except what induced you to bring about the catastrophe yesterday?"

"Can you ask? And yet it was you alone who led me to take the step. Had you not described the unhappy love-affair between Fräulein von Mansdorf and her young *Æsculapius*? Could I remain indifferent to it? I should have been a barbarian. And it was so easy to afford help and deliverance! I need only appear before the family with visor raised, and bid defiance to the false Demetrius. I could prove nothing; but I could speak. And what I had to say must at least save the young girl: it would certainly startle the family, and prevent any further steps from being taken until the day when I could produce my proofs. That is the cause of what you call a catastrophe; it took an unexpectedly favorable turn for me. They believed me, and perceived the truth of what I said the more speedily because I encountered no opposition: my double vanished at once."

"Yes," said the princess; "and I can explain the cause of this disappearance." And she related all that Faltner had told her the day before.

"Who would have expected in so weak a man such a strong desire to make amends for a wrong?" said Uffeln. "I pity him now from the bottom of my heart. And, as he only intends to protect me by his testimony before the magistrates until I have time to fly, I will make my escape now."

"You must do so at once."

"Let us sit down here a moment," he replied, turning toward the bench under Margaret's Linden, which they had now reached. Princess Elizabeth followed him. "I cannot leave here without pouring out my inmost heart," said Uffeln, looking frankly into her face, and speaking in a strangely firm tone. "I am only a simple nobleman; but I have property enough to buy out Herr von Mansdorf—whose family long to get away from here—and become sole owner of Wilstorp. The little castle is a jewel. Will you be content to rule over it as mistress—can it compensate you for the loss of your stately home if you live in it with a man who loves you—loves you with his whole soul? If so, accept my suit for your hand, princess."

Princess Elizabeth changed color. Clearly as she was aware of her own affection for this man, her pride rebelled against his words. Ought she to be wooed thus? Was it to be supposed that she could

be won so easily by a stranger? With a burning blush, she replied: "Your wooing is very bold, Herr von Uffeln. I should like to know what gives you courage for so—so bold a suit?"

"A proposal for your hand will always be bold, princess," he answered, quietly; "for I do not believe any suitor can ever be found who will think himself worthy of you. Courage is given me by the conviction that no one can ever love you as I do. I stand before you as before the goddess of my life, and will humbly receive my fate from your hands. I am even full of confidence that this fate will be a happy one; for you see, Princess Elizabeth, you yourself feel that no husband is so suited to your needs as a dreamer, to whom your clear mind will be a providence, with whom every moment you will have the conviction that you are necessary to him, that he needs you, would go to ruin without you. And this would be the case with me. I should die in these woods without you, as a plant dies without light and sun. I know you feel kindly toward me, so generously extend your hand."

"But, good Heavens! I don't even know you," replied Princess Elizabeth, who, in spite of all he said, only felt her anger increase, though blended with a feeling of anxiety and helplessness.

"That is true. Since I have known you, I no longer know myself. How should you?"

"And, therefore," she continued, with tears in her eyes, "it is unprecedented presumption, the most insulting arrogance in you to suppose I will intrust my fate, without further hesitation, to the first man who requests me to do so."

"We human beings all strive to obtain happiness. I see mine before me, and, presumptuous arrogance or not, try to grasp it."

Elizabeth was silent. She was far too angry at that moment to be able to give him a kind word. In spite of the violent struggle in her heart, she could not utter it, and yet she could not bid him go forever, and therefore remained mute, and answered only by the tears that hung on her lashes.

"I have caused you pain," he said, gently. "I did not intend to do so. Shall I go—go forever?"

She still remained silent; then started up. "I will go," she said, proudly.

And she walked rapidly away, while he remained on the bench, gazing after her with an expression of the utmost perplexity.

As she left the glade in which the linden stood, and entered the path that led on through the forest, she suddenly started and paused; she saw Meyer Jochmaring's sturdy figure standing, with folded arms, between the trees. He fixed his eyes upon her with an angry frown.

Meyer must have been on his way to Idar, and appeared to have already stood there for some time.

The princess, in spite of her secret agitation, was surprised at the appearance of the old man, who gazed at her, without stirring, with such a fixed, angry look.

"Is it you, Meyer Jochmaring?" she said, as he

did not make the slightest motion to allow her to pass. "Have you anything to say to me?"

"Yes, princess," he replied, "I think I have something to say to you; for it is not long since you told me that your royal house, from the days of Wittekind, I think you said, had been fast friends to the Meyers, who settled at Jochmaring Farm, and one had stood by the other in good and evil days. And so I think Meyer would be no true and faithful friend if he did not go to the prince to-day and warn him—if he did not say: 'Prince, under Margaret's Linden, in the lonely forest, at early dawn, your daughter secretly met the stranger, and they talked of love. No one would have believed that your daughter, Princess Elizabeth, would so far forget herself as to make an appointment with a stranger in the forest.'"

Princess Elizabeth lost all composure at these singular words from Meyer. She gazed at him as if petrified with amazement; then, crimson with anger, stamped her foot indignantly on the ground, and pulling her handkerchief with trembling hands, as if to tear it into shreds, exclaimed:

"Good Heavens! of what are you thinking, Meyer—of what are you thinking? You have no right to speak so to me—you have no right, for you must know that"—she hesitated a moment, and then recovering her self-control by an heroic effort, and drawing herself up proudly, continued—"Elizabeth von Idar gives no man an appointment, unless this man is the one to whom she is to belong forever. Know, Meyer Jochmaring, that this stranger has honorably asked for my hand, and I am his betrothed bride. Now go and tell the news to whom you choose."

"Ah!" said Meyer, "if that is so, don't be angry with me. I told you what I thought I ought to say to you, that you might not afterward charge Meyer Jochmaring with acting as an informer behind your back. But, if it is so, I congratulate you with my whole heart, and will intrude upon you no longer; for a third person isn't wanted in a matter like this. I wish you all happiness, princess, and the gentleman yonder, too."

With these words Meyer removed his hat, bowed gravely, and walked on with heavy tread into the forest.

Meantime Uffeln had hastily approached, and was now standing beside Elizabeth. When, in a clear, resolute tone, she uttered the words, "I am his betrothed bride," he had started as if he had received an electric shock, clasped her hand, and held it firmly; now he let it fall again, and, with an anxious glance at her face, said:

"My betrothed bride—for the sake of your pride, that no one may say of the princess—"

Elizabeth turned hastily, passionately toward him, gasping for breath:

"Yes, yes! for that reason!" she exclaimed; "and also because this man showed me what was the right, the only dignified course for a woman who loves. You already have my heart, my soul—take me also!"

"Take me also!" Elizabeth had exclaimed, in the tempest of her emotion. She had forgotten that a princess cannot dispose of her hand with so little ceremony. Prince von Idar had anticipated a more brilliant match for his daughter, and it was no easy matter to conquer his opposition to a marriage between this daughter and a simple nobleman. Elizabeth was too proud to coax her father to consent. While Uffeln, for greater security, had left the neighborhood, and was living concealed in another place, she tried to influence the prince by quiet arguments. At first these were unavailing—until at last Uffeln returned with the advance-guard of the allies, and the prince allowed himself to be softened, won by the attractions of Ulrich's manner, and the thought of keeping Elizabeth near him. So, in the following spring, after the Von Mansdorf family had gratified their desire of spending a winter in the south—Herr von Uffeln had bought the estate from the latter on very favorable terms—two happy young people moved into the newly-furnished Castle Wils-torp.

The residence on Lake Geneva, and the feeling

of restored happiness, had soon exerted the most favorable influence on Adelheid's health. The following summer Dr. Günther, who needed a wider field of activity than Idar could supply, moved to a Rhenish city, where Herr von Mansdorf had settled, to marry Adelheid and remain there forever.

As for Herr Faustelmann, he did not depart without commencing a lawsuit, claiming compensation from the owners of Wilstorp for various services. Thanks to the energetic defense of Herr Plümer, the notary, he was proved entirely in the wrong, but he was correct in his prophecy that Prussian battalions would march through Idar. This really occurred at the expiration of a few weeks, just after the battle of October 18, 1813. To be sure, it wasn't of much consequence to Faustelmann—he had long since removed to another neighborhood, to escape the persecutions of the patriotic apothecary.

Nothing more was heard of poor Faltner. He was released from the fortress, because in the course of the investigation nothing was proved against him. Where he went then, and what was his fate, there is not the slightest rumor.

SYRIA UNDER THE LAST FIVE TURKISH SULTANS.¹

DURING the first quarter of the present century, Mr. John Barker was British "proconsul" and consul of the East India Company, at Aleppo, in Syria. For eight years afterward he was British consul-general at Alexandria, in Egypt, during the most important years of the rule of Mehemet Ali. Retiring from this position with a well-earned pension, he returned to Syria, where he had considerable estates, and died there in 1849, at the age of seventy-eight years, more than fifty of which he had passed in Syria and Egypt. His memoirs have just been put forth by his son, the British consul at Aleppo; and although they relate mainly to events which occurred more than half a century ago, they afford excellent material for estimating the character of Ottoman rule from almost the earliest period down to the present day; for, as he wrote in one of his dispatches, in 1814: "The same scenes have been acted over precisely in the same way for centuries past. It is only changing Mohammed into Ali, and my reports are in no way different from those of my predecessors a hundred years ago. That there should always be rebels, and that those rebels should always ultimately fall into the power of a government which they have long contemned, is in itself sufficiently strange; but that there should be no novelty in the means used to subdue them, and no necessity for new contrivance to insnare them, is what nothing but the profoundest knowledge of the Turkish character can enable one to conceive."

What was true sixty years ago is true to-day.

That such a government should not long ago have fallen to pieces from very rottenness is a wonder. Turks themselves claim it as a special intervention of Providence, and a standing proof of the divine authority of Islam. Said one of them; in 1805, to Mr. Barker: "I challenge you to produce another example, ancient or modern, where a people, long after their power of repelling aggression has passed away, has not only been suffered to continue in the list of independent nations, but whose government is, like ours, assiduously courted and flattered by the ambassadors of all the powerful nations of Europe."

The career of John Barker was a singular one, and is well worth the telling. He was born in 1771. At eighteen he entered the banking-house of Peter Thellusson, who left his great fortune so tied up that he expected that his great-grandson would, on coming of age, be the richest man in the world; an expectation which was doomed to disappointment. Barker showed such capacity that he soon rose to be confidential clerk and cashier. At twenty-five he threw up his place, went to Constantinople, where he became private secretary to Sir John Spencer Smith, the British ambassador, brother of the once noted Admiral Sidney Smith. In this capacity he was present at an audience which strikingly shows the insults which European ambassadors were wont to put up with from the Ottoman sultans.

At six o'clock in the morning the ambassador and his suite were hurried on board a boat, from which they were landed near the government offices at Seraglio Point. Ascending a slippery stairway, they were ushered into a bare, filthy upper room outside the palace, where they were kept waiting

¹ Syria and Egypt under the Last Five Sultans of Turkey: Being Experience during Fifty Years of Mr. Consul-General Barker. Edited by his Son, Edward R. B. Barker, her Majesty's Consul. London, 1876.

four or five hours, when they received a curt notice that they would be admitted to the imperial presence. They stumbled down the slippery stairs, and were marched into the court-yard, where each was mounted upon a splendidly-caparisoned horse, with two attendant grooms, though they had only to cross the court-yard a hundred yards to the great portal. Half-way across they were halted to await the arrival of the grand-vizier, with his great train. After these had entered, the foreigners were informed that they might follow. Entering a large outer apartment, food was handed round, which they ate with their fingers, and it may be hoped with a good appetite after their long waiting. Their swords were then taken from them, and, although it was midsummer, a heavy fur pelisse was thrown over each, and two stout guards laid hold of them and almost dragged them toward the audience-chamber. The entrance was by a portal scarcely four feet high, through which they had to crouch in order to enter the imperial presence. The sultan, Selim III., was seated on a throne at the upper end of the long hall, his hands resting on his thighs, apparently half asleep. On each side stood a huge negro, selected for his extraordinary ugliness; the grand-vizier stood in front, but a little to one side. The embassy was brought to a stand at a distance of some twenty yards. After a long pause the sultan half opened his eyes, and, without moving another muscle, asked, "Who is this infidel?" The vizier, taking from his bosom a large letter carefully wrapped in silk, replied, "A slave of the King of England, who has been ordered to lay this letter at the foot of the sublime throne." The sultan apparently dropped off into another nap. All the while the two negroes were scowling and making the most diabolical grimaces, saying loud enough for all to hear, "*K'irâ! kish!*" ("Put 'em out! put 'em out!"). At last the sultan half opened his eyes, and asked, "Have you fed the dog and given him clothes?" "It has been done," answered the vizier. "Very well, be it so," said the sultan, and the audience was closed. The guards, who had all the while kept fast hold of the members of the embassy, now hauled them backward toward the portal, at which they made them bob their heads, by a rough push from behind. Outside of the portal the pelisses were taken off, their swords returned to them, and they were left to make the best of their way to their boat.

Some years later this insolent foolery was effectually squelched by Count Sebastiani, Bonaparte's ambassador. He refused to lay aside his sword, and when he reached the low portal, instead of crouching forward to enter, contemptuously turned around and went in backward, presenting to the astonished gaze of the sultan that part of his person usually esteemed the least honorable, and upon which royalty is presumed never to look.

Sultan Selim was deposed in 1807 by the Janizaries, and imprisoned, his brother Mustapha being raised to the throne. The reign of Mustapha lasted only a year. Another insurrection of the Janizaries took place. Mustapha and Selim were both put to

death, and Mahmoud, the half-brother of Mustapha, was made sultan. It is said that Mustapha and his three pregnant sultanas were put to death by order of Mahmoud, who himself came near losing his life in the *emeute*. He received a sabre-cut on the forehead, the scar of which he bore as long as he lived. An attendant threw himself between the young prince and his assailants, and received a thrust aimed at him. Mahmoud was hurried into the harem, wrapped up in a roll of rugs, which was placed upright in a corner, where he remained until the fighting was over.

Mahmoud II. was half French by blood. His mother was a creole of Martinique, cousin of that other creole-girl who came to be the Empress Josephine. She had been sent to France to be educated, and on her return-voyage was captured by Algerine pirates, who sold her to the dey. He sent his beautiful prize as a present to the Sultan Abdul-Hamed, whose favorite sultana she became. Mahmoud, with considerable talents, had all the vices of both races from which he sprung. He died in 1839, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Abdul-Medjid, a mild prince, who in 1861 was succeeded by his brother, the weak, passionate, profuse, avaricious, and superstitious Abdul-Aziz, who was dethroned a few months ago, and died shortly afterward, by his own hand, as reported; by the hand of an assassin, as is generally believed. These five—Selim, Mustapha, Mahmoud, Abdul-Medjid, and Abdul-Aziz—are the five sultans with whose rule over Syria we have here to do.

In 1797 it became necessary to appoint a new British consul, or "proconsul," as he was officially designated, for Aleppo, in Syria, and John Barker, then twenty-seven years old, was selected by Sir Spencer Smith for the post. He was also made agent at Aleppo for the East India Company, and consul for the great English Levant Company. A European diplomatic agent, even of consular rank, is a person of no small importance in the Ottoman Empire. Himself, his attendants, and servants, have numerous privileges. They are exempt from all custom-house dues and all taxes for the public service. They are especially free from *kharateh*, or capitation-tax imposed only upon Christians; from the *kassabieh*, a tax levied upon those who kill animals for food; and the *mandarieh*, a special tax levied upon Christians, because they are presumed to eat pork. All suits in which a consul was in any way a party were taken from the local tribunals, and decided solely by the Sublime Porte. He had also the right of granting "protection" to all Christians, even though resident in a distant town; and in course of time it had become customary for all well-to-do *rayahs* to put themselves under the protection of a consul, and they were thereby exempted from the authority of the provincial governors, and could be imprisoned or mulcted only by order of the grand-vizier. A consular court thus became a kind of *imperium in imperio*.

Aleppo has long been, and still is, one of the most important cities in Asiatic Turkey. It is situated on a plateau about four thousand feet above the Mediterranean, from which it is distant seventy

miles, and upon the borders of the great Syro-Arabian Desert. It is traversed by the little river Koic, which after a course of several leagues is lost in a morass. It is remarkably well built, mainly of marble from inexhaustible quarries hardly a quarter of a mile from the walls. Covered sewers run through every street, into which empty the drains from the houses, and these converge into main sewers, which convey the entire drainage below the city. This system of drainage, more than a thousand years old, is equaled by that of few European cities. The castle is one of the best-preserved remains of Saracenic architecture, having moats, counterscarp, and a draw-bridge; and, before the invention of artillery, was considered impregnable.

Aleppo is a very ancient city. Arabic legends connect it with Abraham. According to one form of the legend, the Father of the Faithful, while journeying from Ur of the Chaldees to the promised land, halted for a while here. He was profuse in all the rites of Oriental hospitality. All wayfarers were welcome to partake of milk in his tents. Every evening, after milking-time, proclamation was made, "*Ibrahim halab!*" ("Abraham has milked!"). Hence the Arabic name *Haleb*, of which Alep, or Aleppo, is merely the Europeanized form. The city has undergone many vicissitudes in comparatively modern times. In 638 A. D. it was taken by the Arabs from the Byzantine emperor, but was subsequently recaptured. In the eleventh century it became the capital of the Seljuk Turks; was subsequently pillaged by the Crusaders, and desolated by the followers of Timour; and in 1517, with the rest of Syria, was conquered by the Sultan Selim I., since which it has belonged to the Ottoman Empire. In 1832 it fell into the temporary possession of Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt. Meanwhile it had come to be a place of great commercial importance. It stands upon the old direct highway of traffic between Europe and India. European products went to Bassorah, on the Persian Gulf, near the mouth of the Euphrates, whence they were sent by caravans across the desert to Aleppo, whence they found their way overland to Constantinople and Smyrna. Indian products took the same route. Even after the direct commerce between Western Europe and India took the route by the Cape of Good Hope, Aleppo still remained the entrepot for the trade between Syria and Asia Minor and Eastern Asia. The great English Levant Company made it their principal headquarters in the sixteenth century. Merchants from all European countries settled here, and within a century there were in Aleppo eighty English mercantile houses. Even now its trade is very considerable. Twice a year caravans from Bagdad of two or three thousand camels pass through Aleppo, which is the centre from which all wares are distributed to Asia Minor and Armenia on the north, and Damascus on the south, and until quite recently to Egypt. At the close of the last century the population was about two hundred thousand. Turkish misrule has since reduced it to about eighty thousand.

At the beginning of the present century Aleppo

was of consequence to England chiefly as forming an important link in the chain of communication with India. It required six months to send a government dispatch, by the way of the Cape, from London to Bombay. During the Napoleonic wars more speedy communication was indispensable. Dispatches were sent first to Constantinople by the best means possible. Thence they were forwarded by swift riders through Asia Minor to Aleppo, whence they were in like manner transmitted across the desert to Bassorah, and thence, often by special vessels, to India. The main business of the English consul at Aleppo was to act as a kind of postmaster and express-agent; and he had also, through his "protected" agents, to gather every item of information all along the shores of the Levant, and forward it without regard to expense to the authorities in India on the one hand, and to the ambassador at Constantinople on the other. To do this was the main duty imposed upon John Barker when he was sent to Aleppo in his threefold capacity; and he was furnished with unlimited funds for this purpose, for a single item of news received at the earliest date might prove of untold value. One of Mr. Barker's dispatches, announcing in time the anticipated rupture of the Peace of Amiens, prevented the surrender of Pondichéry to the French.

He had been hardly a year at his post before he married. It was strange that he should have found in the very heart of Syria such a woman as Marianne Hays. She was born about 1780, at Aleppo, where her father was British consul. At the age of seven she spoke Arabic, Greek, French, Italian, and English. In 1786 she set out with her father and a large caravan to cross the desert to the Euphrates. The journey was an unfortunate one. Her father died of thirst, and the child barely survived. Her mother married Mr. Abbott, who became consul at Aleppo, and after his death Barker was sent to take his place. She was an heiress in her own right, for a maiden aunt had left her ten thousand pounds, safely deposited in the Bank of England, besides which she had as much more in jewels and landed property in Syria. Twenty thousand pounds in Syria at that time we may suppose to be fairly equivalent to half a million dollars at the present time in America. Well might the fortunate bridegroom write to an English friend: "My friends congratulate me as having formed a gainful alliance; and, indeed, it is on that score no bad thing. But, if they were acquainted with the personal qualities of my wife, they would lose sight of pecuniary advantages, and extol my good fortune to have found a person at Aleppo who, for purity of manners, propriety of deportment, humility, knowledge of domestic economy, candor, and good sense, has not her equal in any country. It is rare to find all these united, and yet this I have found, and at Aleppo, too."

It would have been hard to find a man better fitted than John Barker to perform the multifarious duties demanded of him. He had an abundance of the rarest of all qualities—good sense. He won the good-will of the Orientals by a grave and studied

politeness equal to their own, and was noted for his liberality, the quality above all others prized in the East. In Aleppo it passed into a proverb that "the English consul would give away the whole world if he had it in his hand." He was, moreover, in a special manner identified with the country in which he made his home. In right of his wife he had considerable landed estates, among which was a silk-raising establishment at Soudeeyah, the ancient Seleucia, to which in time he paid much attention, introducing fresh "seed" or eggs from France to take the place of the worn-out native stock; these he distributed freely, thereby almost recreating that decaying branch of industry. He built a fine villa there, which in course of time was surrounded by magnificent gardens and nurseries, containing fruits, vegetables, and flowers, heretofore unknown in Syria. He was the first to introduce the potato, the tomato, the Indian-medlar, several choice species of plums, apricots, oranges, peaches, and cherries, besides roses of more than fifty kinds. "There is not," he wrote, "to be found on the surface of the globe a spot so favored by soil and climate as our garden at Soudeeyah." He was wont to call it his "little paradise."

All the blessings of Nature are set at naught by the curse of Ottoman misrule. Let us epitomize some of the characteristics of this government in Syria, as from time to time noted by Mr. Barker. From a few instances we may fairly estimate the whole, as it has been, is, and to all appearance will be. For a rule which in four centuries has brought ruin upon some of the fairest portions of the globe, and has produced good upon no single portion, seems incapable of reformation or improvement.

Any petty chief, says he, in substance, who can raise money to equip an armed band, may seize a town and set himself up as pasha on his own account. As a type of this class of rebels, take a certain Ali Aga, who flourished in 1804. He got together a few hundred wild Arnaouts, and seized the little town of Gisser Shogre, not far from Latakia. A new governor had just been sent to Latakia to supersede the old one. The displaced dignitary asked the assistance of Ali, who marched upon Latakia, seized the new governor, put him in chains, and demanded a ransom. Unluckily, he had been in office for so short a time that he had not been able to fill his purse. The old governor had been in office some time, and might be presumed to have more or less money. Ali Aga threw him in turn into prison, and demanded of him a hundred purses (fifty thousand piasters, about five thousand dollars). By dint of torture he succeeded in squeezing out forty purses, every para the man had. He then made a requisition upon the town for fifteen hundred purses, but, finding there was not half so much money in Latakia, reduced the demand to five hundred, which was paid over. He then proceeded to pillage the town, going so far as to levy upon foreigners, quartering upon each of them half a dozen soldiers, whose business it was to intimidate their unwilling hosts by threats of murder, in order to extort money. The British consular agent got off by paying fifteen hundred piasters. The

French consul was richer, and fared worse. By dint of strong persuasion he was induced to hand over eleven thousand piasters; the final and conclusive argument being to thrust a couple of sharp-clawed, angry cats into each leg of his full trousers. Ali Aga then undertook an expedition against the city of Antioch, but was unsuccessful. To make some amends, he robbed a caravan of pilgrims bound for Mecca. He then marched to the coast, and pillaged all the villages on the way. The coast-people at length flew to arms, defeated the marauder, carried him in chains to Latakia, where they put him to death.

"This instance," says Mr. Barker, "will serve to give a general idea of the state of things" which prevailed for nearly a quarter of a century. The pashas in Syria were quite as apt to be in rebellion against the Porte as otherwise, and, whether loyal or rebel, were in constant feuds among themselves, whereby the sultan sometimes found himself in a curious strait. Thus, in 1802, Abdallah, the rebel Pasha of Damascus, and the brutal Djezzar, the semi-rebel Pasha of Acre, were besieging Mohammed Pasha at Jaffa. The sultan sent some men-of-war to quiet matters; but all the commanders could do was to issue an order prohibiting the landing of provisions in Palestine on pain of death, thus hoping to starve out the contending parties. Djezzar contrived to keep himself in good favor by regularly remitting his tribute, in every other respect acting as though there were no such thing as the imperial government, and retained his pashalik as long as he lived. About the same time Suleiman Pasha of Bagdad died, and his lieutenant, Ali Pasha, seized the government. He was wise enough to forward his tribute, and was never called in question by the Porte.

Aleppo itself was in a singular state during nearly a score of the years of Mr. Barker's residence there. "If," he writes, in 1803, "a total disregard of the imperial firmans be a sure token of rebellion, no pasha is a greater rebel than the Governor of Aleppo; yet there exists not a governor in Turkey more absolutely in subjection to the will of the Porte than this pasha. The proof of his subordination is the immense sums of money which he sends to Constantinople." As the chief duty of a pasha is to find money for the imbecile imperial government, matters went on smoothly enough under pasha after pasha for a dozen years, until 1814, when a popular revolt broke out, and Mohammed Pasha was driven from the city. He threw himself into a small fort near by, and set up an irregular siege of the city, his men living by pillaging the surrounding villages. The Porte, missing the tribute which it had been wont to receive, sent a special functionary to endeavor to accommodate matters. It was finally agreed that the pasha might return and occupy the castle; but he was stripped of all power, and became so hard pressed that the French and English consuls had to supply him with food from their own tables. Two contending factions, known as the *sherefs*, or patricians, and the Janizaries, or townfolk, sprang up.

each by turns getting the mastery, and, like the Guelphs and Ghibellines of Florence, keeping up a constant war with each other, which lasted for the next eight years. There was a great deal of firing in the streets, but luckily the lists of killed and wounded were very small. The Porte merely sent pasha after pasha to see to it that the required money was forthcoming. Again and again the people rose in rebellion against these pashas, when their exactions became unbearable. Such a rising took place in 1819. Khourchod, then Pasha of Aleppo, unable to cope with the insurgents, summoned to his aid three other pashas. The rising was suppressed, but not till after the bazaars had been burned down, and irreparable loss inflicted by the destruction of gardens, vineyards, and olive-trees. Among those called in to put down this rising was one Jellall Pasha, whom the people of Aleppo had good cause to remember and to fear. Seven years before he had been sent there by the Porte to take temporarily the place of the weak Ragheb Pasha, then governor. At his approach, the chiefs of the Janizaries put all their valuables into the hands of Europeans, where they supposed them to be secure. Jellall at first did nothing, and was apparently too much absorbed in field-sports to give any thought to business. After a while he invited the principal Janizaries to a dinner at the palace outside the city. They came, to the number of twenty-one, each accompanied by the indispensable pipe-bearer. As soon as they were in the court-yard, the gate was shut, and a fire was opened upon them from the balconies. Every man of them was shot down, and their heads were cut off and flung into the marble fountain in the court-yard. The pasha then rode into the city, seized the castle, and demanded that all the secreted property should be given up to him.

Insurrection seems, indeed, to be the normal condition of Aleppo. Another notable uprising took place in 1850. The Janizaries, so thoroughly crushed and dispersed by Jellall in 1812 and 1819, had gradually regained their ascendancy, and one of their number, Abdallah Bey, who had formerly been a butcher's lad, and was subsequently in the service of Mr. Barker, had for seventeen years been *mutselem*, or mayor of the city. The head of the *shereefs*, Youssouf Bey, managed to inflame Abdallah against the pasha on account of his many wrongful acts. His own party, he said, were without arms; so they would not act openly; but, when the pasha was put down, they would be able to act as mediators, and make it all right with the Porte. The immediate pretext was the severity of the military conscription, on account of which the inhabitants of Damascus had just successfully risen against their pasha. Emissaries were also sent by the *shereefs* to all the outskirts, inviting the fanatical rabble of camel-drivers and muleteers to enter and plunder the Christians. These joined the city mob, and to the number of ten thousand or more rushed to the Christian quarter, pillaging the houses and robbing the churches. In a month the insurrection was suppressed, after some fighting, the Turkish troops being commanded by

the Hungarian refugees, Generals Bem and Kmety, who had entered the Ottoman service. Abdallah, who seems to have been quite innocent of the pillage, only proposing the very common matter of setting aside an unpopular pasha, was apprehended and sent to Constantinople, which, however, he was not permitted to reach alive; and Youssouf, the real instigator, was made mayor in his place. Russia and France demanded that the culprits should be punished, and indemnity made to the sufferers. Four thousand persons, who were proved to have taken part in the pillage, were sent to Cyprus and Candia. The pasha was removed; but before this was done he had managed to recover most of the silver plate and ornaments of which the churches had been robbed. He packed these up in eight or ten great chests, and took them with him, and that was the last ever heard of them. How much of the plunder he managed to retain, and how much went to the officials at Constantinople, is unknown.

The year 1822 is noted in Syria for a great earthquake, which occurred without warning on the evening of August 13th, extending from the coast to Bagdad, a distance of fully five hundred miles. It was especially severe in the district of Aleppo, where in a few seconds fully twenty thousand persons, a tenth of the entire population, lost their lives, and as many more were severely injured. Slight shocks are not unfrequent in this region, but no very severe convulsion had occurred since that in the sixth century, in which, according to the probably exaggerated statement of Gibbon, a third of the seven hundred thousand inhabitants of Antioch perished. At the solicitation of Mr. Barker, a subscription was started in London by the Levant Company, the proceeds "to be distributed without regard to nation or religion." More than one thousand pounds was sent to him; but before a third of it was distributed orders came from Constantinople to put a stop to it, as the Porte "would not permit its subjects to be relieved by a foreign nation."

In 1825 the Levant Company, whose trade had greatly diminished, abandoned its consulship at Aleppo, but Mr. Barker was made British consul-general at Alexandria, in Egypt, a post which he filled with great credit until 1831, when he was removed by Lord Palmerston with the promise of such "retired allowance as the nature and duration of his services should justify." It took the government three years to decide how much this allowance should be; but it was at last fixed at six hundred and fifty pounds a year, to date back to the time of his removal. During the remaining sixteen years of his life the winters were usually passed at Aleppo, the remainder of the year at his beautiful villa at Soudeeyah, where he exercised unbounded hospitality, and busied himself in horticulture and silk-raising. He had also a fine summer retreat at Betia, two thousand feet above the sea, two hours distant from his villa. Here he died suddenly, on the 5th of October, 1849. During the fifty years since he left England, he visited Europe only twice—once for a short time in 1818, and again in 1844, mainly for the

purpose of introducing into England some of the fruits which he had brought to high perfection in Syria. One which he sent over gained much notoriety. He had sent a sweet-kerneled nectarine to Lord Prudhoe, afterward Duke of Northumberland. This was named the Stanwick nectarine, and was exhibited at the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society, by which a medal was awarded to it. His lordship sold the tree for three hundred pounds, and very appropriately gave the money to the Fund for Decayed Gardeners.

Mr. Barker had every reason to look with the most favorable eyes upon the Ottoman Government; but our impression, from reading the sketches of "Syria under the Last Five Sultans of Turkey," is that it is not only bad, but irretrievably bad; was bad from the beginning; bad three-quarters of a century ago; is bad now; and will be bad as long as it exists; so bad in every way that the worst possible sultan could make it no worse, and a good sultan, if such a one could be produced in a harem, could make it no better; bad not merely in Europe, where we know much of it, but equally bad in Asia, where we know comparatively little of it. Even in its Asiatic provinces it exists only as a clumsy instrument for wringing taxes from a population continually decreasing in numbers and wealth—taxes of which only a small portion ever reaches the public treasury. There is, indeed, among the Mohammedans, a vague and undefined reverence for the great Padishah, the Head of the Faithful; and every popular revolt is

ostensibly not against him, but against his obnoxious officers. But in all the distant provinces the Sublime Porte is only known by the tax-gatherers and other like functionaries. For their behoof the devout have adopted an article of faith not to be found in the Koran:

At the day of judgment, they say, the great archangel will blow the trumpet and cry, "Who are yet remaining in hell?"

Another archangel will reply, "Those who are here are the custom-house officers, the public weighers, and the farmers of the tithes."

"Why are the custom-house officers so punished?"

"Because they bind themselves to act unjustly in taking money from people without making any return."

"And the public weighers?"

"Because they weigh always in favor of their employers, and therefore against their consciences; and this is a great sin against men."

"And the tithe-farmers; surely they are not so bad as the other two?"

"They are the worst of all; for they pay money in anticipation of God's harvests before he gives them to us. They fix the sum to be taken as tithes before they know what God will grant; and, if he should not give so much as they expect, they must act unjustly to the people by taking more than God gives. They sin against God and men; so they are the worst of all."

THE ROCKING-STONE OF TRÉGUNC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

I.

"MOUSSE-MOUSSE! Ah! she is but a cruel little beast; and yet to see her smooth as velvet, and to hear her purr, one would say, 'What a gentle cat is Mousseline!' Ah! but she is a cat, after all!"

The cat sat still, her black, velvet-like coat glistening in the sunshine; evidently she did not understand reproof. At Annik's words she purred more complacently than ever, without even a look at her pretty young mistress. Her green, baleful eyes were fixed intently on two large blue-bottle flies hovering about the exquisite, rosy flowers of the great oleander that stood in its green box outside the cottage-door. Annik shook her head at the cat, and then she crossed one leg over the other, pulled off her shoe and stocking, and began to examine her foot. It was a small, well-shaped foot, and looked very pretty just peeping from beneath her blue petticoat. The girl felt that a thorn had pierced it, spite of the thick leather shoe, and she gave a little cry of relief as she saw one end of the thorn still projecting from the skin.

The wings of her snowy cap spread as she bent forward and showed glossy dark hair rolled closely

away from the face. Her eyes, too, were dark, with long black lashes resting on cheeks almost as rosy as the oleander-blossom near which she sat. Annik was as pretty a little Breton maiden as could be seen in Finistère, and her costume was delightfully quaint. Her blue-woolen apron hid the front of her skirt of darker blue. The bodice of her gown was black, as was also the inner body, which had long sleeves; both were trimmed with black velvet, embroidered in lines with a kind of flame-colored silk; the opening of the corset was filled with a fluted chemisette, ending in a frill of home-made lace round the slender throat; the bodice was laced across with pale-blue silk cord; her winged white cap cast an exquisite shadow on her sweet young face.

Something in the girl's appearance seemed out of keeping with the small, one-storied cottage, with its overhanging oaken beams, in front of which she sat. One could scarcely fancy she lived there. Beyond the cottage the road went up-hill, and soon the sunshine, instead of shedding down a full stream of light like that in which the black cat sat lazily purring, asserted itself only in flicks and checkers of irregular design, for stretching across the road from the high bank on either side, as if to exchange em-

braces, were huge-spreading chestnut-boughs, with fans of exquisite green leaves; a little higher up, the bank ended on the same side as the cottage; and a group of chestnut-trees stood on a wide opening of still-rising ground.

Here the light was yet more brilliant; the dull yellow of the ground between the tree-trunks seemed paved here and there with *tesera* of gold, where corn had been thrashed in front of the great stone farmhouse that stood back among the trees; opposite on the right was a tall, gray calvary; and the road, sloping downward from this, led to the church.

Just as Annik had taken out the thorn, and begun to draw her stocking over her pretty foot, a man appeared, coming from beyond the farm-house. There had been no rain for several days, and his tread was not heard at that distance on the dusty road. He came along with a lowering expression of discontent, and swinging the arm which held his heavy cudgel, his large, black, low-crowned hat pulled over his eyes. Presently he saw Annik; he stopped, thrust his empty hand into the pocket of his bag-shaped breeches, and gazed earnestly forward, his wide mouth open with surprise, showing a range of gleaming, wolf-like teeth; but he repressed the exclamation on his tongue, lest he should disturb the picture below him, and stood still, gazing. Annik had left off talking to the cat; she sat leisurely putting on her shoe, crooning meanwhile a wailing cradle-ditty, as if the little foot were a baby, and she were lulling it to sleep. The man's face meanwhile had changed strangely as he came in sight. You would have said that love and joy could have found no power of expression in his features. Now, as he stood gazing, pleasure, at least, shone out of his eyes, mingled with delighted admiration. He had been too much absorbed to heed any sound but footsteps; he had been for some minutes toiling up the stony road from the church. And now the tall, bent figure of a priest, with his breviary under his arm and a small bag in one hand, came behind the gazer. The priest, who was no other than the curé of the village, looked intently when he saw a stranger, and then rapidly beyond him, to see what had fixed his attention.

The curé was very thin, with small, mild blue eyes, but he looked healthy, and the color on his cheek deepened with vexation as he followed the stranger's strong, dark gaze down-hill, and saw on whom it rested. He went on past the strange man, and then turned back and looked in his face, only to be seen by a direct front-view, for the man's high shirt-collar hid the lower part of his features, and his long, dark hair fell over his eyes and cheeks. The eyes were deep set and unpleasant in expression, and scanned the priest searchingly; then he pulled off his hat and smiled awkwardly.

"Good-morning, father; you have forgotten Lao Coatfrec, it seems."

The priest started, and then, while he returned the greeting, he looked earnestly at the hard, determined face. It was handsome, perhaps, as regarded color and features, but there was no beauty of expression; the lower nature reigned supreme.

"Lao! is it, indeed, Lao?" And then the curé stood silent; he looked disturbed and hesitating, as if he wished to speak, and yet was withheld by prudence.

Meanwhile, Lao's eyes had traveled back to Annik; he said, abruptly:

"Father, who is the young girl beside the cottage? I have been away so long that the young ones have grown out of remembrance."

Again the curé looked disturbed.

"You are not likely to remember that young woman, Lao, for she is not a Kérion girl; she comes from Auray; her aunt married the widower Guérik. You remember him at the farm here"—he looked back at the stone farm-house—"his second wife and her niece Annik came from Auray, and when the wife died a year ago the niece remained with Guérik."

Lao shrugged his shoulders, but his dark eyes gleamed with curiosity. "I hope she has enough to keep her," he said, carelessly. "Guérik, as I remember him, is not a man to be burdened with a child who is not of his blood."

The priest was too simple to see Lao's drift; his cheeks flushed a little as he answered:

"Annik lives with Farmer Guérik because she is his niece by marriage, and because she is alone in the world. She has no blood-relations, but she has a good sum put by for her; and the prettiest little cow in Guérik's stable is Annik's. One has only to look at her to see that she is no beggar; and she is good—yes, she is very good."

His voice sank to a faint murmur as he ended. The good father had suddenly remembered the admiration he had surprised in Lao's eyes, and he wished he had not praised Annik.

"Where have you been all these years?" he said, quickly; "we heard that you had gone to sea. You must have been away eight years or more?"

"About that, monsieur; I went to try the fishing, and then I heard of my mother's death"—here Lao's eyes drooped under the priest's gaze—"and then I went away to foreign parts. To-day I have come back to see my grandmother."

The curé crossed himself.

"Your grandmother is not a good companion for old or young, Lao; she despises all that you were taught to reverence when you were a boy."

"That is a long time ago, monsieur," Lao laughed. "I love the poor old woman; she is very harmless, but she is more clever than her neighbors, and so they are spiteful."

The curé looked stern as well as grave.

"I judge no man or woman from report, Lao; I know that Ursule does not fear God. I warn you against her influence."

Lao laughed, and then he hitched up the broad leather belt he wore, and stopped in his walk.

"Good-day to you, monsieur; I must go and see my old gossip Guérik." And he turned toward the farm-house.

The priest went on, with trouble on his usually placid face. As he reached the bottom of the slope, the girl looked round. She rose when she saw the

curé, and at her smiling greeting the priest's face cleared.

"Good-day, my child; I am going away for a few days, but only as far as Concarneau, so you will know where to find me if I should be needed."

"Going away, father?" Annik's eyes opened in wide wonder. She had not lived many years in Kérion, but she could not remember the day when she had not seen Monsieur le Curé.

"Is there any reason why I should stay at home, my child? If there is, tell me."

"No! oh, no!" Annik blushed with confusion. "The change will be good for monsieur, but we shall all be glad to see him back."

"And I glad to return, dear child." He put his hand on her head. "I have said I will stay till Saturday morning, but I may return on Friday—who knows? Go and see Jeanston sometimes. Farewell."

The girl knelt down in the dusty road to receive his fatherly blessing. The curé gave it, and then passed on quickly on his way to Concarneau.

II.

"WELL, good-day, old friend! It was a fine chance that brought you back to Kérion. Leave matters to me, and they shall go smoothly."

The speaker, Mathurin Guérik, came to the arched door of his old stone house, and nodded farewell to Lao. Then he smiled, and rubbed his hard brown hands together in congratulation of his own manoeuvres. Guérik was short and broad, and his long red hair was not a becoming frame to his repulsive, sullen face; his long, half-shut gray eyes were twinkling with satisfaction.

"Nothing could have happened better. The girl says 'No' to every man I propose to her, and indeed there are but few to choose from in Kérion—who have money; this one is rich, I can see it even in his walk." He stood watching Lao Côtatrec out of sight. "And there are no relations to make troublesome inquiries about the interest on Annik's hoard. I know too much about Ursule; she will not meddle, and I shall ask no questions about Lao: he marries Annik—he wants ready money, and he likes the girl—and takes her away at once, and I shall be rid of her and of Monsieur le Curé. I am tired of being watched over and talked to as if I were a sick woman."

He stuffed both hands into the pockets of his bag-like breeches, which were pear-shaped, and made of unbleached, coarse jean, gathered into innumerable tiny plaits; his black-cloth leggings, trimmed with faded embroidery, were buttoned with very small metal buttons down to the ankle.

"Annik!" he called, in his harsh voice—"Annik, I have something to say." Guérik turned toward the house, but there was no answer.

The road had been empty since Lao departed, but now here was Annik coming up from the church; and down the road which Lao had taken came a tall young fellow, walking briskly, whistling as he came. Looking straight before him a moment ago, this

bright-haired, happy-faced youth had a fearless, honest face that won the beholder; but, as the young girl stepped up into the road, his fearless look faded into a timid, almost beseeching glance, his well-knit limbs moved less freely, and his head was less saucily erect; and as Annik saw him, and nodded, and then moved across toward the farm-house, the young man reddened and stopped awkwardly in the middle of the road.

"You called me, uncle?" said Annik.

The farmer had turned, and saw the timid greeting exchanged. He answered gruffly:

"Yes, yes! Jeff has need of help. Go; she waits."

A little pout closed the girl's lips; she gave a lingering look over her shoulder, and then went slowly into the house. As she passed her uncle she said:

"Jeff did not need help when I left her; she is growing lazy." Then she held up her pretty head, and walked on with the air of a young queen.

"I am tired of these airs," the farmer murmured. "It is not pleasant that a young chit like Annik should be so independent; she shall be tamed.—Ah! good-day, Silvertik. You have left work early to-day. Why so?"

"Yes, I have left work early to-day, Mathurin Guérik. My cousin, the miller of Nizon, is ill, and he has sent to say that I am to go and help him—that I am to be his son—and that, when he dies, the mill and all that he has is to be mine."

"Some folks count chickens through the egg-shell, Silvertik. Well, go your way, and prosper better at Nizon than you have prospered at Kérion. Lao Côtatrec, who you all said had gone to the bad, has come back to-day, rich and prosperous. Go and do likewise."

Silvertik looked sharply at the farmer.

"Lao Côtatrec! Has he come back? Well, I fear his riches are not fairly got—if, indeed, he is rich; he is a smuggler—every one knows it—and ugly things have happened to him and to his crew."

Guérik's ugly face grew purple, and he growled a fierce oath between his teeth.

"Lao is not a milksop, and so he is a mark for evil tongues. Take my advice, young man," he went on, harshly, "keep your mouth shut, or you may find stones in your teeth. Lao is my friend."

Silvertik looked troubled. He had plenty of intelligence, but he was slow in piecing facts together, and at this moment his head was so full of Annik that he had no insight into the extent of Guérik's anger.

"I did not know that," he said, simply, "or I should have held my tongue; for I would not willingly grieve you, Mathurin—" He stopped and looked sheepish, then he forced out the words: "If all goes as I wish, some day I hope to call you uncle."

Guérik broke into a coarse, derisive laugh.

"Some folks are bent on seeing through the egg-shell. Go your ways, Silvertik; my niece Annik is not for a penniless lad with scarcely a beard for the barber. Go, I tell you!"

Guérik roared out the last words. The young man's eyes flashed, and he made a step forward toward the bully. But Guérik did not notice either look or movement. As he spoke, he turned quickly into the arched doorway, and violently pushed to the half-door, so as to prevent any following. Seeing this, Silvertik paused and unclenched his fists.

"I am as foolish to be provoked by his bluster as he is to show it. He has no power over Annik. If I were richer, I would speak to her to-day before I go to Nizon; as it is, if I were more sure—but she never gives me a smile or a word that she does not give another. If I thought I had a chance, then indeed—"

He went slowly down the road, past the cottage in front of which Annik had been sitting. Just within a withered old woman sat with her distaff under her arm, her black cat striving every now and then to touch the ball of yarn as it twirled beside her.

"Good-morning, Barba," he said; "is your rheumatism better?"

She shook her head; her white cap fell so low over her wrinkled brown face that scarcely more than the lipless mouth was visible.

"No, my lad; it is so bad that if I had only legs I would go to Mother Ursule to ask her to give me a charm for it."

"A charm! Better ask Monsieur le Curé to pray Our Lady to heal you."

The old woman blinked at him out of her almost shut blue eyes.

"I have done that over and over again, and the pain goes, and then it comes back. Mother Ursule's cures are sure, but then it is so far to seek them. Ah! what it is to be young!"

"Look here, Barba, to-day I go to Nizon, but to-morrow I come back to Kérion to settle my affairs: it will not be much out of my road to seek Ursule and get you a charm against your pain."

The old woman shook her head.

"She will not give it you. I must seek it myself if the charm is to work. I would not sit here suffering if another could do my errand. For Ursule never fails: she is all-powerful; she can change the wind; she can soften the heart of the proudest maiden, and make her say 'Yes.'"

Here the old woman crossed herself, either for protection against the witch, or as an act of faith.

III.

WHEN Silvertik reached the mill of Nizon, he found that his cousin's health had improved.

"I shall not die directly," the sick man said, "but that makes no difference to you, Silvertik. I shall never walk again—my legs are useless—and you are as much master of the mill as if I lay in the churchyard; but while I live I must keep the name, and I must have a corner of the old house to live in."

Tears rolled down Silvertik's face. His cousin had always been good to him, but till lately two well-grown sons had barred any hope of succession

to the mill. Lately one of these had been lost at sea, and the other had died of fever; a double grief, which had caused the paralysis from which the sick man could not rally.

His young cousin's sympathy cheered the miller, and he agreed to spare Silvertik for a few days, so that he might arrange his affairs at Kérion before he came to settle down for life at Nizon.

That night, when the youth had stored away his long legs into one of the cupboard-like bedsteads in the chief room, he could not sleep; he lay thinking of all that had passed—of Annik, of the old witch Ursule. The short-drawn, wheezing breath told that the sick man was at last asleep, and for some time past the grunts and snores of the two servants—the miller's man and his maid—had been sounding through the great, dark room. All at once it seemed to Silvertik that he heard the clack of the mill and the splash-plash of falling water, and these sounds joined in a dull chant—"Go to Ursule! go to Ursule!"—till the words came so close, they beat upon the drum of his ear so loudly, that they deafened him; and, starting awake, he found Jean Marie, his cousin's man, bellowing to him that it was time to rise.

The broad daylight, and the interest he felt in learning his new business, kept Silvertik from thinking of other things, and he laughed and joked with the miller's man.

When at last he came in from work, the sick man smiled feebly.

"The sight of you does me more good than the doctor," he said. "Who knows, when you are here every day, and I see your fresh face, and hear your laugh, and feel, too, that good work is doing—who knows but I may mend and strengthen too? But that will make no change to you, my lad. The mill is yours, and the papers will be ready for you to sign when you come back."

He kept putting off the youth's departure till the light began to fade; then, as Silvertik stooped over the tent-bed on which he lay, he laughed:

"Bring a wife in thy pocket, young one; there is enough and to spare for you both, and she will make the place as bright for you as you have made it for me. Do what I say, Silvertik."

"No such luck, my cousin," Silvertik turned away hurriedly to hide his red face, and went out through the low doorway.

It is a wild piece of up-and-down road between Nizon and Kérion to travel on a dark night; moreover, it is bordered on one side by a vast stretch of waste-land. On this, sometimes standing up in naked ruggedness, sometimes overgrown with brown gorse and tufts of heather, are huge, misshapen blocks of granite.

A hoarse wind had risen after sunset, and had broken up the dull, leaden expanse of sky, which had looked so gloomy through daylight, into darker but less solid masses—black, filmy clouds, that drove hurriedly across the sky as if they actually feared the hoarse voice of the ever-rising wind. It was not late, but darkness had come with a suddenness un-

known in England. All at once the howling of the wind lulled, and then a shrieking wail burst over the waste.

Silvertik stood still and crossed himself, and then looked fearfully about. Just in front of him an opening came in the road, and a narrow way went steeply down between two high banks. All around him were the pagan stones, some of which, tradition said, sheltered dwarfs and korrigans, while the taller ones had been known to walk and to crush unwary travelers who met them on their way.

"It was only the wind," he thought, as he stood at the opening of the steep, narrow way.

All at once he remembered that he had been told that it was down such a steep, uncanny bit of road as this, only nearer home, that Ursule lived; and the words of old rheumatic Barba and his dream of last night came back so vividly that it seemed as if a voice from among those dark, weird stones was whispering in his ear, "Go to Ursule!" Should he go? Could she teach him how to win Annik?

He went on musing along the high-road, difficult to keep, now that waste-land spread along each side of the way. Once he went plunging into the midst of it among the furze and stones, and then a cross placed at the angle of a by-road caught his eye and set him straight again. He took off his hat reverently, and the misty dream that had been confusing him dispersed for a while.

"Ursule is a witch," he said. "No; I will not seek her. I will speak for myself."

But, as he drew nearer and nearer to Kérion, his courage failed. Annik had never said or done anything in the way of personal encouragement. He could not approach her in regular fashion through the crooked tailor of the village, whose business lay more in the making of marriages than in the making of clothes; for this tailor was a known friend of Guérik's, and would certainly speak to the uncle before speaking to the niece, and thus Silvertik's suit would remain untold.

"If I had only a mother!" the poor fellow sighed. He had been an orphan ever since he could remember, owing all his teaching to Father Pierre, and helped on first by one cousin, then by another, but knowing no home except the houses of the farmers with whom he had taken service.

Here was Kérion at last! He passed the low cottage where Annik had talked to the cat, and where old Barba had given her counsel, and, speeding swiftly up the hill with long, strong steps, he came in sight of the farm-house. A dull-red glow shone through the window beside the door, making it visible at some distance. Silvertik stood still, and gazed as a lover ever gazes on the nest that holds his beloved; then his eyes went to the upper story.

"Annik is still below," he thought; "there is no light up-stairs."

Suddenly between him and the house, obscuring the red light in the window, came two dark figures and passed in through the low stone arch of the doorway. The door was shut-to, and in a minute the

dull red brightened, and the window was ablaze with light.

A curse rose to Silvertik's lips; all his pure, simple worship of Annik was dimmed by a cloud of furious jealousy. He had seen Guérik taking Lao Cöatfec to his hearth-stone to woo Annik.

"I was a fool not to guess it yesterday. I might have spoken then, and so have had her answer before Lao had time to court her with false words. He is a thief, and therefore he must be a liar—curse him!"

He plunged his hands into his hair; he stood gazing wildly at the house, while one mad thought, and then another, wrecked all self-control.

Then with a sudden impulse he went fast up the hill, on along the road for some distance, till he paused at a cross-road—just such a narrow, sunken turning between two lofty banks as that where he had heard the wind shriek over the stone-strewed waste near Nizon.

"I will see Ursule," he said; "right ways are useless against knaves and plotters. Who can say how those two may use Annik? I must take any means to win her."

But even then his conscience misgave him; and, to quiet its pricks, he plunged recklessly down the hollow way.

Down, down it led him, through wet and mire and bramble-tangled paths, on to a vast waste. Here it was not so dark as in the narrow way, and the monotonous, distant moaning told that the sea was not far off. There was light enough to show pools of water, and in the midst of these was a cluster of stones like a long, low hut.

At sight of this, Silvertik stopped, and his heart beat violently. He tried mechanically to cross himself, but his arm felt stiff and paralyzed. A cold dew spread over his forehead, and it seemed to him that the hairs lifted themselves and stood upright on his head. He had never visited this gloomy waste, but as a child he had been told that the hag Ursule, shunned and feared by all, lived in a ruined dolmen at the end of the narrow road he had descended. This, then, must be her abode.

Silvertik was brave: he had rescued three men from drowning, at the risk of his own life; he was an excellent wrestler, and never shrank from any amount of bodily fatigue or pain—but he shook with actual fear at the thought of intruding on Mother Ursule.

IV.

WHILE Silvertik stood undecided and unnerved, something touched him, and then, rubbing itself against his legs, the creature purred.

The familiar sound revived him, and he felt himself again when a lantern came out of the group of stones and a deep voice said:

"Tartare! Tartare! come home; it is time."

The cat left off rubbing against Silvertik and moved toward the lantern. The youth followed it, striving to keep down fear.

"Who art thou?" He had not nearly reached the light when this stern question came.

"I am Silvertik," he said, quickly. "I come to consult you, Mother Ursule."

"Come in, my son—come in." The voice had a softened, almost a fawning, sound in it. "Let us see how a poor old woman can help the rich miller of Nizon."

Silvertik started. It was only the day before yesterday that he had learned his cousin's kind intentions toward him. How could the news have already reached Ursule, who rarely went into Kérion?

"Rich? No, mother," he laughed, as he followed her, rejoiced to find that she was, after all, an ordinary old woman. "I never expect to be rich."

He followed her through an opening in the dolmen; then he paused and looked around. Ursule was holding up the lantern, and he saw that he was in a sort of stone vault, surrounded by upright blocks of granite; in the midst was a huge stone, grooved in the centre, and in one corner between two lower stones was a dull, smouldering fire. As he looked round to the door by which he had entered, he started violently. In the darkness above the entrance were two yellow eyes glaring at him.

"Come down, Tartare," Ursule said, querulously.—"Now, Silvertik, shall I tell thee what thou hast come to seek?"

Silvertik stared at her in wonder, while the cat sprang down from its post of observation and nestled on Ursule's shoulder.

Ursule was very witch-like as she stood, the yellow light from the lantern falling on her skinny cheeks and narrow, spiteful eyes. Her face was darker than Nature had made it, from incrustation of dirt, and tangled, grizzled hair fell over it from beneath an old, rusty black hood.

"I am not yet the miller of Nizon, mother. My cousin is better, and may recover—who knows?"

She shook her fingers in his face, thereby displaying how long-nailed and crooked they were.

Silvertik drew back with a start. He felt as if those brown claws could hook out his eyes as the yellow-eyed cat on Ursule's shoulder could tear out the heart of a bird.

"I am come for advice, mother, but I have no money to return for it." He watched her face eagerly, but he saw no change from the keen gaze she had kept on him since he entered her den. Then he unbuckled his broad buff-leather, and threw it on the huge table between, the metal clasp ringing on the stone as it fell. "I can only offer this," he said, timidly.

Ursule laughed.

"What else?"

She fingered the belt, pushing out her lower lip contemptuously when she saw how plain the clasp was.

Silvertik looked puzzled. He took off his hat, and rubbed his forehead with his orange-cotton handkerchief.

"I forgot this," he said; and he began to unloose the white-metal buckle that fastened a broad black velvet round the crown.

"Keep your rubbish, boy, and be speedy!" Ursule

said, fiercely. She flung the belt into one of the dark corners of the den. "Say out at once what you want."

Silvertik's faith in the witch's power was greatly neutralized by her contempt of his poverty. How foolish he had been to come empty-handed! and yet, unless he borrowed money of his cousin, he did not know how he could get any sum sufficient to offer to the old witch.

"Come, be quick, loiterer!" she said, hoarsely. She saw that he hesitated, and she was unwilling to lose a fresh dupe.

"I want," he stammered—"that is, how can a young man who is poor approach a—"

He stopped. His downcast eyes and the flush on his honest face told his secret.

"Silvertik Kergröes asks"—Ursule spoke mockingly to the cat on her shoulder—"how he is to win a rich young girl, and what steps he is to take to get her for his wife."

Silvertik's eyes opened widely, and so did his mouth. His surprise was unbounded.

"Well, mother," he said, simply, "if I had not believed in you before, I believe in you now. You know wishes before they are spoken."

"He is a young fool, Tartare." She had turned her face round to the cat, showing a hideous, wrinkled throat in the action. "He forgets, Tartare, that before a young man hints his love he must make sure that a girl will listen—with patience, at least."

"Yes, yes, she would listen with patience," he said, eagerly. "Annik is sweet and gentle; but I want to know what her answer will be—only a hope that she loves could encourage me to ask her, for she is rich and I am poor."

"Rich! Ta-ta! he calls a few hundred francs riches, Tartare! Annik, indeed! It is well Silvertik sought our advice. Annik!" She stood thinking while the cat nestled its head against her face and purred loudly.—"Boy," she turned suddenly to Silvertik, "you have no chance with Annik. Give her up, and choose some one who is less sure of lovers."

"I cannot give her up," Silvertik said, stoutly. "If you cannot help me, I will find out by myself whether she will be my wife."

He turned to go, for he was provoked by Ursule's mockery.

She bent forward and caught at his sleeve. Her eyes gleamed with anger.

"Listen, fool!—since you will not take a friendly warning—and be sure you do as I tell you. I know Annik; if you will succeed with her, you must not give a word or a look of love till you have tried the spell—not even if you see others wooing her."

A spell! Thoughts of Father Pierre, and of the warnings he had often spoken against the belief in the pagan traditions that haunt the lands and stones of the country, came back, and made Silvertik hesitate.

Ursule read his face easily.

"Go your ways, fool, and never intrude here again. I tell you the man who approaches Annik without having first learned whether he can master

her love loses her forever ; only by the spell can he learn his fate ; and, if the spell says yes, it binds her also to be his."

"Well," he said, crossly, "what is the spell?"

"Before I tell you, you must swear to try it—swear on the head of Tartare."

As she spoke, she kept her eyes fixed with a strange, constraining power on Silvertik.

As if the cat understood her mistress's words, she leaped down on the stone, and sat there with closed eyes like a black idol. Ursule stretched out her lean fingers for Silvertik's hand, and placed it on the cat's head.

"Say my words," she whispered. She paused, and fixed her eyes on the youth, who repeated her words like a parrot. She went on: "I, Silvertik Kergröes, swear by the soul of my mother and by my own salvation, that I will, on the night of Saturday, go alone, and without telling my purpose, to the Rocking-Stone of Trégunc—" At the word "salvation" Silvertik hesitated, but the witch grasped his arm firmly, and he went on: "Then I will strive three times to move the stone by gentle pushes of my body and hands ; if it remains firm, I may ask Annik with sure hope ; but, if it rocks ever so little, her love is not for me—it has been given to more than one before me !"

As Silvertik repeated the last words, the cat opened its great yellow eyes, and leaped back to its resting-place on Ursule's shoulder.

The old witch took something from her pocket and strewed it on the stone table. Then she struck sparks over it with a flint and steel. A sudden bright flame lit up the den with a lurid glare, in which the old woman looked like a moving corpse. She caught hold of Silvertik's hand, and held it over the flame.

"Swear to do this !" she said, hoarsely.

"I have sworn already," said Silvertik.

Sullen and ashamed, he shivered ; for he believed in the witch, spite of himself.

"Remember," she said, as the flame died out and left them in semi-darkness, "if you speak to Annik in the interval, the spell is broken, and the stone will not speak truly, nor can I say what may befall you. Go on Saturday, when the light has faded out of the sky—and, remember, alone. If the stone does not rock, it will hold the maiden's heart fast to yours forever."

"But, mother," he said, after a few moments, "Pierre Mao did all this, and a week after his corpse was washed up by the waves on the rocks beyond the stone of Trégunc."

V.

"I WISH the good father would come back," thought Annik. "No one else can tell me what to do."

She was sitting at the foot of the tall wooden calvary beside the church. She was not far from the farm-house, but the large, spreading chestnut in front of this concealed her effectually. She hid her face in her hands, though there was no one by to see the warm blood rush up to her face. She was strug-

gling with a keen dislike to leave Kérion. This morning Mathurin had spoken sternly to her. He said he was tired of having her at the farm ; he meant to arrange a marriage for her without delay.

"I do not wish to marry," the girl said, angrily ; and then she blushed at her words, and came out to sit under the calvary. Since the curé's departure, Lao Cöatfrec came every day to the farm-house. Annik wondered whether he was the proposed suitor. "No one shall choose my husband," she said, saucily.

Old Barba had often warned Annik that her money was not safe with Mathurin ; but when the girl had consulted her only friend, the curé, he bade her be patient.

"You cannot go out into the world alone, my child, and you do not wish to enter a convent. You have no relations, and a home you must have. Be patient, then. Trust in God."

Annik sat now disconsolately, with her hands clasped in her lap.

"I wonder what Monsieur le Curé will say now ? I cannot stay here, and yet it would be easier for a poor girl to find a home than for me—"

All at once a shadow came between her and the light ; she looked up, and saw Lao Cöatfrec.

"Good-morning, pretty Annik," he said ; and then, without waiting for her answer, he seated himself on the steps of the calvary.

Annik reddened—this time with vexation. If Silvertik or any other Kérion lads spoke to her, they addressed her as mademoiselle. She thought Lao's easy manner impertinent.

She looked rather haughty, but noticed the beseeching admiration in his eyes.

"After all," she thought, "the poor fellow cannot help liking me. I need not be cross."

"Did you always live at Auray before you came to Kérion ?" he asked.

"Yes," Annik sighed ; "my mother, and aunt, and I, all lived by the lock near Auray. When my mother died, my aunt, Mathurin Guérik, and we, came to Kérion."

"You must find this a poor, dull place after Auray," said Lao ; "a pretty maid like you would take pleasure in a more lively town even than Auray, I fancy. What say you to Brest?"

Annik looked up quickly. She was so preoccupied with her own plans for leaving Kérion that she failed to see Lao's drift.

"Brest is so far off ! and it always seems to me that people must lose their way in a great city."

Lao laughed gayly.

"My dear little country mouse," he said, "Brest could be put in a corner of Paris, or even of Nantes ; but, small as it is, it is full of life ; it is the sailor's home, and you need never lose your way when you have a strong arm ready to protect you."

He looked meaningly into her eyes, and drew close beside her. But the familiarity of his tone had startled Annik, and, when she met his eyes, anger rose quickly into her own.

She looked away, and saw some one coming up

from the fountain beyond the church. It was Silvertik, carrying a large water-pitcher; behind him hobbled a bent old man, for whom he was carrying it.

Annik nodded to both of them.

"Good-day, Jean Marie—good-day, Silvertik," she said, eagerly. "What news of your cousin, Silvertik?"

She felt sure that this advance on her part would cause the youth to set down his pitcher and enter into talk, thus releasing her from her unwelcome *l'le-à-l'le*. But, to her surprise, Silvertik only bent his head very slightly, and passed on, leaving her alone with Lao.

She could hardly keep from crying.

Ever since it had been said that Silvertik would leave Kérion, Annik had felt troubled and restless. He was her favorite among the village youths—he was so respectful, yet so anxious to please her, and, above all, he was liked by the curé. But she was very angry with him now. He had looked so sheepish; and he was clownish and ill-mannered to pass on without a word, and when she had spoken to him, too.

She pouted to herself: "I have been very silly to waste a thought on Silvertik." She turned to Lao with a smile. "I think," she spoke, as if no interruption had come to their talk, though she was pinching the tips of her fingers to keep down vexation, "I should like to see a great city just for once. I want to see grand churches and fine shops, but to live in a city, oh, no! I should feel like a bird in a cage."

"No one could ever cage you," he said, softly. "You have a spirit, I can see that, and you will always be a free bird, always be obeyed."

The flattery of his tone was soothing, but his bold, admiring gaze made her eyes drop.

"Women have to obey, not men."

Annik laughed, and she rose up, thinking she had sat there long enough with Lao.

"Yes, yes, my sweet one, but you would not care to obey a mate like yon poor frightened fool"—he pointed after Silvertik. "My faith! a maid will have to ask that lad to wed; he is too much a coward to go a-wooing."

He burst into a loud laugh. Annik reddened, and felt guilty. She had known Silvertik much longer than this new acquaintance. Why should she join in ridiculing her old friend? And yet she felt sore and angry with him for his avoidance, and it was soothing to feel that Lao cared to talk to her.

"Well, I must go home; Jeff will be wanting me. Good-day, Monsieur Côtatrec; perhaps some day I may go to Brest."

She nodded gayly, and looked very charming as she ran away under the spreading chestnut-trees. Lao watched her till she disappeared through the round-headed doorway of the farm-house. Then he swore aloud:

"I will have that little girl! She pleases me. But I have learned something sitting here this morning, and watching her telltale cheeks. Guérik is a

fool; he does not see that she may be humored into anything through her vanity; but she won't stand driving. What a rage she got into when that dolt Kergroës passed her without speaking! I learned a lesson from that. I thought the lout cared for her. I see I was mistaken. Well, I must go and report progress to my grandam. I have not seen her lately."

VI.

THE stormy night had finally brought a heavy rain, and by Saturday the road leading to Concarneau was a succession of muddy pools. Kérion lay on the waste some way from the high-road itself, yet, even when this was reached, the deep cart-ruts filled with water looked like continuous miniature canals, and, as evening fell, made walking in the obscure light both difficult and dangerous to the ankles of the wayfarer. On each side was a dreary waste covered with heather, so that there was no obstacle to deepen the fast-spreading gloom. Silvertik had left Kérion earlier than he intended, but he hurried along the rough road, reckless of its perils to unwary walkers. He felt despair hanging like lead at his heart.

That morning he had again seen Lao talking to Annik, and he fancied the girl looked lovingly at her companion. For a moment Silvertik felt that he must speak, that he must tell her how unworthy Lao was of her regard, but she gave him no chance to speak; at his approach she turned away. This troubled him sorely now as he stumbled on along the rugged, miry road; he asked himself if he was not a fool to go on acting blindly by the advice of Ursule. Only yesterday he had learned the connection between the witch and Lao Côtatrec.

"And yet," he thought, "that could not influence Ursule's advice. Lao does not want Annik; he is too bold and free-living to care to be cumbered with a wife; he is only amusing himself with her; he would never marry."

Ah! if he had only awaited the good father's return, he would have told Annik the true character of this man, who was only flattering her and trying to destroy her peace. But with the remembrance of the curé came also a vivid remembrance of warnings he had uttered against pagan superstitions, and personally against the spells used by Ursule. Silvertik stopped, and hung his head with shame at the godless errand on which he was bound.

Should he turn back? He set his teeth hard. "No, I cannot lose her: if the stone remains firm, Annik is mine; and, till Lao came, there was a look in her eyes when she talked with me which, at least, was liking."

He went on still faster, and just as the light grew very dim he came in sight of the enormous block of granite which goes by the name of the Rocking-Stone of Trégunc.

Silvertik stepped off the road and went up to the stone. There was light enough to show that it rested solely on a projecting angle on another block deeply sunk in the earth.

Silvertik looked at it, and then he tried to re-

member the witch's words. He felt a strange reluctance to touch the stone, which in the gloom looked like a dark, formless monster, but at the thought of Annik his resolution came back. Placing his hands about midway on the stone, he tried to move it; he might as well have tried to uproot a menhir. He paused in his efforts, and then he tried again, but this time, though he set his shoulder to help his hands, the massive block of stone kept firm. His hopes rose wildly. "She is mine—she is good and true, my sweet Annik! I was a fool to doubt her; to-morrow I will hear from her own lips that she loves me."

He did not feel inclined to make the third trial, when suddenly he heard the purring of a cat. He started and looked round, and, as he looked, his hair seemed to lift itself on his forehead: he saw two yellow balls of flame, which he guessed were Tartare's eyes. He was being watched, then, who could tell by what evil being?—and, if he failed in obedience, he might be torn in pieces.

"And I am in their power, for I have sought their help." He turned angrily to the stone. This time he only pushed it slightly: to his dismay, he felt it yield under his fingers, and, as they still touched it, it continued to rock for some seconds. Silvertik gave a wild cry of despair, and as he rushed on, heedless how he went, in the direction of Tartare's eyes, he felt a stunning blow, and fell senseless beside a huge fragment of granite.

VII.

ANNIK had been unhappy all day. She had slighted Silvertik, and she had allowed Lao to speak too freely to her; and this evening he had come in to see Guérik, and had again spoken familiarly to her, as if there were an understanding between them, and, when she looked angry and scornful, the former patted Lao's shoulder and encouraged him to go on.

"It is the way with women, Friend Coâtrec," he said, winking at him; "they always say 'No' when they mean 'Yes.'"

At this Annik flamed into indignant words, and, running up the staircase-ladder to her little room, she drew the bolt across the door, resolved not to go down till Lao had taken his departure.

She sat half an hour in the darkness, thinking of Silvertik and puzzling over his strange behavior. From below came the sound of men's voices, broken by the flapping of the chestnut-leaves against her window. Lao was still talking to her uncle. She began to tire of waiting. She had no candle, and through the chinks in the rough flooring of her room the red firelight peeped in lines here and there.

"I am tired," Annik thought. "I shall not go down again to night"—and she began to prepare for bed. The large pin which had fastened her bodice slipped from her fingers and fell on the floor, and she stooped hurriedly lest it should roll through one of the crevices; she felt for it in the darkness, and, as she found it, a flush of joy glowed on her cheeks. Silvertik had given it to her last year when she had danced with him at the *pardon* of Pont-

Aven. But the glow faded quickly into a trembling chill of fear; and, instead of rising from her knees, Annik lay down on the boards, placing her ear on one of the larger crevices, marked by the red light that glowed up from the room beneath. She had heard her name spoken by Lao, coupled with the word "wife."

"Trust me," the farmer Guérik said, "Annik shall be your wife in a week."

"I can ill spare a week," was the answer; "my mates will be getting unruly, and I should have liked a day or so in Brest with the little one, before I go off again. Why cannot I wed Annik on Monday?"

Guérik laughed.

"You are a fine fellow to lecture me about dealing gently by the girl and leaving her alone, and then to want to marry out of hand without any approaches!"

"Leave me alone, my friend; I know the sex"—Lao's laugh made the girl shiver as she lay listening—"I told you that three days ago. Meanwhile, Annik and I have not kept apart; and—" The speaker paused as if he looked round to secure himself against a listener. He went on in a lower voice: "I have learned something else. Mark you, this is between ourselves: that young fool, Kergroës, with all his sheepishness, is mad with love for Annik. He has sold his soul to my grandmother for a spell to charm the girl's love."

"And are you fool enough to believe such old women's tales, Lao? I should have thought even Silvertik had more sense. What may this spell be?"

Trembling in every limb, Annik lay straining her ear to catch the answer:

"She has sent him to the Rocking-Stone. She tells me the spell will fail, but that its power will drive Silvertik distracted, and that probably he will rush on to the sea, and be carried off by the waves, as that poor fool Pierre was some years ago; for Ursule has fixed the time for trying the spell at the turn of the tide. This must not come to Annik's ears—a woman, however pretty, is such a fool that, if a man runs any risk for love of her, she loves him at once, and—who can say?—perhaps gives herself up to his memory. Silvertik will not be missed for a week or so; folks will think he is at Nizon. It is a good plan; my grandmother is a clever woman."

Annik lay as if spelled; her senses seemed to be leaving her; but, just then, a branch tossed by the wind struck against the window and she roused.

"There is yet another question" (this was Guérik's voice). Annik's heart throbbed so painfully that she could scarcely bear to listen, and yet she must hear all; she feared to lose a syllable of her uncle's words: "Suppose Silvertik comes back safe and sound?" there was a sneer in his voice. Lao swore a frightful oath, and the girl heard him rise violently from his seat and stamp on the clay floor.

"He will not—he is too great a fool. Ursule swore to him that, if the spell failed, he had no chance with Annik. Weak lads such as he is have no courage to persevere, and he will never come back to Kérian."

"Do not be too sure of that, Lao Côtfree; while there is life there is hope: for an hour or so the lad may give way to despair, but after that he will say to himself that he cannot make matters worse by speaking to Annik, and he may make them better. To tell you the truth, I have fancied the girl likes him. Yes, yes, if the tide does not carry him off, my friend, he will come back and try his chance."

"Then," Lao spoke coolly, but in a determined voice, "he must not come back to Kérion."

There was silence after this. Presently Guérik spoke, and Lao answered, but in such low voices that Annik could not distinguish words; it seemed to her, from the dull, continued murmurs, that the two men were carrying on the talk in whispers.

Annik rose up softly from the floor; she felt strangely calm and alert: one thought ruled her—to leave the house as quickly and silently as she could, and to warn Silvertik of coming danger. She dared not go down-stairs; she could not open the heavy house-door, which she had heard her uncle close, without risk of noise; she dared not even undraw the bolt of her room. But she saw her only way clearly, and at once she set to work to reach it. Her room was only half the size of that below—half being boarded off and used as a receptacle for fodder; there was a square opening in this partition, with a bit of canvas nailed across to screen off the draught which came through a window in the hay-loft open to the air. Annik cautiously dressed herself, and then with a pair of scissors she cut open the canvas screen that divided her from the hay-loft. Once more she listened, but the dull murmur of voices had not ceased; there was more light from the outer opening in the loft than had come through Annik's window, though a chestnut-tree stood close to the house on this side also, but the nearest branch had been scathed by lightning and was leafless.

With her shoes in her hand, Annik got through the opening from her room into the loft. Slowly and softly, step by step, feeling her way as she went on, she groped across the hay and bean-stalks till she reached the outer opening. She leaned forward and stretched out her hand till it touched the long, scathed branch that reached across the back of the house. It was no new experience to Annik to descend by the chestnut-tree. Often, when her uncle's rude words had made her run up-stairs in anger, she had got out of the house by this means; and now she soon found her way to the branch, and quickly reached the soft ground below—for the rain had made mire of the yard behind the house.

She paused and listened: she could only hear the movement of the cows within the house; she slipped on her shoes, and started off in the darkness toward Trégunc.

VIII.

HEAVY-FOOTED, for the mud clung in lumps to her shoes—tired, yet too overwrought to be sensible of fatigue—Annik at last reached the road beside which stood the Rocking-Stone, and before long the vast, mysterious stone loomed in the darkness. She

looked round her. The dull sound of lapping waves told that the sea was near, and southward the lightness of the horizon pointed out its whereabouts. The dull sadness of the sound recalled Lao's ominous words.

"Silvertik! Silvertik!" she cried in an agony of terror. "Where art thou? It is Annik who calls."

From across the road came a voice she knew well—the voice of the good curé.

"Who goes there? If you are Christian, man or woman, in the name of God come and help a dying man!"

A thrill of terror passed through Annik.

"I come! I come!" she cried. And she went in the direction of the voice, slipping and tumbling over the uneven ground; and soon in the darkness she saw the priest bending over some one who lay outstretched at his feet. Then she too seemed to lose consciousness of all but the presence of Silvertik. She flung herself down beside the senseless body, and chafed the cold hands, till at last she fancied they moved within her own. The curé spoke, and she answered; but it seemed to Annik that she was some one else, and that she heard her own voice, telling the good father to beware of Lao and of Guérik, for they were bent on murdering Silvertik. And then came footsteps, and some one brought a light, and she heard the voice of Lao, and then the curé spoke sternly, and bade those who had come go and fetch a cart to take herself and Silvertik to Kérion. She heard all this as in a dream, and then she knew no more.

Annik opened her eyes, and wondered as she looked round her.

"Aha!" a cheery voice said, from the chair beside the bed. "You have slept well, my poor Annik. You must rise now, for Monsieur le Curé wants a talk with you."

Jeamston, the curé's old housekeeper, patted the girl's cheek, and handed her a cup of coffee. But Annik could not drink—she sat up gazing in the cheery old face with eager, straining eyes; she feared to ask the question that hung on her lips. The old woman seemed to understand the questioning look.

"Silvertik is all right," she said. "It is well to be young," she went on, and she shook her head reproachfully; "Monsieur le Curé permits much to young people, or I would ask what you and Silvertik Kergroës had been about when the good father found you and brought you both home half dead last night."

"And he?" cried Annik, at last, with a burst of sobs.

"He!" Jeamston shrugged her shoulders—"he is in the parlor with monsieur, but he is a fright, I can tell you, with his bandaged head and broken arm, poor fellow! You seem to have come off best, mademoiselle," she added, crossly. But Annik flung her arms round the old woman's neck, laughing, and crying, and sobbing, all at once, in a most incoherent

manner—conduct which, as Jeamston afterward told her master, was quite unsuited to a presbytery.

But, for all that, Annik staid on at the curé's house till the chestnut-leaves grew brown and began to fall slowly from their branches; and then, one fine, clear morning, Silvertik and Annik were wedded in

the little village church of Kérion, and went home to Nizon to live at the mill.

Lao Cōatfrec never came back to Kérion, though Mathurin Guérik still lived on in the old farm-house, but Annik never crossed its threshold again after her marriage.

REMINISCENCES.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

III.

OF the many small towns in the vicinity of Rome, Lariccia is considered one of the most salubrious. When the season warned us that it was prudent to quit the "Eternal City," we were in the habit of going up to that small town of the Albin range to pass three or four months. It was formerly one of the most powerful cities of the Latin confederation: the Appian Way in the old Roman days passed beneath it at its base, and its immediate surroundings and itself teem with historical associations, traditions, and possibly pagan fictions; it is quite certain that it once boasted a grand, strong citadel, and was warlike, but not quite certain whether its inhabitants did or did not worship the goddess Diana. It was near here that, certain historians contend, Æneas married his second wife, Lavinia, daughter of King Latinus, which having done he built a town near by, called Lavinium, or, as some write it, Lanuvium: if the first is correct, we may suppose that he named it after his *cara sposa*. To Lariccia, Orestes and Iphigenia, by lovers of tradition, are made to flee for refuge. It is, however, more to be depended upon that the mother of Augustus was born here, and more to be credited that the son of Porsenna attacked his father's retreating army here, was killed, and found a curious tomb under the town, long supposed to be the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curatii. Horace found hospitality here the first night on his way to Brundisium. Tarquin the Proud found, in a citizen of Lariccia, his most dangerous enemy and conspirator. In 1849 the King of Naples ("*Il Re Bomba*") proceeded as far as Lariccia to attack the Roman republic; was in sight of the dome of St. Peter's when he was obliged to recede, with Garibaldi at his heels, to hasten his ignominious flight over the confines.

These and a number of other interesting incidents connected with its middle-age annals hover mistily around this now squalid little place, inhabited by some of the most indigent of God's creatures. It embraces an extensive view of the sea, coast, and plain; a valley lies at its feet, which reasonable speculation decides is an extinct volcano, and was so long before Æneas wooed and won King Latinus's daughter. We, myself and wife, spent two or three summers there. About us, in other similar towns close by, were many of my artistic compatriots, and

friends of other lands whose vocations were art, and who, like ourselves, came to spend the malarious months among the Albin hills.

Whatever Lariccia may have been, it is now but an insignificant place of less than two thousand human souls, most of them pitifully poor and ignorant; yet, miserable, degraded, and without cultivation as they are, they assume a contempt for the strangers who come among them, calling all nations indiscriminately, as a rule, *Inglese* and barbarians. It boasts a church, a palace, and an inn; then its other dwellings dwindle, with few exceptions, into small, poverty-invested habitations, unwholesome, and crowded with a ragged and suffering population. Fortunately, the sea is not so far off but that its breezes, wafted above the malarious Campagna, come bringing to these wretched people good air and health.

Finding a place in which to paint or model in these towns is always a serious difficulty. I was lucky enough to prevail upon a *padre rettore* to give me a room in his nearly-empty convent (as there were only three brothers besides himself under its roof). It was a very old and dilapidated monastery, and looked as if any day it might fall and bury the venerable *frate* and the painter, leaving houseless and homeless, also, a great many rats and bats. The principal bakery of the village was in the basement of the structure and directly under me, so that I was constantly inhaling the odor of fresh-baked bread on one side; on the other, one (not so grateful) coming from the vacant cells of defunct monks, or from their narrow cells, still deeper, where they lie buried. Old, worm-eaten frames hung in the dark, narrow hall given over to dust and cobwebs; the pictures in them, swaying loose from their rotten stretchers to and fro by the current of air, gave furtive glimpses of grim saints and roasting martyrs.

In this not too cheerful studio I set up my easel. The next thing for my line of art was a model. I walked about the village, seeing upon many broken door-steps subjects for my pencil; lots of grandmothers with the never-absent distaff in their hands, some of them good models for aged sibyls, or witches, just as one chose to consider them; brown, sunburned mothers, with fresh, chubby babies at their breasts; pretty, black-eyed maidens, both shy and mischievous, whose forms and features, well put on

canvas, would have made a picture to challenge admiration. Seeing these, still undecided in my choice, I rambled farther, as one will, puzzled where to choose, when, turning up a more than usually poverty-infested passage, I came upon a ruined doorway, surpassing all the others in picturesque untidiness. On the door-sill sat the venerable *nonna* whirling the spool of flaxen thread with her right hand; with her left, from the distaff she pulled the unspun material to feed the twisting process. A grade beneath, her daughter nursed a sickly infant on her lap; still below, *her* children, of various ages, with scant, torn costumes, laughed, romped, and screeched. One of these was a lovely girl with golden hair and light-blue eyes (that rare peculiarity seen in Southern Italy), reminding me of some sweet English and American children I have seen. She was a wild, uncombed little beauty, and I made up my mind at once that I must paint her. I told the thin, starved-faced mother so, and the haggard-looking grandmother as well, but both shook their heads and said: "It is thought a bad sign among us *contadini* to have our pictures painted. There is a belief that death follows soon after." It was not the first time I had encountered this superstition and had vanquished it; the offer of one paul an hour conquered it now, and pretty Checca was to be my model.

The day after the *nonna* brought the girl to my studio and left her, I began my outline, while the blue eyes grew larger and larger, with tiny, glittering drops along their lower lids; after a few minutes I had occasion to leave the studio for a moment; when I came back she was gone. Looking into the hall, I saw her flying down the stairs, her face turned up in fright, gazing at a canvas hanging near where Michael and the devil were terribly represented. I was resolved not to lose my new model, and, hatless, rushed after her. The chase, through the narrow, winding streets, was a lively one: she went like the wind, her yellow hair streaming behind her; her feet were too fleet for me, and I was just in time to see her dart up the steps of her house and disappear. I followed, and entered, just as the mother was pulling her by her feet from under the bed, where she had fled to hide herself. She was about to beat the child, when I interfered.

"Don't beat her, she has only been scared—first at the artist, then at the painted devil," I exclaimed; "she will get reconciled to both. She thinks there are wicked things in that old monastery, and we must have patience with her."

"*Dio mio! cosa dice, signore? Spiriti!*"

"No, *nonna*; only some strange pictures, and possibly the fierce-looking artist with the odd instruments about him. I'll bet a soldo, now, that she took the resting-rod for a stick to whip her with, and the pallet-knife (with which I mix my colors) for a blade with which I might cut off her head." I read in Checca's face that I had guessed aright the reason why she ran away, but it was some time before she could be coaxed to return to the dreaded hall where the demon was, and, when she did come, half the family were obliged to accompany her.

One or two incidents occurred that summer not out of place in this sketch. Chapman (ingenious in many things) instructed me in the secret of boiling drying-oil. He had kindly written down for me the ingredients, their just proportions, and all about the earthen pot, the slow fire, etc. I was inclined to try the stew, and selected a corner of the old wall of Lariccio, into a part of which the convent was built, for the experiment. Cesare, my servant, piled up some stones, kindled a fire, and I placed the earthen vessel upon it, with the crude oil and compounds. I gave my domestic orders to watch it closely, and never to allow it to more than simmer. I retired to my studio, leaving the cooking in his hands. I should, however, have first said that the cholera had appeared that season in many of the small towns surrounding Lariccio. The village became alarmed, and closed its gates against Gensano, where the epidemic had broken out, thus preventing travel on the only postal road which led to Rome. The Gensanese were provoked, and threatened to come and break down the gate, and Lariccio swore it would resist. It was during this pending trouble that my boiled oil was brewing. I was aroused from my struggles with "form and color" by an odor wholly different from that of the new-baked bread beneath me, or that of the dust of sleeping monks. It was the worst smell that ever came in contact with a nose! I opened the window to ascertain whence it proceeded, when my eyes alighted upon the pot of oil in flames. Cesare, the unfaithful hound, had absented himself and let it get on fire. A strong breeze was blowing from the south, and carried the fearful stench up through the town. The timid inhabitants had never smelt so vile a smell before, and believed that the dreaded cholera had come, and that they were already doomed. There was great consternation, and a meeting of the municipal authorities was about to be called, when it was discovered from what originated the diabolical effluvia: it was traced to the precincts of the monastery, where the infernal mess was fizzing, spluttering, and exploding. When the fire was extinguished, there remained in the bottom of the pot only half a teacupful of something resembling the thickest and blackest of tar, which a fine pointer of mine, getting at afterward, ate, and died of what was called *rabbia*. I have ever since bought my boiled oil.

Marterelli, the keeper of the inn, was the *gonfaloniere* of the *passe*. Staying at his modest hotel were many artists of various countries, among them Toermor, a noted Saxon painter, and a particular friend of ours; he was a little man of *Æsopian* deformity, but very clever and witty. From him I had the relation of a certain humorous attack and defense of the town.

"The other evening," said he, "near bedtime, thundering blows were heard outside the gate (the one close beside the hotel). The report spread instantly that the Gensanese had made an attack upon it, and were trying to break it down. Determined to resist, the Mayor of Lariccio, our warlike host, called upon his lodgers, myself among the rest, to

assist in keeping out the infected besiegers. We all responded to the call, and I, the doughtiest champion, was named his aid. We looked about us for arms. Having exhausted the billiard-cues, we flew to the kitchen; one seized a shovel, another the poker, and I the longest spit I could find, and took my place near the heroic landlord. The villagers had gathered quickly and in formidable numbers before the inn, and our valiant chief made them a speech. It ran thus: 'Fellow-citizens, the infected enemy is upon us! They have come to poison the sweet air, and bring pestilence and misery upon us. Let us show the assailants that we are worthy descendants of our immortal forefathers. Strike as if every blow would save a hundred precious lives from the horrible plague; strike for your wives, your children, and yourselves! Forward, my braves, and follow me!' We pushed on with defiant hearts, brandishing our weapons, among which were a dozen rusty muskets (more dangerous to the bearers than to the enemy). In two minutes we were under the arch and close to the ponderous and dilapidated doors which barred the town from the intruders. We listened breathlessly for a repetition of the threatening blows we had heard, when thump—thump! bang—bang! came others, which blanched the cheeks of Lariccia's defenders. We expected momentarily to see some part of the old gate tumbling upon our heads. We listened to hear the voices of the pestiferous assailants outside. We waited some time, when we were all startled by—the vociferous braying of an ass! and all was still again. It was then resolved by the council of war that a long ladder should be put against the wall, and that one of the bravest of our little band of heroes should climb up and reconnoitre the force and quality of the foe. I volunteered to undertake this perilous reconnaissance, first saying to my friends, 'Remember, if I fall, my name is Toermor!' I clambered up, not knowing what might be my fate; stole a glance, expecting Heaven knows how many balls hissing by my head; looked—every nerve in my body trembling—looked, and—and saw three donkeys standing quietly by the gate! The poor beasts had been turned out into the woods to browse; returning instinctively to go to their stables, and finding themselves barred out, they had been kicking for admittance. This is the one siege of Lariccia for many centuries."

The humble inn kept by Marterelli, the mayor, has often had for its guests Vernet, Cornelius, Gibson, and other celebrated artists. I have seen traces of the genius of some of these eminent men in rough sketches upon the walls of the bedrooms where they slept. There was one room in particular famous for some remarkable caricatures, but which whitewashing and bluewashing have recently buried out of sight. The proposed limits of this chapter will not allow me to stay much longer in Lariccia, fruitful as I might make it in relations of distinguished individuals in painting and sculpture, and I may add of poets and writers. Byron, Keats, and Shelley, loved the spot and surroundings, and so did Hans Christian Andersen.

We had our picnics on the banks of the Nemi; our donkey-rides to Monte Cavo; our wanderings through the thick wood that now covers the ground where ancient Alba Longa stood; from this elevation we could see a line of coast reaching from the Circean Promontory to Porto d'Anzio (ancient Antium); from there we could trace the sea-line to the mouth of the Tiber and fifty miles farther north to Civit  Vecchia; back from the grand stretch of coast sweeps the Roman Campagna—Soracteus, its western boundary, looking like a gigantic wave which has been suddenly petrified in its roll. On the east rise in misty grandeur the Sabine Mountains; nearer, to the south, the Volscian and Albin ranges were seen around us; the Vallericcia below us, once a region of volcanic fires, now a verdant plain of fields and vineyards. The City of the Caesars reposed in a dreamy mist some fifteen miles distant; spotting the sad Campagna one saw those desolate remains of aqueducts, towers, and temples, lone sentinels pointing to the mighty past! Under our eyes could be embraced most of the territory where Virgil's hero fought, married, and disappeared so mysteriously. Directly at our feet lay sleeping, deep down under wood, bramble, and vine-covered rocks and cliffs, the blue lake of Albano. Upon the other side the thick, stunted shrubbery extends and pitches itself down to the border of the lovely Nemi. Amid these scenes of beauty, related to such events of remote times, we roamed together—we students from far-off lands—that summer of twenty years since, and, meeting now (those of us still living), speak of it as a period full of pleasant hours.

In many varied pastimes we spent that long-past season, not easily forgotten, and waited for the first great rain, which was the sign that we might return to Rome with safety. It came, and we were once more at the Eternal City in our studios. My picture of Checca was on my easel, and I was dissatisfied with it, and sighed to have more sittings from the model. The next year, when the hot July days warned us away from Rome's unhealthy air, my wife and self directed our outing toward the Sabine and Latin highlands. We went to Subiaco, fifty miles distant, with the intention of going to Avezzano, near the lake of Fucina, in the wild Abruzzi; but the way lay over mountains rough and perilous, and it was only to be done on mules and donkeys: so we gave it up and staid at Subiaco.

J. B. Pyne, a distinguished English landscape-painter, was in Italy at this period, and we were stopping with him and his family at the Pernici Hotel, the principal if not only *locanda* of the place. He was one of the most genial companions we could desire—intelligent, and very instructive, and eloquent when talking about his art. He was a sharp, clever critic, and his hits against what was unsatisfactory to him went straight from his shoulder, and told tremendously. He was a personal friend and admirer of Turner's, and has been by some called his imitator; but this I could not see in his works, which were poetical and beautiful—the productions of an original and independent spirit.

He was a strikingly fine, elderly man, with a long, white, flowing beard—a thorough type of an Englishman in its best signification, both in manner and appearance, free from insular prejudices, with all a Briton's pride of country. He had a nice sense of humor where wit kept itself within decent limits; a hearty appreciation of all that might be called æsthetic; a genuine and a charming sympathy for the pleasures of social life. We roamed together often over the heights and through the deep gorges which characterized Subiaco. In one of our strolls he told me the anecdotes for which I shall find room here, trusting to my memory for his own phraseology.

"After our annual dinner at our rooms of the Water-Color Society, one year," said he, "I walked home with Turner. During the walk of more than two miles I do not think he spoke a single word. As we reached his own door, he broke the silence with, 'I say, Pyne, painting's a rum dodge, isn't it?' Nothing more was said save 'Good-night.'"

"You have heard of Gillott, have you not?" questioned he—"Gillott, the inventor of steel-pens, and who amassed a fortune by them? When he had acquired wealth, desirous of possessing those objects of art which denote the presence of refinement as well as money, he went up to London to ask his banker what a rich man should do to furnish a grand house, which he had just built, best in accordance with good taste. Sitting with his legs under his banker's mahogany, he said, 'Now, what do you advise me to do?' 'Pictures, statuary, and other objects of *virtu*, together with a library,' suggested his host. 'But I don't know anything about these matters; I wish you would tell me how I am to go about it. Now, for pictures, for example: what's up in the market?' 'Ah! to what clever artists I can recommend you? Well, there are Mulready, Ettie, and Leslie, for figure-pieces, and some of the Royal Academicians besides, well enough, in that department; but, if you prefer landscape, I should advise you to try and secure some of Turner's works. I think him superior to Claude himself, even.' 'Well, well, I can try them both. Will you please to give me their addresses?' 'I can give you the address of Turner, but Claude Lorraine's address lies beyond the grave.' 'Oh! I sha'n't try him; but give me t'other fellow's whereabouts, and I'll go to him tomorrow—him and any other picture-maker you can counsel me to employ.' The pen-maker had a large deposit with his banker's, who smiled graciously at his rough customer's want of refinement, and wrote down Turner's address and the usual number of Royal Academicians. The next morning Gillott went off in search of England's famous landscape-painter. He found the house, on the upper story of which the artist had his studio. A female servant was sweeping down the stairs when the square-built, podgy little man presented himself, and asked if the painter-man was at home. 'Yes,' said Peggy, 'but he don't want to see nobody, and I'm not to allow any one to go up—their's his very words.' 'Stand out of the way, young woman,' said Gillott—'stand out of the way!' and, pushing her aside, stumped

defiantly up-stairs. Finding the painting-room door at the top, he knocked with vigor, but got no reply; he then pushed it open, and walked into the sanctum. There sat the great painter, wholly absorbed upon a small sketch in water-color, ignoring the presence of his visitor and his blunt 'How do you do, sir?' Waiting a moment to see if the artist would notice him, and meeting with no recognition, he walked about the studio, turning the pictures (which had their faces to the wall) around, and putting them in shocking bad lights, enough to drive a painter frantic. After examining them for some time, he once more tried to attract the artist's attention. 'I say, Turner—that I believe's your name—what's the figure for this picture?' (turning it as if it were a dried codfish toward him). The painter raised his head an instant from his board, and said, very carelessly, 'Four thousand guineas.' 'And this other to the right,' pursued Gillott, 'what's the price of that?' 'Three thousand pounds,' was the answer. 'And this one on the left?' 'Fifteen hundred guineas.' 'I'll take the three,' said Gillott. Then Turner rose and laid down his pencils. 'Who the devil are you,' he said, 'who take the liberty to intrude into my studio against my orders? You must be a queer sort of a beggar, I fancy.' 'You're another queer beggar,' was the reply; 'I am Gillott, the pen-maker. My banker tells me that you are clever in your business, and recommends you, and I have come here to buy some of your pictures.' 'By George! you are a droll fellow, I must say.' 'You're another, I must say.' 'But,' pursued Turner, 'rough-and-ready though you are, I rather like you. Do you really want to purchase the canvases you selected?' 'Yes; in course I do, or I would not have climbed your blessed stairs this morning.' 'Well, Mr. Gillott, I must be frank with you: when I noticed you in my studio without permission, I thought it a piece of impertinence, and, when you asked the prices, I thought you did so as many vulgar people do, for mere curiosity, having no intention of buying, wishing only to know what valuation I put upon my works, and I gave you a price which suited my humor. Two of the pictures are already disposed of; the other, the first one you spoke of, is at your acceptance for a thousand pounds.' 'I will take it,' said the princely Gillott; 'and I want you to make me three or four others at your own price.' Thus the pen-maker and the eccentric artist became friends, and warm friends too."

It is but a short time since, when a sale of Gillott's pictures took place. The Turners brought an immense profit upon the money paid for them.

In one of our rambles, Pyne told me an amusing anecdote about himself.

"I went down," said he, "to the London docks to make a few studies of shipping for a picture I was painting. Finding a convenient spot on the quay in front of one of the large warehouses, I adjusted my sketching-stool and set to work. I observed an elderly, portly-looking party walking backward and forward, with his hands behind him—*à la* Napoleon

—regarding me, as he passed, with a mingled expression of pity and contempt. (My beard and locks were as white and venerable as now.) As he walked by, I heard him mutter something to himself, the tones seeming to convey a plaintive sentiment of mixed commiseration and amiable regret. At length he arrested his steps, and, fixing his eyes upon me with a solemn look, said, '*At your age, too!*' He was the head-clerk of the mercantile house on the wharf—one of those not uncommon pieces of human machinery grooved into a certain set of ideas believed to be of the highest moral and social respectability. From his youth to his then advanced, rubicund age, he probably had never been absent from his desk from eight till six, excepting on Sundays. To see a man employing himself in drawing ships, boxes, and barrels, and 'a man of my age, too!' shocked and pained the venerable clerk. You would scarcely think that a class like this could be found in the land which gave birth to Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Reynolds, yet there is such a class, composed of very worthy people, who hold the fine arts to be an idle pursuit, and their professors rather shaky members of society."

Pyne's treatment of the landscape was rather typical than topographical. He said to me one day, "I must raise myself above this town at least half a mile distant, or I shall fail to express it in my picture." "Oh!" I observed, "you will go up on yonder hill which overlooks it?" "No; I shall make drawings of every object essentially important in the general view of Subiaco. I shall then by perspective liberties overlook it sufficiently to embrace all, which taken from a lower point of sight would be hidden." He made a glorious picture of the wonderful old place lying in a subtle atmosphere of neutral tints and generalized light and shade, which suggested more than a slavish imitation of every house, window, and chimney, could ever have effected. It was truly a poetical Subiaco framed in by its savage mountains, grand and wild at the same time—its deep gorges and rugged cliffs full of mystery and melancholy beauty.

We left Subiaco, Pyne and his family in our company, and crossed the formidable barriers of the Latin Mountains to Olevano. This we did, our baggage being strapped on the backs of mules and donkeys.

After six or eight hours of jogging and climbing, we were looking upon the plain of Palestrina, the distant Volscian Mountains, and the heights of the azure-veiled Albin, with a town half a mile beneath us, straggling in grotesque ugliness over a long serpentine ridge of shelving rocks, descending rapidly, and losing itself on the border of the Campagna. Commanding a view of the village, just above it, there is a small inn called La Regina; it was nearly full of artists of all nations already, and our party filled it to overflowing. Each morning saw a crowd of painters with their Campagna-easels, sketching-stools, paint-boxes, books, blocks, canvases, and boards, bound on excursions, with half-naked, hungry-looking lads to carry their traps.

When the night fell all came back to dine together in a long, rude hall around a long, rude table—the kitchen close at hand, where we could see the cook busy with his pots and spits. Being all devoted to art, we immediately became friends. The dinner over, and cloth removed, we continued still to surround the table, which was soon strewn with books and portfolios. In ink, charcoal, pencil, even by aid of tobacco-smoke, there grew into existence beautiful motives, clever compositions, amusing caricatures, and every sort of thing which caprice or fancy could invent. Then we would have music; it might be a Russian, who gave us a plaintive love-song of his native land; an Hungarian, who chanted a tender ditty of his country; an Englishman, who sang some touching melody of Tom Moore; or an American, who tuned forth some ludicrous or pathetic negro song. Frequently, the table was taken apart, and the room cleared for a rustic dance; the landlady would invite some of the prettiest village girls and nicest village beaux to come in their bright costumes, bringing their *tamburini* and *mandolini*, when we would have a rare, gay time; beginning with the *tarantella*, it would progress into the *saltarella*. It was impossible to resist the excitement of the scene; one by one we were all drawn into the frenzied ballet—not excepting our jolly, stout hostess of ten stones' weight, who was led into the frantic dance by a very little French painter of seventy years complete. A rude oil-lamp, hanging from the low ceiling, gave all the light required; the sour wine of the hills, and a few home-baked cakes, all the refreshments necessary for the entertainment.

I have only space to give a few hasty jottings of this novel species of artistic life common to an upland sojourn near Rome during the sickly season—the details of the picture furnish fruitful materials for a much more prolific occupation of my pen than is at present permitted it. Among the half-savage, half-starved population of Olevano, there were plenty of subjects for pencils partial to the uncombed, unwashed picturesque of humanity. From this predominant class (one of its members, the least encumbered with garments, the wildest and shyest of them all) I chose a model. This was a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, with dark-auburn hair, large, deep-brown eyes, and a complexion rich in creamy carnation. She bore the pretty name of Giuseppina, which degenerated by usage into Peppina. Peppina's parents resided in a stone hovel, where they lived amicably together, her numerous brothers and sisters, two black, meagre hogs, and a patient, rough-haired donkey. They were miserably poor, getting their subsistence from a vineyard of one acre some three miles distant from the town. The ten sous an hour which I proposed to give for sittings looked big in the eyes of the needy people, and it was agreed that the girl should come to me and be *pitorato* (pictured); but the autumn was upon us, and I had not finished my study, so that I was obliged to arrange with the peasant that Peppina should come down to Rome. Accordingly, her little bundle of rags was put together, and she came with us. For a rustic

who had never been beyond the rough Latin hills where she was born the change was a memorable event.

We entered Rome by the Porta San Giovanni, where the great church of the same name comes suddenly upon the sight. The imposing edifice is surmounted by the twelve apostles, of gigantic marble proportions. Peppina (who sat beside the coachman), seeing these, exclaimed: "*Madonna mia! Oh! look!—see all them tall people up there staring at us—what are they doing (cosa fanno), and what are all the things in their hands?*" The coachman wickedly replied, "They are robbers, they have been below and pilfered the church, and each fellow up there is holding aloft what he has stolen." "*Dio mio!*" ejaculated the girl, "*effure hanno rubato la santa croce?* for I see one holding it—but—but, now I see they ain't live people—only big stone *christiani* (human beings). *Sei bugiardo* (you don't tell the truth). They are saints, and don't steal. You are a bad man, bad—bad man, and the devil will eat you!" Peppina was not to be imposed upon, but she was wonder-struck as we passed through the streets, and her eyes and mouth both made "O's!" and "Oh's!" at every step on the way.

She soon became a pet of my wife, and was a very patient, useful model. I turn here at this point in the chapter to my better-half, who is kind enough to assist me with her fresher memory, and whose account of the rival models I borrow in her own language: "You must not forget that Checca came to stay with us awhile the autumn and winter before Peppina was with us. She therefore looked upon herself as old in experience of polite life compared to poor Peppina, and patronized the Olevanese rival prodigiously. She was a very docile child, and with little teaching soon learned how to conform to the habits and new state of domesticity into which she had been inducted, and happily did not fret or sigh for her old friends the pigs, and other peculiar attractions of her home, nor miss the delightful pastime of making mud-pies and dust-puddings. Her felicity was much enhanced by the company of Peppina; both had been used to similar conditions of life; both had existed nearly free from the trammels of clothing; both had slept on straw, and reveled in congenial companionship with infant swine, had alike roamed in vagrant freedom through the fields to hunt for snails and green herbs, which, with a crust of black bread, to them were a delicate repast; about their filthy villages both had run, their tangled hair curling wildly over their sunburnt necks and shoulders, both badly fed (despite the snails), unwashed, and in short semi-savages. Still both were bright, interesting children—Checca the brighter, but not the cleverer, of the two.

"Their transplantation to our house was fruitful of several amusing incidents which perhaps you do not recollect. Checca, as I said before, was patronizing, and took upon herself the place of hostess, exhibiting and explaining to Peppina all the wonders and mysteries of our modest house—the deepest mystery of all, the ornaments of the drawing-room and

the piano-forte. One day (I had it from the servants), I being out, Checca got upon the music-stool, and said to Peppina, 'Now you are the society—I am to sing and play to you.' She thumped the ivory keys with her fists, and screamed like a little demon, and said to her listener, 'Now you must exclaim, "*Belissima! bella! bella!*" and lead me to a seat on the sofa.' She then went through with extravagant imitations of ceremonies (a glimpse of which she had stolen through the door) when visitors were with us. Upon another occasion, when I was going to a ball, I had sent for a barber to come and dress my hair; being in another part of the house when he appeared, Checca of course played the hostess, invited him into the drawing-room, and, tugging at a large arm-chair, drew it near the fire, and begged him to be seated as if he had been Cardinal Antonelli. You remember 'Massa,' when we took the two models to see the circus-performances at the tomb of Augustus? Well, the day after, the reverend doctor came to call upon us. I was out, but, our servant said, would soon be back; so the visitor waited my return. Checca showed the gentleman into the sitting-room, and entertained him for half an hour by tumbling heels over head. When I entered the apartment I saw upon the face of the visitor a broad grin of amusement, and Checca turning rapid somersaults over the carpet, and attempting other antics she had seen the clown perform. The truth is, she had been spoiled by people who had seen her in your studio, and in the house, who had petted and caressed her. She was very pretty, was Checca, and playful and graceful as a kitten.

"Peppina's was a very different nature—a year or so older than Checca—not so beautiful; but she had an extraordinary profusion of wavy, chestnut hair, with a glossy, golden hue in its lights and reflections; large, deep, pathetic eyes, dark and mystic. There was wildness in them sometimes, and furtive gleams of mirth and mischief also. Her features, though not particularly regular, were very expressive, and under certain influences of excitement often lovely; her passion was unmistakably for music and personal decoration. Knowing her love for the first, I occasionally played for her some of the common popular airs of the country, when she and Checca would sit down upon the carpet, as close to (that marvelous thing to them) the piano as possible, and listen. Peppina's grand eyes would drink in every note; even her teeth seemed to draw in the sound. She looked almost inspired, and I often gazed at her and thought, 'What a picture she would make now, could you paint her as she is at this moment!'

"Peppina's propensity for finery showed itself in fastening upon her neck and wrists any stray ribbon or bits of lace-shreds and cast-off fragments of silk or satin which she could pick up. Decked out with these odds and ends, she presented herself one afternoon and begged me to play the *saltarella* to her. The indignant Checca, at this unusual display, said to her: 'Dear me! how fine we are! We are getting to be a very grand lady; we shall be cleaning our teeth next!' But Peppina only laughed at her

ironical mentor—a laugh that was electric, disarming the Aricciarola at once. She showed a surprising musical ability, did Peppina. She would sing the scales with a delicacy of execution which astonished me, and I am persuaded, had her capacity been cultivated, another peasant-girl might have become another Jenny Lind. Blending itself with her talent for tune, she had that for acting as well, and which I saw exhibited one day in imitation of a village priest—possibly some itinerant friar. Checca sat (or stood) for the congregation. It was a sermon ‘to make sinners tremble,’ delivered with a startling truthfulness of voice and gesticulation, to imitate a fanatical *padre* of some sort or other. She told her congregation that she was a groveling worm who would be crushed into the dust, whose terrible sins had reached a climax that nothing but the torments of purgatory could cleanse her of, and that, to save herself from going beyond that painful abode into one of eternal fire, where she would never eat macaroni or gather snails again, her congregation (who was in a wondrous state of mischievous glee) must instantly confess, there and then. Checca was on her knees at once, and mumbled an extraordinary list of awful crimes, which were heard with grave solemnity, and at certain revelations of wickedness with upturned eyes and horror; finally, the bosom

of the congregation made clean, the *confessatrice* gave the symbolic tap of *indulgenza* on the head with your maul-stick, which she had picked up, but gave it so vigorously that the ‘groveling worm’ rose to fly at her pseudo *padre* in a rage; but that irresistible laugh (already spoken of), sounding like a peal of merry silver bells, soon turned her anger and tears into frolicsome romping with her rival.”

I indorse my wife’s recollections of ‘The Rival Models,’ but her care and fondness for them soon rendered them useless for my pencil. From rags and leanness, within a short time, she converted them into well-fed, tidy-looking girls, and, thus transformed, they were sent back in the spring to their homes. Outside the gate of Lariccia (the one besieged by the donkeys) there is a small, rude chapel near the road, built upon rocks; under both rocks and chapel there are caves which constitute the cemetery of the indigent Aricciorelli. There, a year after she was with us, was laid the pretty Checca. Of Peppina I have never heard since. I can fancy, however, that she has married some stout-hearted, honest peasant, and tells a numerous family now, when sitting round their blazing brush in the wide fireplace, of that winter when she was a model to “*un certo pittore Americano e la sua amabile sposa.*”

MORRIS ISLAND.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

NIGHT is falling over Charleston harbor,
Sea-fog to and fro its veil is shifting,
Sumter looms up dark; the ocean-vessels
Anchored in the stream seem slowly drifting—

Drifting with the tide; the distant city
Folded in its rivers, emblematic
Of its close-wrapped pride, low on the water
Lies like Venice on the Adriatic.

Silently we wander o’er the island,
Silently, we know our feet are treading
Graves unnumbered that the ocean guardeth,
Graves unnumbered where the sand is spreading

Thick its veil along the line of trenches;
Though no sign the dumb white desert giveth,
They are there beneath its wind-swept beaches,
Thought of them the only thing that liveth

Now upon its shore; no land-bird flutters
O’er its barren slope, no grasses growing,
Few its very sea-shells, while the sunset
Gilds the pallid levels with its glowing

Like a mockery, and doubly arid
Shine the sand-hills of the lighthouse station,
Gold-tipped rise the broken lines of Wagner,
Looking down upon the desolation.

Yet we find upon these ruined ramparts,
Old embrasures of the cannon looming

Over them for shade, the legend-crowned
Chrismal passion-flowers, richly blooming

All alone, more wonderful in beauty
On these sands of death, more gently tender
For their very loneliness; they grow here
Only for the dead, their purple splendor

Given him who has no other blossoms,
Marble-carven, or the living roses
By a churchyard-mound, the common soldier
Who beneath this sand somewhere reposes,

Throes of dying o’er. O flower of passion,
Flower of suffering, how fit to meet thee
On these pale wan shores of solemn silence,
Watching by the dead! We pause to greet thee,

Thinking of the hour when each poor mortal
Buried here, the life that his Creator
Gave him for his own, did yield in anguish—
Yea, ‘mid sins, could give a gift no greater

Were he a saint or martyr! Shine on, flowerets,
Far the ships sail o’er the dusky ocean,
Far the world has gone away; ye only
Steadfast wait with Nature’s still devotion;

And no flower had ever fairer mission,
Rose or lily, blue-bell of the highland,
Than is thine, O lovely aureoled blossom,
Blooming here alone on Morris Island!

"MINISTERIN' MEALLY."

BY LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY.

SHE did not look in the least like a ghost. I could hardly believe, as I watched her unpromising, bony figure, and listened with closed eyes to the gentle shuffle of her great, arctic overshoes, with the accompanying click of their never-fastened buckles, that she was one. She did not glide nor fit in the approved ghostly way; her gait had something peculiarly matter-of-fact and convincing about it. And then her appearance! If she had been a ghoulish, little old woman, bent and wrinkled, with piercing eyes, I could have more easily believed the report that she had presided over every birth and death in the country since the memory of man, opening the mysterious doors that let souls out and in. But there was nothing uncanny about her; her face was remarkable for its earnestness and honesty; instead of a vaporous indistinctness of outline and substance, permitting a dim view of articles of furniture beyond her, after the fashion of orthodox spirits, her figure was tall, angular, and muscular as a man's; but, though quite thin, it was unmistakably opaque. Her dress, too, was not the regulation white, but consisted, so far as visible, of a petticoat of a bright sulphur-yellow, and a cotton sacque or short-gown of bright blue. Her coffee-colored features were surmounted by a turban, which united these colors in a marvelous plaid. Positively, she did not look at all like a ghost. And yet I was in the border-land of convalescence, having just returned from a fierce conflict in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, where I had been vaguely conscious that Meally had met me, and with one sinewy arm around me had fought off the fiends with her horn-handled green umbrella, had borne me away victorious, and laid me bruised and broken upon my own bed. My nerves were in the properly-susceptible condition to respond to a touch of the supernatural; and still, when I came to myself, and recognized the companion of my delirious visions moving prosaically about my sick-room, quietly performing the ordinary duties of a nurse, I had no longer any feeling that she was at all other than she seemed. She was a model nurse certainly, and, save for a disagreeable habit of smoking, would have left nothing to be desired. Even when indulging in this refreshment, she was thoughtful enough to pace upon the veranda or crouch beside the fireplace, so that the fumes should pass up the chimney. For several days I had addressed her simply as "Aunt." I supposed her to be a nurse from Watertown that I knew my husband had engaged for me, but whose name I had forgotten. His business kept him from me during the day; we had conversed very little as yet, for he still had an absurd feeling that I was not out of danger, and must be kept quiet; and his only reference to my attendant had been—

"You are satisfied with your nurse—are you not? She seems remarkably faithful. I'm sure

I don't know what we should have done without her."

But a woman, even a sick woman, cannot be kept silent long, and one day I asked the nurse her name.

"Dey calls me 'Ministerin' Meally,'" she replied.

I started involuntarily, and gave her a sharply-scrutinizing glance. What I saw reassured me, and, saying to myself, "There must be two of them," I added, aloud, "I should not think you would like to be called so, for you must know the queer stories they tell of the other Meally."

"Dar ain't no odder Meally," said the woman, shortly.

"And are you really a ghost, then?" I exclaimed.

Her lips curled scornfully.

"You needn't be skeered, honey, if you nebber see no wuss ghosts dan I be."

Her answer seemed to me equivocal.

"I wonder if you really know that people think you are a spirit that appears at every sick-bed when other help cannot be obtained, and is just as certainly present, though unseen, when there are other nurses in attendance?"

"Dar ain't no harm in bein' a ghost dat ebber I heerd," said Ministering Amelia—for this was the name which had given rise to her floury *sobriquet*—"an', harm or no harm, it's true 'nuff anyway. I'se one ob dose dat has passed from deff unto life. It is nigh on to twenty year now since I died!"

I looked at her wildly, feeling that either she or I must be crazy; but she went calmly on with her recital:

"I'se seen many an' many a death-bed, Miss Northly; 'pears like I orter been prepared for deff; but seems like we get so used to dis yere immortal life, dat we don't nebber calculate on leavin' it—specially nusses; dey tinks mosly dat ebberybody else can die but dar own sebs; so, when I come to taste de las' bitterness, it was jus' as much a surprise to me as to anybody."

"Dar was Amandy Likely dat I'd been tryin' to bring up to my perfeshun come in to lay me out, an' my son Pete a-hollerin' an' takin' on in de wood-shed, same time as he blacked his boots for de funeral, which come a little later, wid me a-lyin' in my pine-wood coffin, de mourners all a-weepin' and blowin' dar noses, an' Elder Smifkins, he dat had been a-teasin' ob me for more'n a mufn past to marry him (my own ole man'd only been dead about six weeks), a-offerin' up de pra'r and exortin', an' blowin' his nose louder dan dey all; my son Pete a-kneelin' by de do' a-groanin', 'Take me, too, good Lord!' while I minded dat Amandy war behine de do' a-squeedgin' ob his han' and tryin' to comfort him; an' I knowed he'd a been mightily outed ef de Lord had tuk him

at his word; he'd a heap sight rudder Amandy a-took him dan de Lord."

Ministerin' Meally paused, and, thoroughly interested, I inquired, "What came next? How did heaven seem, Amelia?"

"Didn't see nuffin' ob it. While dey was a-raisin' ob de tune, my soul floated away on it to meet de Lord in de air. He had a stern kind ob look, an' he says to me, 'Pears like, Meally, you looks mighty cross about sumfin.' Den I kivered my face fur shame, and dussent speak one word. 'Here I'se called you away from a worl' ob sin an' misery,' says de Lord, 'an' am jus' about to po' de glories ob hebbin on your unworly gaze, an' you looks as discontented and onhappy 'bout it zif you had de toof-ache.' Den I told de Lord dat I didn't know nuffin 'bout hebbin, an' it seemed zif de mo' sin an' misery dar was in dis yere worl' de mo' Meally was needed to minister. 'Clar now,' says I, 'I 'don' see how deys goin' to do widout me down at Flamingo an' de country neighborin' roun'. I'se tried to 'struct Mandy faithfully in de duties of her perfeshun, but jus' look at de way she's laid me out! Dis yere shroud ain't got no fit to it; reckon I looks sumfin' like a chicken wid its head troo a hole in a salt-bag, an' dar ain't one scrap of ruffin' on my cap. 'Pears to me, too, dat she nebber tied no crape to de shanty-do' latch. Now, what kind of a nuss is dat flighty young ting goin' to be for delicate, faintin' ladies, little squawkin', spasmy babies, an' swarin', cussin', onreasonable men, as fires pillows an' 'hot-water jugs at you for tryin' to make dem comfortle, an' is forever tarin' off dar mustard-plasters soon as dey begins to draw?' Den de Lord tole me, if I was willin' to take my hebbin out of doin' good sted ob playin' on harps, I might come back to dis yere worl' an' enjoy it; but, jes' so soon as I tired of it, he'd come an' fotch me away for true."

This was my introduction to Ministerin' Meally. I offer no explanation or theory of my own in regard to her. She was looked upon by the entire negro community as a spirit. What was more, she was herself firmly persuaded as to her supernatural character, but she was by no means a lugubrious ghost: she believed in good cheer both for the bodies and minds of her patients, and, while I regaled myself on some dainty prepared by her deft fingers, would keep my mind interested with long stories, romantic and otherwise, which had come under her notice in that library of most impossible fiction—real life.

"I likes to see you smile, honey," she would say, "laughin's about de bes' kind of medicine dar is. I'se known de rheumatiz to be clar cured by it. Dar was ole Colonel Slasher was all drawn up wid it; he used to swar powerful when de pains cotched him, till he foun' out dat only aggravated de disease; den he took to complainin', an' a-scolidin', an' a-groanin', an' dat ar didn' hab no good effect; den he took to prayin' an' singin' psalm-tunes; dat helped him to bar his pains like a Christian, an' was much more pleasanter to dose who had charge of him, but it didn't ease dem none; finely, he jus' laughed, an'

'clar to goodness, Miss Northly, he jus' shook all de rheumatiz out of his bones; but den he was a powerful han' at larfin'."

Of course, Meally knew all the inhabitants of the entire country round about. We were strangers, having come to Florida to escape the winter; I had no callers, but as I lay upon my couch, which I had rolled up to the French windows that I might have a view of the other visitors and idlers at Flamingo loitering up and down the long plank-walk, Meally often entertained me with the history of her acquaintances.

There was one couple in whom I had become much interested. I judged, from the extreme devotion of the white-haired little man to the tall, sweet-faced girl, that they were strangers passing their honeymoon at Flamingo, and, under this supposition, had not asked Meally about them. I wondered whether the bridegroom had been a widower: certainly no past love could have been so absorbing as the one which showed itself so unconsciously in his every look and gesture. He was shorter than the lady, of a comfortably-rounded figure, but with a remarkable elasticity of step, accommodating itself to the graceful slide of his companion's gait, which invariably carried her a little ahead of him, by a little hop that brought him at regular intervals to her side again. It was this peculiarity in his walk, with a sidelong, upward glance of the eye, which continually sought the lady's face, as well as his pleasant rotundity of vest-front, that caused me to dub him (mentally) the little cock-robin; but there was none of the pertness of a Jenny Wren in the gentle bearing of the lily maiden by his side. "How very devoted that gentleman is to his wife!" I remarked one day to Meally, as she sat toasting my baby's pink toes by the light, open fire. Meally turned the baby upside-down and gave a glance over her shoulder at the passing couple.

"Bress you, Miss Northly! dem ar ain't no married folks! you nebber seed no husband set so much by his wife as Colonel Le Roy does by his darter; gold ain't good enough for dat gal to walk on. Dar, now, honey" (this to the baby, accompanied with many little taps and pats), "don't holler no mo', an' Meally'll gib yer some hot mint tea, bes' ting in de worl' for wind on de stomach, so de Bible says."

"How is that, Meally?" I asked.

"Why, don't de Bible say, 'Milk for babes, an' mint and anise is a-comin'?' Don't know about dat ar anise, but juleps an' babies wouldn't be nowhar 'thout mint."

Meally had a strange way of interpreting Bible texts, and I had yet to hear still odder renderings.

"Tell me something about Colonel Le Roy and his daughter," I asked; "they interest me very much."

"I'se knowed dat Cecilia Le Roy sence she wa'n't no bigger dan dis yere baby. I nussed her ma—she died in convulsions when Miss Cecilia was born; but, law, Miss Northly, her pa's done suffered mo' for dat chile dan her ma ever did! Suffrin' ob de body ain't anyting; it's suffrin' ob de mine dat turns de har white and kills de sperrit while de body goes on lib-

bin'. Dat's what turned Colonel Le Roy from a strong young man to de gray-headed leaper he is."

"Leaper?" I repeated, wonderingly; "I don't understand."

"Wall, jumper, den; 'pears like you mus' a-took notice how he goes dancin' 'long zif de plank-walk war het red-hot an' burnt de soles ob his feet."

"Do you mean dat he has de St.-Vitus's dance?"

"No, ma'am; I means dat he has de leprosy, like dat ar Naaman dat went out from de presence of Elisha, a leaper as white as snow." Evidently, Meally had heard de story of de leper read at camp-meeting by some ignorant exhorter not up in his pronunciation, and leprosy being a disease which she had not met in her professional practice, she had given de word this comical signification. "Dat ar was a sorter backhanded merracle," she continued; "our Sabeyer allus did em de udder way, makin' de leapers well; but Colonel Le Roy was turned into one ob a single night, an' it was de Lord's doin's to gib him a perpetual 'minder of his sin, an' to save him from wuss condemnation."

"How tantalizing you are, Meally! Do give me de whole story, instead of little scraps of it in this way."

"Fact is, Miss Northly," said Meally, "Colonel Le Roy used to be jus' about de wickedest man in Floridy. 'Twa'n't only dat he gambled an' drank an' fit 'casionaly; mose any gemmen can do dat an' still be decent so long as he is a gemmen. But de colonel war downright dishonest, an', do' he war mighty rich, he'd been pore as Job ef he'd only had de money dat he got by right. Wall, not long arter de war a little, lean, foxy man, named Dr. Slinks, came a-carpet-baggin' down in dese yere parts. Flamingo want no sort ob a place, den. De colonel owned pretty much all de lan', an' dar was only a few odder no-account families in de neighborhood. Dr. Slinks soon got mighty intimate wid de colonel, an' persuaded him dat it was jus' de place fur a winter-station—all it needed was a big hotel, some mineral springs, an' lots ob advertisin', to 'tract de Northern people down here, an' make 'em spend dar money; an' he 'lowed ef de colonel would build de hotel he'd 'gree to fine de springs an' de advertisin', an' dey'd go shars on de money. Wall, de colonel'd already had a lot ob lumber brought up de ribber, an' landed 'cross de bayou dar, 'long wid a powerful big biler. He 'lowed to build a saw-mill den, but de doctor's idee seemed de bes', an' he tole him ef he'd fine de springs near whar de lumber was, he'd set right about buildin' de hotel wid it. Wall, 'twan't two weeks after dat ar 'fore all de papers come out wid flarin' 'nouncements ob de Flamingo Mineral Springs, picturs of de hotel wid gemmen an' ladies walkin' an' ridin' roun', an' all de while dar wa'n't no hotel, nor no springs, nor no gemmen an' ladies, nor nuffin'. But de doctor war at work wid a passel ob de boys, on de hill back ob my little shanty, a diggin' an' a-excavatin', an' a-layin' down pipes like as do' dey were goin' to build a railroad. Den dey come down into de holler, an' 'propriated a little spring an' branch whar my son Pete had done sunk

a hogshhead fur me to do my washin'. It war jus' whar dat long row ob whitewash-houses is now"—and Ministerin' Meally pointed with her long, skinny finger across de shimmering bayou to where de showy but no longer used bath-house, with its Oriental-appearing arcades connecting it with de hotel farther down, glittered white in de sunlight, its arabesques of gaudy tiles outlining de Moorish arches at this distance in faint lines of mingling color, like those in a Persian shawl.

"Fust place de doctor dug out a basement an' rolled de biler down into it, wid 'nuff coal to fill a mine. Den de steamboat landed a load ob barr'ls full ob some kind ob washin'-sody or horse-powder medicine, an' dey was all rolled in dar, too. An' its nex' trip it brought a big limestone basin, all chizeled out smooth, wid a little fountain in de middle. Dey sot dis in de biggest room, wid steps leadin' down, and a iron railin' roun', an' silver-plated mugs chained to it, an' little baf-rooms all roun' about, fitted up mighty peart wid silver-plated fa'cets. But, den, dat ar water—yer order tasted it, Miss Northly—it was clean spoiled! Used to be de nicest, sweetest, coldest spring roun' about; but I might as well hab chucked all de rotten eggs in Flamingo in it, an' it was dat warm you could skerce bar' your han' in it. But, law! it was jus' as de doctor had said. Strangers come a-flockin' down in crowds, an' de colonel, who kep' de hotel, an' de doctor, who minded de sick folks, had dar han's more'n full. De doctor went a-drivin' all ober de country to find nusses to take care ob 'em, an' one mornin' he come arter me. Says I, 'Dr. Slinks, I'se a serbant ob de Good Physician, I is, an' 'siders myself engaged fur de comin' season.'

"When does your 'gagement end?" says he.

"Wid de day ob judgment," says I.

"You must do as you please, Meally," says he; 'but I'se got eberyting fixed com'f'able fur my sick folks an' nusses—whereas, "De foxes hab holes, an' de birds ob de arr hab nests, but your Master—"

"Dr. Slinks," says I, 'pears like I'd rudder shar a dugout wid a fox, or roost in one ob dose nestes wid a buzzard, so de Lord Jesus war wid me, dan lib in your house whar de water comes a-bilin' an' a-smokin' straight up from de bottomless pit wid all ole Satan's brimstun a-sizzlin' in it.'

"After dat de colonel come down his own self to see ef he couldn't make me change my mine,

"Colonel," says I, 'you knows dat dese yere warm sulphur springs smells wuss in de nostrils ob de Lord dan all de smoke ob Sodom an' Gomorrey; 'tain't wid no sech water as dat dat you kin wash your guilty soul. You is like Ephraim, colonel, an' may de Lord hab mercy upon you!'

"Who was Ephraim, Meally?" says de colonel, not a bit outed by my plain speakin'.

"Ephraim war a cake unturned," says I; 'an' you know, sah, what happens to a flop-jack when you don't flop it. Your soul is done pretty brown now, colonel, an' ef you don't flop it purty soon it'll be burnt so brack dar won't be no use in turnin'.'

"Anyting funder, Meally?" says he, a-risin' an' takin' his hat.

"Yes, sah," says I. "Whateber you does wid your own soul, I don't see how you can leab your darter so much in de society ob dat red-harred, red-handed doctor."

"De colonel started."

"Hab you noticed anything, Meally?" says he; "do you tink he cahs fur her?"

"Ebery one mus' look arter dar own fam'ly," says I; "an' jus' now I got all I kin do to ten'ty to my son Pete."

"But de colonel took warnin' from what I said. He seemed to tink, after dat, dat a hotel wa'n't no place fur Miss Cecilia, fur he got a clerk to take his place ob nights, and moved across de bayou to a little cottage on dis berry street. Dar neber war no danger dat Miss Cecilia should tink too much ob Dr. Slinks. She's a good Southern girl clar too, an' neber could bar Northerners ob no 'scription; 'sides, she had anodder lubber, Lieutenant Deanville, who serbed all troo de war on one ob de Confederit gunboats. Arter peace come, he got reconstructed, and 'pinted to a place on de United States Naby. Miss Cecilia didn't like dat: she tought it war too much like goin' back on his principles, an' she broke off dar engagement; but I knowed all de time dat her heart war sore 'nuff about it."

"Tings went on so fur 'bout two or tree year. Dar seemed to be a heap ob money made at de hotel, but some way it all went into de doctor's pocket; he was too smart fur de colonel, and jus' raked all de stakes ober to his side ob de table, and byme-by de colonel began to be r'al'y troubled fur money. Carryin' Miss Cecilia ober to dis side ob de bayou didn't seem to get her out ob de doctor's way nudder: he had a little skiff, an' he allus went out a-row'in' in it fur exercise ob a night. Finely he an' de colonel had a talk about it. De colonel war mighty onwillin' at first, for he knowed de doctor wa'n't a good man, but de money decided him, an' at last he gub him his consent to go sparkin' Miss Cecilia. 'Bout de same time dar began to be some whisperin' 'roun' dat de springs wa'n't jus' quite right, an' de doctor sole out his shar in 'em to anudder gemmen widout ebber so much as sayin' 'By your leab' to de colonel."

"When de colonel heard it he was ravin' mad; it was late in de ebenin', an' de doctor war down to de baff-house a settin' de chemicals to work fur de nex' day, same's I set my hop-yeast ober night; he was allus partikler about 'mittin' nobody at dat time, but de colonel went right down, an' says he, 'See here, Slinks, 'pears like you ain't been doin' de squar' ting by me;' an' den he tole him dat de man dat had bought de springs had jus' called an' tole him 'bout de transaction. 'Tought you made it one ob your conditions,' says de doctor, 'when you gabe me permission to spark your darter, dat we woz to close up dis yere business?' 'Sartin,' says de colonel, 'but you know I meant dat we woz to bofe go out ob it togedder, an' shut up de whole blasted ting for good an' all; an' dis gemmen tinks de springs is a honest concern, an' you've lef' me to splain to him dat it's a swindle, an' to take all de blame on my shoul-

ders.' Wall, de doctor didn't gib him no satisfaction, an' words kep' runnin' higher an' higher betwixt 'em, till de colonel called de doctor names what no gemmen can stan' from anudder, an' said he woz glad he'd foun' him out in time, coz now he shouldn't let him marry his darter. 'I neber had no 'tention ob marryin' her,' says he; 'couldn't ef I'd a-wanted ter; I'se got a wife an' fo' chillen already up in Connecticut.' 'Den what'd you mean by makin' lub to her?' roared de colonel. 'You'd a foun' out to-morrow mornin' in de natural course ob events,' says de doctor, 'but sence you've got hold ob de business part, I don't mind havin' de whole matter understood between us befo' we part. I has made all my 'rangements to leab dese diggin's for good an' all at midnight, an' Miss Cecilia goes wid me. I don't mind sayin' dat she's an uncommon agreeable young lady, sence it's gin'rally allowed dat she don't favor her pa. She beliebs, ob course, dat I am goin' to make her my wife, an' 'pon my honor, colonel, I would ef I could.' De colonel didn't wait to hear no more, but jus' struck out for de doctor, but he was under a big disadvantage, he hadn't tought to bring his six-shooter down to de baff-house wid him, an' de doctor had his near an' handy by, an' kep' him off while he backed out ob de do' an' locked him in. Dar wa'n't no udder way out, an' de winders at de baff-house are all little pinted tings, so high up in de wall dat a man de colonel's size could jus' reach de bottom ob de sash wid his han'; some ob dem looked out across de bayou toward his cottage, an' de colonel, by gibbin' a jump, could look out an' see a lamp a-burnin' in Miss Cecilia's room, an' he knowed she was a-waitin' fur somebody—woz it fur him or fur de doctor? He couldn't hold himself up by de winder-seat but jus' a minute at a time, an' when he jumped again, he see de doctor a-settin' out in his little boat, an' a-rowin' ober toward dis sho'. Dar wa'n't no moon, but de night wa'n't an out-an'-out dark one, an' de nex' jump showed him a close kerridge wid lanterns, an' two white hosses, waitin' at de landin' fur de doctor."

"When he looked out again it was gone, but de light still burned in his darter's winder, an' he wondered ef she war dar, an' kep' on jumpin' in hopes ob seein' her shadder pass it. De panes in de baff-house winders were red an' blue, an' shaped like diaments; when he looked out ob a red pane he see de lamp flarin' bright an' clar, an' he felt sho' dat his darter war still dar, but when his leap brought him agin a blue pane de light 'peared to go out, an' his berry life wid it, fur he tought she'd clean gone forebber. At dose moments he'd gladly hab changed places wid Miss Cecilia's pore dead mother, who died when she was born. Befo' it had come to dis, he had took notice ob somefin' else, when he fell back on to de stun flo' after a jump; it was slippery as glass, an' purty soon he felt his feet a-gettin' wet, an' about de time de kerridge disappeared de water war ober his shoe-tops. Den he knew dat de doctor had turned de water on, so dat befo' mornin' de whole reservoir on de hill would be emptied into de

baff-house. It was gurglin' up slowly troo de little whirlin', sprinklin' fountain, a leetle higher an' a leetle higher ebbery minute, and no outlet fur it till it should get up to dem winders. De colonel knowed jus' how many gallons dar was in de reservoir, jus' twice as much as dat room would hold. He sloshed aroun' in de dark, an' opened all de doors into de little baff-rooms, but, law! dat was only puttin' off de ebil day, an' he knowed it; de nasty, gassy water kep' a-comin' up; it was wuss'n a rat bein' drowned in a cistern, coz de rat has clean water to be drowned in. He took off his coat, an' vest, an' shoes, so as to be ready to swim when de water got beyond his depf, den he began to jump again, an' wid de heel ob his shoe bust out de glass from de lower sashes ob all de windows. But all de time, Miss Northly, 'twa'n't his own deff he was tinkin' of, it war de wuss dan deff dat waited fur his darter. He thought ob how she nebbor could bar de doctor, an' how he'd talked her into bein' civil to him, an' told her lies about his bein' a man ob honor, an' begged her to try to lub him fur his sake, an' he knowed he was goin' straight to judgment wid dis sin on his soul. He did more prayin' between dose jumps dan was eber done at de liveliest camp-meetin' ebber held. But he nebbor once axed de Lord to hab marcy on *him*, it was all de time—'Sen' me to de bad place, good Lord, but sabe my darter.' An' I tink dat, fur dat 'casion, it was a better pra'r dan 'God be merciful to *me*, a sinner.'

"Bye-by de water lifted him off his feet, an' he began to swim. It riz an' it riz, but it seemed to him dat it nebbor would reach dem winders, an' dat his strength would give out 'fo' it did. He jus' had sense enough left when it begun to slop over to know it. He swum up to one ob de winders, knocked out de glass from de upper panes, an' steadied himself dar by puttin' his arm troo. De cool ar kinder brought his senses back, de blood was runnin' down his han' whar he had gashed a finger wid de broken glass, an' he wrote wid it on de clean white plaster ober de winder: 'Drowned like a rat by Slinks. Lynch him!' Den he looked out across de bayou toward his home—de light was out!

"Wall, Miss Northly, you'll wonder how I come to know all dis. Miss Cecilia told me some tree weeks arter, an' dis yere berry night de angel ob de Lord come to me an' tole me to go to Watertown to nuss a sick lady dar. Now de angel had said dat de matter 'quired haste, an' Watertown war nine miles off; de railroad stopped dar den—hadn't been brought up as far as Flamingo. I could see de pore sick lady in my vision, an' I knowed, by de look ob her face, dat, ef she didn't have help befo' mornin', she'd die, an' at fust I was greatly 'plexed in mine, but finally I ses, 'Ef de Lord bids you go, Meally, he means you shall get dar, eben ef he has to send 'Lijah to drible you in his chariot ob fire.' So I packed up de few tings dat was necessary, an' began to tramp it. I passed by Colonel Le Roy's house, an' noticed de light in de winder. Somefin' said to me: 'Dat ar light's for you, Meally; you'se wanted dar.' 'Ain't got no time to stop,' says I. But de still,

small voice spoke to me agin, an' I turned roun' an' went back to de house. As I stepped on to de veranda Miss Cecilia opened de door; she started when she see me. 'I tought it was fader,' says she; 'what can keep him so late?' 'Don' know, honey,' says I, 'is you sick or anything?' De Lord tole me to come here to-night.' 'I am berry glad you'se come, Meally,' says she, 'I'se all alone in de house, an' in a power of trouble.' Den she said dat Dr. Slinks had written her to meet him down by de landin', an' dat he wanted her to marry him. She tought he ought to hab an answer, but she was dat skeered ob him dat she dursn't meet him alone an' tell him dat she didn't lub him, an' didn't want him to pester her no mo'.

"Jus' write a note,' honey, says I, 'an' tell him so, an' I'll gib it to him fur you!' When I started out ob de do' she took off de white burnous she had on, an' threw it over my head an' shoulders. When I'd got mose down to de landin', I see a hack waitin' dar, an' was jus' lookin' roun' fur de doctor, when two men came up behind me, throwed a thick scarf ober my face, an', holdin' my han's behine me, boosted me into de kerriage. As dey shut de do' I heard a voice, dat I know war de doctor's, say, 'Dribbe as fas' as you can to Watertown; I mus' get dar in time fur de mornin' train.' An' den he clumb up wid de drier, an' we set off, rattletebang, till I shuk around like a little kernel in a big nut-shell. 'Wall, now,' tinks I, 'dis yere ain't zactly 'Lijah dribin', but I reckon I'll git to Watertown 'bout as quick as his ole chariot could a took me.' We got to Watertown 'fo' daylight, but de train had left, an' we drobe up to de hotel; I had managed to get de scarf off my face, but I pulled de burnous down ober it, an' when de kerriage stopped de two men took me by my arms, an' walked me up-sta'rs, an' into a room, whar dey locked me in. Tinks I, 'Here I is in Watertown, sho' 'nuff, but I ain't no much nearer dat pore lady arter all; I'll raise dis yere house anyway,' an' I rung de bell like mad. De chambermaid come up, tapped at de do' kind of cautious, an' asked what was wanted. I knowed her, an' says, 'Let me out an' I'll tell you.' 'Is you dar, Meally?' says she; 'I didn't know dar was any one here but de crazy lady dat Dr. Slinks brought.' 'I'se a-nussin' of her,' says I; 'she's asleep now, an' I want to run down to de drug-store arter some medicine for her 'fore she wakes up.' De gal let me out, locked de do' ag'in, an' I footed it fas' as I could down to de sick lady dat de Lord sent me to nuss. Little more'n I'd been too late, but we brought her to, an' she's libbin' now. It taught me a lesson, Miss Northly, an' I's nebbor doubted de Lord sence he sent de debble to be my coachman while I did his errands.

"When I come home, my Pete met me. 'Great doin's here,' says he. He was de janitor at de hotel, an' he tole how he foun' de colonel when he unlocked de baff-house in de mornin'. Soon as de colonel foun' dat his darter was safe, he had Pete whitewash ober de bloody writin' on de wall, an' made him promise nebbor to tell any libbin' human about it. Den he splained de w'hole matter to de man who

bought Dr. Slink's shar', an' gabe up de hotel, which was his own, to him, to make all right, an' dey shut up de springs an' said no mo' 'bout it. An' dat's how de colonel came to be a leaper, for ebber since dat night dat he spent a-hoppin' up an' down in de water he's had dat queah little hop in his walk. Some folks calls it rheumatiz, but I calls it a merracle. I was wrong too in sayin' dat dat ar sulphur-water would nebber clense his guilty soul, fur it 'pears zif de Lord had done gib him a taste of what dat udder lake is like, an' he ain't no Ephraim any longer, fur he's done turned from de error ob his ways."

Ministerin' Meally had finished her story. In a

few days I was so well as to need her ministration no longer. She did not refuse the money placed in her hand at our parting; we doubled the usual amount, knowing that she never made any charge when nursing the poor, but on the contrary always shared with them whatever money she might have. We remained in Flamingo but a few months longer, and I never met the strange creature again, though before leaving I read, with more pleasure and interest than I had ever before felt in perfect strangers, the announcement of the marriage of Miss Cecilia Le Roy with a certain Lieutenant Deanville of the United States Navy.

GEORGE SAND AT HOME.

I HAD the pleasure of being with George Sand a few days before the mortal illness which prostrated her. I was, perhaps, the last guest at the castle of Nohant whose coming was welcomed by the genial castellan.

As I was being whirled toward La Chartre, the neighboring station of Nohant I painted to myself a likeness of this celebrated woman, such as one might draw from the mosaic of her works and deeds, and thought to compare this ideal portrait with the original when we should meet. George Sand's *penchant* for imitating men, as well in her life as in her books, is well known. In the early part of her literary career, she delighted to take her walks dressed in masculine attire, and, until her death, she was passionately fond of smoking cigarettes. Always, in her numerous love-affairs, as well as in her unhappy marriage, she endeavored to preserve a sovereign superiority. She was in turn emancipator, socialist, and republican; she challenged, with manly courage, first society and then tyranny; she fraternized with heroes of barricades, was journalist and editor, and wrote glowing manifestoes for the "Com-mune of Paris." What wonder if this volcanic, revolutionary nature sometimes forgot, or seemed to ignore, its sex? But, if we look closer, these masculine traits disappear, and in their place we have a complete woman, with all her excellences and many of her weaknesses; a woman, too, no small part of whose greatness lies in the perfect consistency with her sex. Her nature always expresses itself in true feminine subjectivity; she solves all questions sympathetically. Her religious and philosophical views change with her favorites. She advocates free love with Jules Sandeau and Alfred de Musset, and Christian abnegation with Lamennais, the ardent priest, who erred in his short-sightedness, and, instead of the cardinal's hat, placed on his tonsure the red cap of the Jacobins. Now, she wanders with Pierre Leroux in the cloudy atmosphere of mysticism; then, follows Michel de Bourges in the extreme theories of socialism; and, later, writes revolutionary manifestoes for Ledru-Rollin, in the camp of radical citizens. To but one mind, that of Rousseau, does she hold herself faithful throughout her life, and

here is proved the deep truth of Goethe's celebrated words, "No one may think to overcome the impressions of his youth." The Genevese philosopher was the evangelist of her father's house; her grandmother knew "Émile" and "La Nouvelle Héloïse" almost by heart; Rousseau's writings supplied the first readings of the growing girl, and remained the constant companion of her womanhood. Her whole being was so influenced by him, and she so identified her circle of ideas with his, that he produced an impression on her character never to be effaced. She carried to such an extent this feminine leaning toward Jean Jacques, who has ever exercised a stronger influence over the fair than on the strong sex, that she endeavored to adopt his style, and, although later she sought to change it, in order to escape the reproach of imitation, she succeeded but poorly in the experiment.

George Sand never portrays a real man. All of her heroes are soft, feminine creatures, with more nerve than muscle. The reason of this is explained in the nature of her sex, as is also her enthusiasm for the author of "Émile." A close inspection of her heroes discovers them to be simply reproductions of her own ideal; they are all disguised Rousseaus, quite as *blaté*, weak, and sentimental, when it comes to disregarding conventionalities. Was it a sudden recognition of her forcibly disowned nature that led her, after the June revolution, to close the social-political period of her life, and impelled her to write those simple pastoral tales which in their purely artistic conception so clearly reveal the woman, and will perpetuate her name when her stormy, vehement writings shall long have been forgotten?

When I reached Nohant, near eleven o'clock, the family, with the exception of the hostess, were finishing breakfast. Her plate lay still untouched. She was in the habit of working late into the night, and consequently never appeared at an early hour in the morning. There were present, her son Maurice, who has taken the name of Sand, and has become celebrated through the mother, his sister Solange Clesinger, with their respective wife, husband, and children; and besides these several guests, of whom I will only mention the old friend and family

physician, Dr. Favre. He was also the intimate of Alexandre Dumas *father*, and was introduced by his son, in his last drama, "*L'Étrangère*," as the intellectual Dr. Remouin.

When George Sand entered, after welcoming me, she joined the breakfast circle, with a pleasant greeting for each member, permitting herself at the same time to be embraced by her grandchildren. During this family scene I stood at one side, and had an excellent opportunity of observing the celebrated woman. In stature she was short, and rather thick-set, showing somewhat the effects of age, though in her bearing not the least relaxation was observable. That incorrigible scoffer, Heine, for some years an intimate of hers, made the uncouth remark that her head looked like a ram's, and I could but admit that the simile contained more truth than poetry. The coiffure which madame adopted was greatly to blame for this resemblance, as it gave her face a three-cornered look. Perhaps, too, the large nostrils and full upper lip helped him to make his disrespectful comparison. She wore her rich hair drawn down over the low forehead in two waving lines, nearly touching the ends of the eyebrows, and puffed out by large cushions so as to almost cover the ears. It was supposed that after an attack of typhoid fever Madame Sand had resorted to false hair to supply deficiencies made by the disease, but it was found after death that she had used none but her own tresses, which were of remarkable luxuriance, silvered only here and there by lines of gray. But if her coiffure was unbecoming, her features large, even masculine, all was forgotten in a look at her glorious eyes, "in whose unfathomable depths," Théophile Gautier had said, "one might bathe." Of the same blackness as her hair, they had preserved much of their inward fire, yet, when at rest, they grew infinitely soft, and gave to the face a dreamy, almost melancholy, expression. The chin was small and wanting in energy, the lips may never have been beautiful, yet her whole person breathed peace, benevolence, and intellect.

I knew, from mutual friends, that George Sand when meeting strangers often evinced an embarrassment amounting almost to awkwardness, and that her conversation was never remarkable for wit or brilliancy. De Musset, who was certainly no stranger to her, confessed that her mind worked slowly, that her speech was often the reverse of fluent. I well remember the interview with her Carl Gutzkow was so anxious to obtain, and in which he was forced to guess at more than was said. It is true she was then in a trying period of her existence, in a distrustful and suspicious frame of mind, while now those agitating storms had passed away, leaving this much-enduring woman to enjoy a peaceful old age, after a life of fitful cloud and sunshine. At the same time, I almost regretted not having adopted a similar strategy to that of Beaumarchais's excellent biographer, De Loménie, who hit upon the original idea of introducing himself as a chimney-sweep, in order that I might observe this timid woman without constraint on either side.

The entrance of a servant with letters on a salver put a stop to my further reflections, and, as the mail was distributed, the dining-hall was converted into a reading-room.

"Your pardon," said George Sand to me; "my business of the day is to read my letters, otherwise I should lay them away and forget them entirely. Friends I answer by return of mail, unknown correspondents according to my humor." Then I watched the diligent hands break the seals in nervous haste, the dreamy countenance become animated by various emotions of interest, amusement, or perhaps contempt, while she read. Soon she had finished, and, rising, said, "Let us walk through the garden and neighboring village while we chat."

"She is a rare listener," said Heine, and rightly. During our walk, in which she pointed out the beauties of her residence, she spoke but little, listening attentively, however, to all I said, and observing me closely. I frequently felt her eyes fixed penetratingly on my face, while the most insignificant word did not escape her; if, however, our glances chanced to meet, she instantly lowered her gaze in a peculiar girlish manner, which gave an indescribable charm to the old lady. We conversed partly in French, partly in Italian; if I hesitated for a word or expression, she came quickly to my relief, thus testifying to her close attention, and betraying by this readiness a rare skill in entering into the thoughts of another. We strolled through the beautiful grounds which surround on all sides the castle where Madame Sand was born, and where two-thirds of her life have been passed; pines, poplars, and fruit-trees, shade the park, nearly hiding from view the stately mansion in its centre. At a short distance one side, another building, "*Le Pavillon*," finished with a high tower, luxuriantly overgrown with ivy, affords a charming view of the Black Forest, where were laid the scenes of several of her romances. "In winter it is cold and uninviting here," said my companion; "then we withdraw in-doors and depend upon ourselves for entertainment. We have many visitors, invited and otherwise, and you should see how merry can become the hostess, whom the world supposes to be the original of De Musset's gloomy woman, in his '*October Night*,' and how merry she can make her guests. At the end of the garden is our little theatre, which contains seventy numbered places, quite a good-sized stage, besides decorations and costumes."

In this place, at an earlier day, when George Sand still wrote for the stage, were often produced scenes from dramas just finished, to try their effect; these fragments, with some short pieces, and a dramatization of a novel by Collet Hoffman, whom she greatly admired, also played here, were afterward collected and published under the title of "*Théâtre de Nohant*."

"We used to amuse ourselves," she said, "with dramatic charades. We had, too, the pantomimes that Chopin introduced; he would improvise at the piano while our young people transposed his inspirations in mimic upon the stage, dancing comic ballets to them. Now we have entertainments with our

marionettes, which my son draws, paints, and arranges, while Solange, my daughter, provides the costumes."

Maurice Sand, besides being a talented painter, has also made himself known through his writings. Several romances, a few works on natural history, and a very creditable book upon the "*Commedia dell'Arte*," charmingly illustrated, owe their existence to him. His sister is a sculptor of considerable ability; their *ateliers* are adjacent in the castle.

"My Maurice," continued George Sand, "closely resembles his mother: he has a glowing, sensitive temperament, that knows no middle state—it burns with fierce heat or smoulders low. He shares, too, my love for the theatre. Until very recently, I had apartments in Paris where we often remained weeks at a time, principally to give ourselves this favorite indulgence. Every evening found us in some place of amusement, my preference being for light pieces, pantomimes, spectacles, and the like, rather than the more serious drama. We often visited the *Folies Bergères*." My face expressed my astonishment at the mention of this somewhat equivocal place of resort; she noticed it, but continued without comment: "Comfortably seated in a box behind curtains, which hid me from the other spectators, I was greatly entertained with the dances and plays, in which reigns the national spirit of fun, and a slap in the face or gentle kick calls forth loud applause. God has preserved to me the blessing of childlike joy. I admire, laugh, am astonished, and enter into the lives of others, as children do. The word *ennui* does not exist for me."

Notwithstanding her fondness for the drama, George Sand was wanting in the peculiar talent which insures success in writing for the stage, although two or three of her plays have won a lasting reputation. She is ever faithful to her model, Rousseau, the apostle of feeling, as shown in her descriptions, but the mere setting in scene is not sufficient, and hence it comes that the greater part of her plays are dramatized or dialogued romances, and lack action and character.

"Because I have little of the talent necessary for writing dramas," she confessed to me, "I willingly accepted the aid of a collaborator in that part of my literary work. Paul Maurice, for example, has written some pieces with me. It is less known, however, that Dumas, *filz*, assisted me with my most successful drama, '*The Marquis of Villemar*.' Without his help, I should hardly have succeeded in the attempt. Skill in bringing about the *dénouement*, and readiness in dialogue, are not my virtues."

Chatting like this, we crossed the park, and madame pointed out to me a little hill thickly grown with pines, whose branches sheltered the family burial-place.

"I shall also sleep there one day," she said, quietly. "Perhaps very soon, or it may be Heaven will spare me a little longer to my loved ones on earth, to whom I can still be useful. I am not so foolish as to fear death, but I am still fresh and hearty enough, in spite of my years, to remain a little

longer with my family, my village friends, and my birds."

This industrious woman, who knew no rest till Death laid his heavy hand upon her, found still time and inclination to take a childlike delight in simple pleasures, birds, and flowers, and was loath to go out from the world, where so much she loved must be left behind.

Through her mother, the granddaughter of a bird-fancier, she inherited a secret charm to work upon the feathered tribe; like Goethe's Lili, or the heroine of her "*Teverino*," she possessed the magic power of enticing the little singers to her; they came from all sides, seating themselves confidently upon her head, shoulders, or outstretched hands. She has told us herself, in "*The History of my Life*," of her favorite linnets, Jonquille and Agathe.

Evening reunited the resident and passing occupants of the château around the dinner-table. A quarter of an hour sufficed Madame Sand to make her toilet, which, though simple, even sombre, was always careful.

The meal over, the company withdrew to the adjoining drawing-room, an apartment of unpretending but most cheerful and homelike aspect. George Sand, her daughter, and daughter-in-law, occupied themselves with various kinds of needle-work, at the same time taking a lively interest in the conversation of the *salon*, which touched on all imaginable topics, the authoress sometimes taking the lead, though more given to encouraging the talking of others. Her remarks were usually short, almost epigrammatically clear, and always to the point. If the gentlemen became too vehement, her merry laugh would ring out—an effectual reminder.

When her son and a young Parisian journalist became very much heated in a political debate, raising their voices in an excited manner, she brought them to silence by quietly seating herself at the piano and striking the stirring chords of the "*Tannhäuser March*."

"I like spontaneous music," she told me, "that which suddenly, like a stream that has overflowed its banks, breaks forth from the soul in uncontrollable impetuosity—wild music, if I may so call it, because it is subject to no conventional rules, but is still full of harmony. During the Exposition of 1867 I spent nearly every evening in a little inn where a party of Hungarian gypsies performed. Yes, those gypsies, who, like the birds, followed any harmonious caprice, played exactly to my fancy. Such floods of melody, rising now in wild exultation, then dying away in blessed sadness and devotion, seemed to me to reveal all the happiness and sorrow of earth and heaven, every destroying and synthetic power of Nature. This, and infinitely more, did I find in the gypsy music. Ah! I am sorry that Liszt has become so learned."

She said this with so much feeling that the veil which usually concealed her timid voice fell as if torn asunder, and the words came out full, warm, and clear, her fingers at the same time involuntari-

ly wandering over the keys in an *adagio* of Miska Hauser. Breaking off, she rose with slightly-flushed cheeks, as if half ashamed of her emotion, and seated herself again at the table. In a little while she took a cigarette and lighted it. She smoked—that was the only peculiarity this extraordinary woman retained, her manner becoming more and more tranquil with advancing years. It was less smoking, too, than playing with fire. She soon threw away the half-consumed cigarette, and, resuming needle and work, became again completely the woman. The ladies were occupied in cutting out clothing, mending stockings, etc., for the needy, sick, and foundlings of Berry. All the poor of the community made pilgrimages to the castle of Nohant in search of aid; and none were sent away without relief. An apothecary-shop is connected with the domain, and the village physician visits the peasantry at the expense of the lady of the castle. It is not, then, surprising that the forty thousand francs, George Sand's regular income, were not sufficient for the exercise of such generous hospitality and benevolence, and one can easily comprehend the necessity which led her to conclude an agreement with the editors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whereby, in return for a stated salary, she bound herself to furnish two or three novels per annum. This was no difficult task; on the contrary, work was a recreation to her, the more so as she felt she was laboring for her family and the poor. It was no vain appellation under which she was known for ten miles around, "La chère dame." I was myself witness to a touching scene, where some sufferers had received substantial aid; they were so overcome with joy and gratitude as to be unable to utter a word, and it was the same with Madame Sand, who stood, speechless, with moist

eyes; nothing embarrassed her more than to receive thanks, she who had so much cause to merit them.

This true womanly trait of benevolence was her most prominent characteristic; there was nothing egotistical in her nature. She was personified unselfishness, even when it came to affairs of the heart. According to her own confession, made at the end of her life—"I examine my heart, and find it full of innocence and compassion, as in the days of my childhood"—this woman certainly did not possess the distorted sensuality so often ascribed to her.

The sphere of simplicity and kindness in which she lived was a necessity to her; she understood well how to exercise the art of true comradeship. How indulgent and encouraging she was to beginners! She possessed little delicacy of judgment—hence the moral and social errors of her life—but a superabundance of benevolence.

I can still see her as she, about midnight, took leave of the company, and, lamp in hand, went into the adjoining apartment, where her immortal "Marquis de Villemar" was written. A little mahogany bedstead, with hangings and medallions, upon which is represented the history of "Télémaque," a comfortable arm-chair before a wooden desk; and on the walls the portraits of her grandfather, the Marshal Moritz, of Saxony; her father, Colonel Dupin, an adjutant of Murat; her mother, her son, and her grandchildren—such is her study and sleeping-apartment.

In this room, and in that arm-chair, she died less than a fortnight after my visit. Her physician declared she had suffered unspeakably for months before her death, without betraying it to any one about her. Perhaps even the kindly smile with which she greeted and took leave of me hid an expression of physical pain with difficulty suppressed.

SAN FRANCISCO OF THE DESERT.

AS you leave Murano and its old fig-trees in the lagoon of Venice, the little island of San Francisco of the Desert lies floating far away from you between the blue of the sky and the blue of the water, like some vaporous vision in a tremulous distance of air. It seems so unreal, so unreachable and far-off a thing, that you understand why it escapes the curiosity of tourists who never make it the object of their pilgrimage. What you see of it is a mere mirage, a shadowy apparition that you fear may vanish into the night before you approach it. But it remains for you to know its loveliness.

It is surrounded by the sea-bloom of lonely marshes, all overgrown with plummy grasses, silvery sedge, tufts of a delicate, heather-like, rose-gray plant, yellow, star-shaped flowers with sharp, bluish leaves, and a stunted species of the ox-eye daisy.

When we stepped from our gondola, by the old wooden cross which the sea-winds have so bleached that all material sense is gone from it, the convent-bell was ringing for vespers, and to the soul-benediction of its call we entered the church.

What peace was under its low vault! It seemed to me that the world never had come that way in its ambition—so quiet, so removed from the jar and fret of common life, is that lonely convent set among the sea-weeds.

It is now served by some thirteen monks under the direction of a superior. They wear sandals on their feet, and a cord tied around their tan-colored gown. They belong to a begging order, living entirely on alms, with the exception of the support they derive from their sandy garden. Is it, then, because they are so free from the responsibility of labor and from wearying preoccupations about money-matters, or because they literally expect their daily bread to be given unto them, that such serenity smiles in their countenances? or is it through the renunciation of the world that they become initiated into such secrets of heavenly quietude as must remain closed for us? one wonders while looking at the superior of the convent, whose face is radiant like that of an untroubled boy.

Over the tranquil monastery, where a few men

to-day find compensation of rest and a shelter against the agitation of the passions they have renounced, broods none of the mysterious terror which we associate with the sacrifices of antiquity, but only the silence and the spirit of saintliness which is born of a constant contemplation of heavenly things.

The convent of San Francisco of the Desert would have been suppressed, and once more the little island have been left to the wild sea-birds and the washing of the tides, had it not been appropriated by Napoleon I., who gave it to the Emperor of Austria. And now it belongs to the venerable Patriarch of Venice. A mural tablet inserted in the church records the fact. Only one part of the island—that which would be called an orchard if, instead of fruit-trees, cypresses and white poplars did not grow upon it—belongs to the military jurisdiction of Venice; and, in the event of a war, cannons may be mounted upon the bastions, and the convent must be opened as a hospital.

But it suggests no such harassing chances. For, if it is afternoon, and the shadows begin to creep across the field, and you lie on the grass looking into the dome of blue above your head, or you watch the top branches of the trees faintly astir with the coming sunset-wind, or you follow the slow-moving figure of one of the monks going for meditation to his cell—and, behind that low embankment of coarse, matted grass close to you, the expanse of the lagoon is but a space of light, broken at intervals by long lines of an ineffable color, wherever beds of marsh-flowers appear—does not the story of the legend come back to you? And is it not the only one, *naïve* as it is, you care to listen to, in that dear, unprofaned solitude? For me the spell of a poetical superstition rested there. I found myself attuned to the serious spirit of the spot, and in unison with the harmonious influence of its profound peace.

In the old days when saintly enthusiasm and fervid fanaticism led men in crowds to the Holy Land, St. Francis, then a young man, went about the world preaching repentance of sins and acts of penance, to far-away people. He went to Egypt and to Syria, there to announce the Christian faith to the sultan and his subjects. But suddenly he was recalled to Italy, where the small religious community which his zeal had founded needed the inspiring influence of his presence. And he embarked himself on a ship that set sail for Venice. It was in the autumn of the year 1220 that from the ship's boat that was to land him he first saw, overshadowed by cypresses, the lonely island which was to become his temporary home, and remain consecrated for all ages by his pious life. He found it uninhabited save by a multitude of birds, who fluttered and flocked around him, welcoming him with the music of their joyous singing. He was greatly pleased with their innocent concert, but, as he began reciting his prayers, the singing of the birds became so riotous that he and his companion could not hear each other's responses, and he was obliged to order them to hush, which they did, not resum-

ing their song again till the holy service was over. So deeply moved was the saint by so manifest an intervention of divine guidance over the instinct of the birds that, obeying the impulse of his poetical nature, he suddenly determined to settle on the lonely spot. Without any food but such as he happened to have brought with him, and without any shelter save the protecting light of the stars that watched over him, he fell asleep and spent the night there. The cool morning wind was the only matins he heard calling him to prayer, when he awakened. Then he began breaking boughs of trees, binding them together with sea-weeds, and built himself a hut, and a narrow oratory—the same that is seen to-day, and where, in after-years, his wooden image was placed.

It was from the noble family of the Michelis of Venice that St. Francis obtained privilege to hold the island as his own. From time immemorial it had belonged to them, when, after having planted it and made it a garden of pleasure for summer delight, they were forced to abandon it on account of its insalubrious situation in the midst of deadly marshes; and a wild decay then settled over it.

The fishermen, accustomed to the solitude of their night-watches, marveled at the light they noticed burning on the island, and, having come to it to spread their nets, they discovered the hermit, and, being overcome by such saintliness, they carried the fame of it to the city of Torcello and to other places, and soon all the people of the neighboring islands came in crowds to admire St. Francis, who welcomed them, comforting their hearts with the consolation of his holy words. Nothing would he take from them except the pittance he required to support himself and his companion.

Tradition reports that it is from the island of San Francisco of the Desert that St. Francis sent the letters of convocation for the chapter that assembled near Assisi, in the same year; but, before taking leave of his dear hermitage of the sea, St. Francis planted his stick in the ground. It miraculously struck root, and became a tree of so extraordinary a size that it was necessary to support it with stakes. The winter sea-winds and storms of centuries have long ago destroyed it; yet, in the corner of the garden back of the monastery, there are three pieces of its trunk, the wood of which is unlike that of any tree growing in Italy. They are considered as relics. The legend adds that when the tree gave shade to the monks of the island, and birds hid their nests among the branches, people used its leaves as a medicament or wore them on their person as a talisman against disease.

After the final departure of St. Francis, some of his followers took possession of his hermitage. With the alms they received from pious souls, they changed the wooden hut into a chapel, and dedicated it to him, also making a rule that no lay person should ever enter it. So great was the veneration that haloed the island that, in 1233, the fathers who resided upon it built a convent, at the same time increasing the dimensions of the church. The marshes,

however, spread so alarmingly in that locality that it had again to be abandoned, and it remained a desert until 1400, when, by a brief from Pius II., it was put in repair and given to a brotherhood with orders to their vicar-general to keep it habitable. New stone foundations were raised around the island, and the campanile was built.

The convent as we see it to-day consists of two small cloisters expressive of humility and poverty. A well of spring-water stands in the midst of the first cloister, with a row of flower-pots of rose, oleander, lemon verbena, carnations, and the traditional sweet-basil, which is considered as the indispensable pledge of domestic good luck in every household in Italy.

The refectory opens upon the second cloister, and above are the cells of the monks, each one of them bearing over its door the name of some virtue—humility, chastity, poverty, obedience. May we not believe that, in some spiritual and unexplained manner, these words do carry into the heart their inmost meaning, while they guard it and watch over its purity like an ever-present, living conscience?

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Senate of Venice granted to the monks of San Francisco of the Desert the liberty of building a convent and a chapel on the mainland, that they might escape the ravages of the malaria. Eighteen of them persisted in remaining; and now, year after year, the hot season brings back fever upon the island, but in spite of the unwelcome guest the San Francisco fathers retain their untroubled, cheerful spirit of contentment. Every inch of their little domain is dear to them. They love it for the ideal it affords them in their consecration to a religious life, and it is to them a home where, day after day and all the year round, they can pursue their humble studies and avocations without fear of interruption. With childlike glee the superior showed us the leather-covered books used by the choristers, and which are filled with illuminations copied from old missals by some of the brothers.

It was mid-afternoon when I started to visit San Francisco of the Desert. The tide was out. Like a great swollen sponge, the marshes seemed to float on the sunlit surface of the water. Thousands of sea-gulls dotted them with motionless white spots, save when one of them suddenly rose with a shrill shriek and flew across the creek to another feeding-ground among lonely patches of tall, stiff grass, burnished and bronzed by the sun. In the sky gossamer, frayed-out clouds spread their almost imperceptible white silken threads. Fruit-boats were coming in from the fruit-islands laden with baskets of peaches and plums and grapes, and looking like a fleet of gayly-winged birds, with their fancifully-colored sails all decorated with symbols and devices. As they passed by they left in the air a track of a

fresh, delicious odor which was good to breathe. The sea and the sky had the look of happiness of a beautiful summer day, and, my companions being a painter and a poet, there was nothing to mar in my mind the impression of that lovely hour.

It was evening when I left the island.

Veiled and milky-white, as in Africa, the stars barely skimmed the lagoon asleep. The sun had set into a bed of flames, and heat-lightnings ran along the horizon like serpents of fire seeking to hide themselves. The poor old cypresses of San Francisco of the Desert were motionless and sombre. Nothing stirred their black and mute summit—neither the wing-touch of a bird, nor the night-wind, nor even that nervous shivering which sometimes is seen among the leaves. In the distance, Venice, like a pale, shadowy silhouette, was rapidly sinking under a transparent, violet mist. You distinguished only the slender form of its towers and the rounded domes of its churches. Struck by the moon, a tower sent its immense shadow over the water, and everything was hushed—everything save far-off, low voices, sounds rather, which came to us mingled with the salty odor of sea-weeds and the peppery perfume of marshy vegetation, and then faded away as in a dream.

A breeze had risen. We put up our sail, and, like a bird, wing-spread, our gondola flew before the wind, gliding so rapidly that the sail nearly dipped into the water, and then we heard the delicious gurgling of a little wave that murmured to us "Good-night" and went to die upon the bank, and all was silent again. The island we had just left was a mass of shadow against the sky. We could hardly make out the black cypresses and the stone-pine over the wall. Far, far away in the dim distance, beyond Murano, beyond Torcello and its silence of death, we heard the wild cry of some lonely bird, who unceasingly repeated the same plaintive note, and, like some unmated soul, received no answer.

We glided slowly on, leaving away behind us the lighthouse flickering at the horizon, and motionless masses of objects we could no more recognize. Only one fishing-boat hailed us and passed by, and, following the long row of wooden piles that serve to pilot one between the sand-banks and mud-flats of the lagoon, we passed by the shrine of Our Lady of the Marshes, to which fishermen bring their votive offerings of wild-flowers. We passed the lonely island-fort, where all was silent save the listless tramp of the sentinel; and then we suddenly stopped by the custom-house, where a guard woke us out of our dream by thrusting his lantern in our face, and asking us if we carried any wine or tobacco.

And all about us the tranquil night breathed its peace; and, when we reached Venice, the milky-way, with its phosphorescent net of stars, arched the sky over our head.

THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT.¹

BY GEORGE SAND.

I.

IT was in the autumn of 1873 that I first became connected with the De Nives family. It was during my vacation. I possessed at that time an annual income of about thirty thousand francs, acquired as much by my professional labor as a barrister in the royal court as by the assiduous and patient improvement of the real estate of Madame Chantabel, my wife. My only son, Henri, had just finished his law-studies at Paris, and I was expecting him the very evening when I received by express the following note:

"To M. Chantabel, barrister, at the Maison-Blanche, commune of Percefont, Riom.

"SIR: May I ask for your legal advice? I know that it is your vacation, but I will come to your country-house to-morrow, if you are willing to receive me.

"ALIX, COUNTESS DE NIVES.

"R. S. V. P."

I replied that I should expect the countess on the next day, and immediately my wife began to find fault with me.

"You always reply at once in the same fashion," she said, "and never let any one urge you or wait for you, just as a briefless barrister would do! You will never know how to make the most of your rank!"

"My rank? What is my rank, please tell me?"

"You have the highest legal rank in the country. Your fortune is made, and it is high time for you to take a little rest."

"That will soon come, I hope; but until our son has commenced the practice of his profession, and shown that he is able to take my place, I do not intend to endanger the situation. I wish to install him with every chance of success."

"You always talk in this way; you have a mania for business, and are never willing to lose a case: You will die in the harness. Let us see! Suppose Henri has not the ability to take your place?"

"Then, as I promised, I will retire and end my days in the country; but Henri *will* take my place. He is a good scholar; he is well endowed—"

"But he has not your physical strength and your determined will. He is a delicate child. He takes after me."

"We shall see! If the work is too much for him, I shall make him a consulting barrister, under my direction. I am sufficiently well known and appreciated to be sure that practice will not be wanting."

"Well and good, I should like that better. A consulting lawyer can give his opinion without leaving his home, and while living on his estate."

"Yes, at my age, with my reputation and experience; but this will not do for a young man. He must live in the city, and even go to see his clients. It will be advisable that, during the first years of professional duty, I should be near at hand in order to direct him."

"That is just like you! you do not wish to retire! Then of what use is it to purchase a château and go to the expense of making it habitable, if neither of you will live there?"

My wife had induced me to purchase the manor of Percefont, situated in the very middle of our estate, in the commune of the same name. This territory, within the inclosure of our land, had been a source of trouble to us for a long time, and we desired very much to become its owners; but the old Baron Coras de Percefont valued his ancestral manor at an exorbitant price, and determined to make the purchaser pay dear for the honor of restoring its ruins. We had given up the idea of possessing it, when the baron died without children, and the château, having been put up at auction, was bid off by us for a reasonable sum. At least thirty thousand francs were required to render barely habitable this nest of vultures, perched on the summit of a volcanic cone, and I was by no means so eager as my wife to incur such an expense. Our country-house, spacious, neat, convenient, sheltered by hills, and surrounded by an extensive garden, appeared to me altogether sufficient, and our acquisition had no other merit in my eyes than that of freeing us from an inconvenient and mischief-making neighborhood. The declivities of the rocks that bore the Tower of Percefont were available for the culture of the grape. The summit, covered with a growth of young fir-trees, would hereafter become a good cover for game, and I intended, if it were left undisturbed, to have there, in time to come, an enjoyable reserve for hunting. My wife did not take this view of the case. This great tower had disordered her brain. It seemed to her that, in perching herself there, she raised her social level five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Women have their whims; mothers have their weaknesses. Henri had always manifested so strong a desire to possess Percefont that Madame Chantabel gave me no respite until I had bought it.

It was almost the first word she said to Henri, while embracing him, upon his arrival, for I had only been two days in full possession of my new property.

"Thank your dear father!" she cried; "behold yourself lord of Percefont."

"Yes," I said, "baron of thistles and lord of screech-owls. That is something to be proud of. I think you must have some *cartes de visite* engraved which will acquaint the people around us with these lofty titles."

¹ "The Tower of Percefont" was the last novel written by George Sand.

"My titles are more lofty than those," he replied. "I am the son of the most able and most honest man in the province. My name is Chantabel, and I consider myself as greatly ennobled by my father's deeds; I disdain all other lordship; but the romantic manor, the steep peak, the wild wood, are charming playthings for which I thank you, my dear father, and, if you are willing, I shall find there in some pepper-box a little nest where from time to time I can read or dream."

"If that is the height of your ambition, I approve," I said, "and I give you the plaything. You will allow the game to come back which the old baron shot without cessation—having, I think, nothing else to put in his pantry—and next year we will hunt hares together. With this understanding, we will go to dinner, after which we will talk of more serious affairs."

I had indeed serious projects for my son, and we did not discuss them for the first time. I wished him to marry his cousin, Emilie Ormonde, who was familiarly called Millette, or, still better, Miette.

My late sister had married a rich countryman of the vicinity, the owner of a large farm, who had left at least a hundred thousand crowns to each of his children, Miette and Jacques Ormonde. Jacques was thirty years old, Emilie was twenty-two.

When I had refreshed Henri's memory in regard to this plan, concerning which he did not appear over-anxious to converse, I watched him still more attentively, as I had attacked him brusquely in order to surprise his first impression. It was more sad than gay, and he looked toward his mother as if to seek in her eyes the answer he must make. My wife had always approved and desired this marriage; I was, then, extremely surprised when, speaking instead of her son, she said, in a reproachful tone:

"Indeed, M. Chantabel, when you have set your mind on anything, it is like an iron wedge in a piece of rock. Can you not leave a single moment of joy and liberty to this poor child, who is worn out with exhausting labor, and who needs to breathe freely? Is it necessary to talk to him so soon about putting the marriage-cord around his neck?"

"Is it, then, a cord to hang one's self with?" I replied, a little angry; "do you find it so uncomfortable, and do you wish to make him think that his parents do not live happily together?"

"I know it is not so," Henri replied, quickly. "I know that we three make only one. If you both wish me to marry immediately, I stand for nothing, and wish to stand for nothing; but—"

"But, if I am entirely alone in my opinion," I resumed, "it is I who will count for nothing. Then, we do not make one in three, and matters will be decided between us by the majority of votes."

"Do you know, M. Chantabel," said my wife, who was not wanting in spirit on the occasion, "we are happy in marriage in our fashion, but every one understands it in his own way, and since the good to look for, or the evil to risk, must be personal to our son, my opinion is, that neither of us

should give him advice, but leave him to decide the question entirely alone?"

"This is exactly the conclusion that I held in reserve," I replied; "but I thought that he was in love with Miette, and had decided a long time ago to marry her as soon as possible."

"And Miette?" said Henri, earnestly—"is she as decided as I am, and do you think that she is in love with me?"

"In love is a term which is not found in Miette's vocabulary. You know her: a young woman, calm, pure, decided, and sincere; the personification of integrity, goodness, and courage. It is certain that Miette has a great friendship for you. She has, besides me, only one guide and friend in this world, her brother Jacques, whom she blindly loves and respects. Miette Ormonde will marry whomsoever Jacques Ormonde chooses, and, since his childhood, Jacques Ormonde, who is your best friend, has destined his sister for you. What do you wish for better than this?"

"I could never desire nor hope for anything better if I were loved," replied Henri; "but let me tell you, my father, that this affection on which I thought I could rely has for some time grown strangely cold. Jacques did not reply when I announced my approaching return, and Emilie's last letters displayed a noticeable reserve."

"Did you not set her the example?"

"Has she complained?"

"Miette never complains of anything; she only remarked a kind of preoccupation in your letters, and, when I wished her to rejoice with me at the prospect of your return, she appeared to doubt if it were as near as I announced. Come, my son, tell us the truth. You may safely make confession to your parents. I do not ask you to give an account of diversions for which Miette could reproach you. We have all passed through those, we students of former times, and I do not pretend that we were better than you; but we returned joyfully to the sheepfold, and perhaps in your correspondence with your cousin you have suffered a regret to escape for those diversions that you would do wrong to take too seriously."

"I hope not, my dear sir, for this regret was very light, and quickly effaced by the thought of your happiness. I do not recall any expressions that could have escaped me; surely I am not simple enough to have said, or even thought of, anything that would furnish a motive for the icy tone that my little cousin assumed in replying to me."

"Have you the letter with you?"

"I will get it for you in a moment."

Henri went out, and my wife, who had listened in silence, spoke up quickly:

"My friend," she said, "this marriage is broken off; we must think of it no longer."

"Why? Who has broken it off? For what purpose?"

"Miette is rigid and cold; she understands nothing of the requirements of a life of elegance in a certain situation; she is incapable of pardoning

a slight wandering from the right path in a young man's life."

"Nonsense! what are you talking about? Miette knows very well all the follies committed by her brother when he studied law in Paris, and I do not believe Henri has a quarter as many to reproach himself for. However, Miette never manifested any disquietude or vexation; she received him with open arms when he returned, two years since, as much a seeker after adventures, and as little of a lawyer as possible. She helped him pay his debts, without a word of reproach or regret. He told this to me not long since, adding that his sister was an angel for indulgence and generosity; and now you would like—"

Henri, who returned with the letter, interrupted us. This letter was not cold, as he pretended. Emilie was never very demonstrative, and her habitual modesty prevented her from becoming more so; but it was plain that she was under the influence of a trouble and some kind of fright in her own home that were entirely unusual. "Friendship," she said, "is indissoluble, and you will always find in me a devoted sister; but do not distress yourself about marriage; if time for reflection is necessary for you, it is also necessary for me, and we have made no engagement that we cannot discuss or put off according to circumstances."

"You will remark," observed Henri, addressing me, "that she calls me *you*, instead of *thou*, for the first time."

"That must be your fault," I replied. "Let us see! Come to the fact. Are you really in love, yes or no, with your cousin?"

"In love?"

"Yes, passionately in love?"

"He is at a loss how to answer you," said my wife. "He is asking himself, perhaps, if he ever were so."

Henri seized the line his mother held out.

"Yes," he cried, "that is true! I do not know if the respectful and fraternal sentiment that Miette has inspired in me from childhood can be called love. Passion has never mingled with it on either side."

"And you wish for passion in marriage?"

"Do you think I am wrong?"

"I think nothing about it; I am not making a theory. I wish to know the state of your heart. If Miette Ormonde loved some one else, you would be perfectly satisfied?"

Henri turned pale, and blushed at the same time.

"If she loves another," he replied, in a voice full of emotion, "let her say so! I have no right to oppose her, and I am too proud to allow myself to reproach her."

"Come!" I resumed; "the thing is clear, and the case is settled. Listen: we dined at four o'clock; it is hardly six. You can go to your cousin's in half an hour. You will take Prunelle, your good little mare, who has not been used much during your absence, and who will be enchanted to carry

you. You have nothing to say to Miette, excepting that, having this minute arrived, you hasten to grasp her hand and her brother's. This eagerness is the most concise and clear explanation of what concerns you. You will see if it is received with pleasure or indifference. Nothing more is required for a young man of spirit. Welcomed joyfully, you remain with them an hour, and return to tell us your triumph. Guided by the first words, you come back immediately without asking for anything more. It is very simple, and cuts short all the theories that we could make, as well as all the fine words we could say."

"You are right," replied Henri; "I will go at once."

II.

IN order to pass away the time, my wife took her knitting; I amused myself with a book. I saw, indeed, that she was burning to contradict and quarrel with me, and I pretended not to suspect it; but she burst out at last, and I let her alone to find out her thoughts. I discovered that her son's marriage with Miette had become undesirable in her mind, and that her letters or words had produced some influence in the estrangement of the lovers. She no longer loved her poor niece, and found her too much of a vine-dresser, too humbly born, for her son; her fortune was suitable, but Henri was an only son, and could aspire to a richer heiress. He had luxurious tastes and habits that Miette would never understand. She had made of her brother, once brilliant and polished, a great peasant, fast growing into unwieldy proportions. She had all the virtues as well as all the prejudice and obstinacy of a countrywoman. It was allowable to think of this marriage when Henri was still a scholar and a provincial. Now that he had come back from Paris in all the splendor of his beauty, his toilet, and his grand manners, he must look for a woman of quality, one capable of becoming a woman of the world.

I listened to all this in silence, and when it was ended I said:

"Do you wish me to draw a conclusion?"

"Yes; speak."

"Well, if this marriage is detestable, it is neither Henri's nor Miette's fault; it is the fault of the great Tower of Perceмонт!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; without this accursed tower we should always be the good and happy citizens of former times, and we should not find my sister's children too much like peasants; but since we have machicolations above our vines, and an ornamented door to our wine-press—"

"A wine-press! You do not intend to make a wine-press of our château?"

"Yes, my dear friend; and if this does not put an end to your folly, I intend to pull down the old barrack!"

"You cannot do this!" cried Madame Chantabel, indignantly. "The château is your son's: you gave it to him."

"When he sees that the château has turned your brain, he will help me demolish it."

My wife was afraid of railleury. She grew calm, and promised to wait patiently for Emilie's decision; but she soon had a new source of agitation. The hours passed, and Henri did not return. I was rejoiced; I thought his cousins had kept him, and that all three were very happy in seeing each other once more. At last it was midnight, and my wife, fearing some accident, was going back and forth from the garden to the road, when the steps of Henri's little mare were heard, and a moment after he was close by us.

"Nothing happened to me," he replied to his mother, who questioned him with great anxiety. "I saw Emilie a moment, and I learned that her brother had been living for a month on his farm in Champgousse, where he is having a large building put up. Emilie, being alone at home, gave me to understand that I must not prolong my visit; and, as it was still early, I directed my course to Champgousse to see Jacques. I did not remember the road, and went farther than was necessary. At last I saw Jacques, talked and smoked an hour with him, and here I am after riding three leagues on my way back through intricate paths which, without the intelligence of my horse, I should not easily have recognized in the obscurity."

"And how did Emilie receive you?" asked Madame Chantabel.

"Very pleasantly," replied Henri, "as nearly as I could judge in so short a time."

"No chiding, no reproaches?"

"None at all."

"And Jacques?"

"He was as cordial as usual."

"Then nothing is decided?"

"The subject of marriage was not agitated. That is a question we must discuss with you."

My wife, reassured, retired to her room, and immediately Henri took my arm and drew me to the garden.

"I must speak to you," he said. "What I have to tell you is very delicate, and I feared that my mother would take the matter so much to heart that she would not be prudent. This is what happened to me."

"Sit down," I said, "and I will listen to you."

Henri, very much troubled, related to me what follows:

III.

"FIRST, I must tell you the state of my feelings when I was going to see Emilie. It is very true that before quitting Parisian life I had a feeling of terror in thinking of marriage. The ideal dreamed of in my early youth had grown fainter year after year in the feverish atmosphere of the capital. You saw me so in love with my cousin when I began my study of the law that you were afraid—I well understood it—of seeing my progress in my studies retarded by impatience to get through with them. You did not understand that this fervor of love and marriage was a phase of collegiate life, and found its natural place

between the baccalaureate and the first law-entry. Perhaps you did not foresee that the impatience would very quickly be calmed, and, perhaps, desiring this marriage, you would have done better to allow me to come home in the vacations. You thought it your duty to divert me from an anxiety that I never felt after the first year's absence. You passed your own vacations with me, traveled with me, took me to the sea-shore, to Switzerland, and then to Florence and Rome—in short, you so well fulfilled your duty that I did not see Emilie for four years. The result is, that I dreaded to see her again lest I should find her no longer as charming as she had appeared to me in the splendor of her eighteen years.

"I thought of this while galloping toward her abode just as the sun was setting, and was tempted to moderate Prunelle's ardor, who went on the wings of the wind. She was forced, however, to do this for herself as we approached Vignollette, and to go at a slow pace up the sandy ascent that must be climbed to gain a view of the roof of the house buried in the foliage. There my disturbed spirit also grew calm, and an indescribably tender emotion took possession of my heart. The evening was beautiful; there was a golden glow in the heavens and on the earth. The mountains appeared in the mists of a rosy violet tint. The road shone under my feet like the dust of rubies. The vines waved playfully on the hills, and the great purpled branches, loaded with fruit already black, stood erect and hung in abundant festoons over my head. Pardon me, I became a poet! My happy, youthful days appeared once more. I dreamed over the scenes of my forgotten pastorals. I fancied myself transported to the time when, in my collegian's garb—too short for my great lean arms—I approached with a palpitating heart the abode of my little cousin, then so pretty, gracious, and confiding! I recommenced my love-dreams, and it seemed to me that hopes and desires which had taken entire possession of my being could not be a vain illusion. I spurred on my horse, and arrived, panting, feverish, fearful, and passionately in love as when I was seventeen years old!

"Do not be impatient, my father. I must sum up what was the past a few hours ago, a past already more than a century from the present.

"I trembled when knocking at the door—that little door painted green, still frayed and mended with great nails as in former times. I took pleasure in recognizing every object and in finding the wild honeysuckle shading the rustic entrance as fresh as ever and grown into a great bush. Formerly an iron wire extending along this arbor of vines was sufficient to give entrance to familiar acquaintances without troubling any one; but this hospitable confidence had disappeared; I had to wait at least five minutes. I said to myself: 'Emilie is alone, and perhaps she is at the end of the inclosure. It takes time to cross the vineyard, but she must have recognized my peculiar way of knocking; she will come and open the door for me as in the old times!'

"She did not come; old Nicole opened the door and took hold of my horse's bridle with an eagerness

full of trouble. 'Enter, enter, M. Henri! Yes, yes, mademoiselle is very well; she is at home, M. Henri; you must excuse us, it is washing-day, our people have all gone to the river to bring back the linen; this is the reason you had to wait. These are the days when everything is topsy-turvy, you know very well, M. Henri.'

"I cleared quickly the long and narrow walk, at least too long for my liking! Formerly they recognized my voice at a distance, and Jacques ran to meet me. Jacques was absent. Emilie came to meet me at the head of the flight of steps. She held out her hand first; but there was more terror than joy in her surprise at seeing me. She was dressed as she used to be, in a half-girlish fashion, the muslin dress, well turned back on the hips, the silk apron trimmed with lace, the little straw hat of peasant-shape, turned back behind over her magnificent braids of brown hair, still as pretty as ever, perhaps even prettier! Her fresh countenance had become a little more oval in form, her eyes were larger, and a more serious expression rendered her glance more penetrating, her smile more full of meaning. I do not know what we said to each other; we were both very much moved. We asked about the news, and we did not listen to the answers.

"I understood at last that Jacques (Jaquet, as she always calls him) was putting up buildings on a farm two leagues away. Champgousse is his part of the inheritance. For a long time the stables and barns had been going to ruin. He did not wish to trust the work to a contractor, who would have charged him a high price without doing things to suit him. He had, therefore, installed himself with his tenants, so as to be there from sunrise to sunset, and watch the labor of his workmen.

"But he comes to see you every day?"

"No, it is too far away; this would oblige him to rise too early. I am going to see him next Sunday, and be sure that he does not want for anything."

"It must be very tedious for him to be there alone?"

"No, he is so busy!"

"But does not this solitude make you sad?"

"I have no time to think of it; there is always so much to do when one has a home to take care of."

"You must come and live with us!"

"That is impossible."

"You are, then, still a model housekeeper?"

"It is necessary."

"And you like this austere life?"

"As well as I ever did."

"You do not think—"

"Of what?"

"I believe I came near committing myself, when Emilie rose abruptly as she heard the creaking of the door of the dining-room which adjoins the *salon*; she rushed forward in that direction, and I heard very distinctly these words, 'He is there—do not let him see you!'

"You start with surprise, father. I felt a rending of the heart. I heard the door shut, and Emilie returned, very much preoccupied and constrained, to

ask me idle questions about your health and what you were doing; for she knows everything that concerns you, and it was I who should have learned the news from her. I saw that my presence was torture to her, and that her eyes watched the clock in spite of herself to count the insupportable minutes of my stay. I took my hat, saying that I had scarcely seen you, and, besides, I did not wish to constrain her. 'You are right,' she replied. 'You cannot come here as you used to—I am alone in the house, and this would not be proper; but if you will go next Sunday to see Jaquet at Champgousse, we shall meet there.' I do not remember if I made any reply. I set out, running as if my clothes were on fire, went myself to the stable for Prunelle, and started at full speed on the road that would take me home. And then I stopped short, asking myself if I were dreaming, and if I were not insane. 'Miette Ormonde unfaithful, or concealing a lover in her house! No, it is impossible,' I said; 'but I wish to know and I will know! I will go and see Jacques. I will question him frankly. He is an honest man; he is my friend, and will tell me the truth.'

"I took the cross-road that leads to Champgousse. I lost my way sometimes, for it was entirely dark. At last I arrive in the obscurity, and catch a glimpse of the mass of buildings, which do not appear to me noticeably changed. I dismount in the midst of furious dogs. I look for the door of the master's dwelling, and suddenly this door half opens. In the light projected from the interior, I see the outline of Jacques Ormonde's silhouette in the attitude of getting out of bed.

"He throws himself into my arms, clasps me vigorously in his, cries out that he had gone to bed, and that he came very near taking his gun to receive me, for he thought it was a robber, the dogs made such an uproar. He took possession of Prunelle, and, still half naked, led her himself to the stable, where I followed to assist him in unbridling her. 'Let me do it,' he said, 'you cannot see. I see in the night like an owl, and then I know where to find everything.' In truth, he makes all the arrangements, gives water, grain, forage, to his 'little friend Prunelle,' returns without having waked any one, distributes plentiful kicks to his dogs, who still growl at me, makes me enter into his summer-room, whose sole luxury consists in guns of all calibres and pipes of all dimensions. There were neither books, an inkstand, nor pens; all was exactly like his student's room in the Latin Quarter.

"Ah! how long since you arrived in the country?"

"Since some time this afternoon."

"And you come to see me immediately? That is pleasant, indeed; and I thank you. How do they all do at your house? Truly, it is more than a month since I have seen your parents. I have so much to do here! I cannot leave; but they knew where I pitch my tent this time, since you surprise me here."

"They knew absolutely nothing, for they sent me to Vignollette, where I expected to find you."

"Here Jaquet's expressive face became distorted, and the great fellow blushed like a young woman at the least surprise. He exclaimed, in a tone full of fear and distress: 'You come from Vignollette? You have seen my sister?'"

"'Reassure yourself,' I replied; 'I have seen no one but her.'"

"'You have only seen her? She has, then, told you—'"

"'She has told me everything,' I replied, with assurance, wishing at any price to profit by his emotion in order to snatch the truth from him.

"'She told you—but you did not see the other?'"

"'I did not see the other.'"

"'She told you her name?'"

"'She did not tell me her name.'"

"'She intrusted the secret to you?'"

"'She intrusted nothing to me.'"

"'Ah, well! I ask in the name of honor, and in the name of the friendship you have for us, not a word of what you have found out! Will you swear not to reveal it?'"

"'I have no need to swear when Emilie's honor is at stake.'"

"'That is right. I am an imbecile. But you must take some refreshment, or smoke a pipe, a cigar—which do you wish? Take, choose; I am going down-cellar.'"

"'Do not take so much trouble.'"

"'It is very little trouble,' he replied, opening a trap-door in the middle of the room. 'My provision is always at hand.'"

"And in a moment he descended two steps, and returned, bearing a basket of bottles of every growth in his vineyard.

"'Thank you,' I said, 'but I have lost the habit of drinking wine in the way of refreshment. Have you any *can piquante*?'"

"'Truly; the acidulated source runs at my door. Here it is entirely fresh; put a little brandy in it. Hold! here is fine champagne and sugar; make some grog for yourself.'"

"I saw that, in serving me according to my taste, he uncorked his own wine, to drink himself; and, knowing how wine loosens the tongue, I feigned a great thirst, to induce him to drink on his side. I hoped for the revelation of the grand secret; but it was useless to swallow the wine of his hills; he always changed the conversation with an address of which I did not believe him capable.

"Besides, I quickly gave up the *rôle*. Why did I want to know the name of the man who had taken possession of my place in Emilie's heart? She ought to have said to me frankly: 'I do not love you any longer; I am going to marry some one else.' Jacques appeared to think that she had told me so. I wished to go directly to the fact, and I interrupted him in the midst of his digressions to say: 'Let us talk about serious affairs. When is the marriage to take place?'"

"'My marriage?' he replied, candidly. 'Indeed, I must wait a month before being able to declare myself openly.'"

"'You have, then, marriage projects on your own account?'"

"'Yes, great projects; but do not ask me to tell you anything more. I am very much in love, and I hope to marry—that is all. A month hence you will be the first one in whom I shall confide.'"

"'That is to say, that you will never confide in me in the present chapter, for in a month you will have forgotten it, and you will commence another.'"

"'It is true that I am unsteady. I have given too many proofs to deny it; but this time it is serious, very serious, upon my word of honor!'"

"'So be it; but I did not speak of your marriage. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. I spoke of Emilie's marriage.'"

"'Of my sister's marriage with you? Ah! that, unfortunately, is a doubtful question, to my great regret.'"

"'A doubtful question' is a charming expression! I exclaimed, bitterly.

"He did not allow me to continue.

"'Yes, certainly,' he said, 'it is broken. You ought not to complain, for it is according to your wish. Did you not write to Miette, a month or six weeks since, a kind of veiled confession, in which you doubted of the possibility of her pardon, and appeared to make up your mind with a very resigned sorrow? I understood very well, and, questioned by her, I told her in a pleasant way that the pleasures of youth were not a grave thing, and did not prevent true love from becoming again serious. She did not know what I meant; she asked me a number of questions too delicate to make it possible for me to reply to them. Then she went to see your parents; your father was not at home. She talked with your mother, who did not conceal from her that you were leading a gay life in Paris, and laughed in her face when she manifested astonishment. My dear aunt has sometimes a brusque frankness. She gave Miette clearly to understand that, if your infidelity scandalized her, the family would be easily consoled in spite of her. There would be no difficulty in procuring a finer establishment for you. Poor Miette was entirely cast down, and repeated the conversation just as it occurred, without any reflections of her own. I wished to console her; she said, 'It is unnecessary for any one to teach me what my duty is;' and, if she wept, I did not see it. I think she has had a great sorrow, but she is too proud to own it, and, from the moment she knew of your mother's aversion to your marriage, I do not believe she ever wishes to hear it spoken of.'"

"Surprised and angry to know that my mother indulged such feelings, but not wishing to learn through those she had wounded their grievances against her—feeling, besides, that the first wrong came from me, and that in my student's life I had made my infidelity too apparent—I asked Jacques to allow me to leave him. 'I am tired,' I said; 'I have a headache, and, if I am vexed, I do not wish to yield to it at this moment. We will put off the explanation to another day. When will you come to breakfast with me?'"

"'You,' he replied, 'must pass the day with me on Sunday. Miette will be here, and you can talk the matter over together. You will then have consulted your parents, and know if my sister's pride was voluntarily wounded; and, as I am sure that you will regret it, you will become good friends.'

"'Yes, we shall become brother and sister; for I presume she will tell me frankly what she should have told me this evening.'

"Thereupon we separated—he still gay, I sad as death. I had, indeed, a frightful headache, which was relieved by the fresh air; and now I am stupid and bruised like a man who has just fallen from the top of a roof upon the pavement."

When my son had finished speaking, we looked at each other earnestly, for, while telling the story, he had followed me into the drawing-room.

"I am very well satisfied with your recital," I said; "it is comparatively clear at the first view. However, if I had, like a judge, to take into consideration the detailed deposition of a witness, I should reproach you for not being very clear-sighted; I should ask if it were very certain that you found a man in Miette Ormonde's house."

"I am sure of the words I heard. Would she have said to a woman, in speaking of me, '*He is there—do not let him see you?*' Besides, Jacques's confession—"

"Presents to my judgment singular ambiguities."

"What?"

"I cannot say. I must reflect carefully, and make a serious inquiry. I will spare no pains, if it is necessary; that is, if you are still interested in her. Do you really love her very much? Is the trouble in which I now see you simply the result of wounded

pride? Are you offended to see Emilie so susceptible and so quickly consoled? In that case your reason and your goodness of heart will soon gain the ascendancy. The affair will clear up of itself: either Emilie will be justified, and you will still love each other, or she will avow her engagement with another, and you will go philosophically to her wedding. But if, as I think, your sorrow is sufficiently deep—if there is grieved and wounded love in your heart—then Emilie must return to you, and send away the suitor who has insinuated himself into her favor in order to take advantage of her vexation in your absence."

"Emilie ought not to have received the attentions of this pretender. She should have known that I was not a man to contend for a wife who compromised her reputation, and gave herself up to vengeance. I regarded her as a kind of saint; she is now no more in my estimation than a little inconsistent and undignified village coquette."

"Then you ought not to regret her, and you do not regret her?"

"No, father, I do not regret her. I had no longer any desire to be married; but if I had found her such as I knew her, or thought I knew her, I would have offered her my hand and heart out of respect to her and to you. Now I am rejoiced to be able to break the bond without grieving you, and without caring myself for the regret she will feel."

I could not obtain from my son any more softened avowal of his sorrow. He was so inflexible and stern as to disturb the first opinion I had formed, and lead me to think he would be easily consoled. It was late; we agreed to say nothing to my wife, and to put off to the next day our calm judgment upon the strange event of the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LARK.

A BOHEMIAN SONG.

ALL in a lordly garden,
And in the sun and shade,
Among the flower-beds weeding,
With fingers torn and bleeding,
There went a little maid;
The lark beheld her overhead:
"Why do you sigh?" he sang, or said,
"And why are you afraid?"

"Because I am in danger—
(But who is coming? Hark!)
As you would soon discover,
If they had taken your lover,
And in a dungeon dark,
Where neither sun nor moon can shine,
Had shut him up, as they have mine,
You pretty little lark!

"If I had but a pen, now,
I would a letter write;
For ink I would not linger—
It drips from every finger;
Nor would I heed the night—
The glow-worm would give light to me,
And you my messenger would be,
And love would wing your flight!

"I weed among the roses,
With many a sigh and tear;
The glow-worm lights its taper,
But I have no pen, no paper,
To write a letter here.
Fly to him, then, and tell him this:
'She loves you, and she sends a kiss—
A kiss to you, my dear!'"

R. H. STODDARD.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK is peculiarly a city of contradictions. It unites the brilliant and the shabby in sharper contrasts than any other city, with the exception, perhaps, of Constantinople. It is very much like a fine beauty who always appears in dishabille, or like one whose embroidered robes are smirched and torn. It is a city which has projected some of the grandest municipal enterprises of the day, and left undone its plainest and most imperative obligations. It has been in some directions lavish, in others petty and provincial. There is nowhere else so costly, complete, and well-organized a system for water-supply; there are few cities where the people submit to such ill-paved and ill-kept streets. It has constructed, out of an unfavorable situation and from poor natural conditions, a park that is a model of skill in landscape-gardening, but it leaves the wharves at which are marshaled the vast fleets of its commerce in a state of unparalleled dilapidation and decay. Private munificence has dowered it with some of the handsomest and most pretentious churches of the present century, but neglected galleries and schools of art, and failed, with meagre exceptions, to grace its public places with commemorative monuments of its historic worthies. It has been conspicuous the world over for its wickedness, its gayeties, its political corruption, and yet it is unexcelled in public schools and in public and private institutions of charity. It subscribes not only liberally for its own unfortunates, but the promptness of its citizens in responding to sufferings elsewhere is known and acknowledged everywhere. There is abundance of public munificence in a few defined directions, but no public spirit in the thousand minor things that make up good government. The lavish taste with which its citizens construct and furnish their domiciles is singularly in contrast with the blunted sense with which they submit to disorder and neglect in all the thoroughfares. One is prepared at one moment to declare the people of New York the most selfish and self-wrapped of any in the world, did not the hospitals, the churches, the beneficent institutions, the liberal subscriptions to all benevolent schemes, seem to contradict the judgment; he is disposed, as he walks its streets, to assert that its citizens lack perception of the higher refinements of life, but he learns that they are often generous patrons of art and literature. There is an abundance of personal pride, of a love of splendor, of social culture, but little or no zealous public ambition for the glory of the place. One searches in vain for evidence in architectural or other monuments that its wealthy citizens have a pride in the city of their residence; and he discovers in the current maladministration proof that no body of influential men has endeavored to shape public or official action, so as to remove evils and promote those interests which make up the fame of a metropolis.

There evidently must be adequate reasons for

this condition of things. Probably the fact that the population of the city is so largely a foreign one has a great deal to do with it. New York is disproportionately made up of those who are not New-Yorkers. People come here from the other States and the rest of the world, in the belief that it is pre-eminently an arena for the exercise of their talents. They usually have no native pride in the city. They care nothing for its reputation. They are concerned almost wholly in the opportunity it affords for making money. Their religious instincts prompt them to subscribe liberally for the support of churches, and the ease with which they accumulate wealth enables them to obey all their charitable impulses. They are anxious to prosecute their business without hinderance, and will submit with apparent indifference to nuisances and inconveniences rather than give attention and time to their removal. They are not patriotic; they have no local zeal; they will throw tubs to the municipal whale occasionally, if as a price of this liberality they may be let alone. They will put up splendid warehouses because they are an advertisement of their trades, or erect handsome domiciles because they gratify their pride, or build hospitals because they redound to their fame; but they will not spend a day in the remedy of an evil, or for the prosecution of a reform. They freely denounce municipal abuses sometimes, principally because they are the cause of inconveniences and swell their taxes, but, as it would be a greater inconvenience to give time and energy to the removal of these grievances, they content themselves with angry complaints, and permit the wrongs to go on. All this has been said before, but it is necessary that we should repeat it here, in order to make our indictment complete.

But not only has the foreign and consequently unpatriotic character of the population brought this condition of things about, it has been indirectly the means of giving a wrong bent to every attempt for reform. The predominant evil in New York has been the corrupt practices of its rulers; the evils second in serious importance have largely arisen from the devices of so-called reformers. It happened that for a long time the politics of the city was opposed to that of the State. The party out of office in the city were in control of the State political machinery, and they succeeded in employing it for the furtherance of their local purposes. They began by getting control of the city police through the means of State laws. They managed to amend the charter so as to strip local officers of their power, and transfer it to boards appointed at Albany. They succeeded in giving the State Legislature an unprecedented voice in affairs purely local to New York, and to so divide the functions of office between State and local authorities of different political views that all concord and harmony of action was frustrated. In some cases good temporary results were secured,

but precedents and principles were established that have virtually deprived the citizens of New York of the control of their own city, and thereby led to serious evils. They have now a mayor who is little better than a figure-head, a Common Council whose functions are almost supererogatory, and a group of opposing departments that inflict a chaos of misrule. There is no centralization; there is no responsibility; there is no direct power by which reforms may be accomplished, however urgent they may be. Great evils were endured under the former dissolute rule, but under the present distribution of authority it is simply impossible, and it will remain impossible so long as our present methods continue in force, for New York to advance in municipal administration. The disorders that now exist will surely increase. The badly-kept streets will become worse; the dilapidated wharves will sink into further decay; the sewers will more and more impair the health of the city; the care and watchfulness over the thousand minor things that make up the well-being of a city will become less and less observed. There is no head upon which public opinion can adequately act; there is no definite power at hand which can promptly and efficiently reform evils or regulate affairs as they arise.

If this is doubted, a single instance will suffice to illustrate the truth of our predictions. A good many worthless pavements were laid under the Tweed rule, for which property-owners were exorbitantly assessed. Alarmed at this, the property-owners hurried to Albany, and succeeded there in getting a clause introduced into the charter whereby no pavement should be laid without the consent of a majority of the owners of adjacent property. The certain result of this measure will be the absolute dominion of decay and dilapidation in our streets. There practically is no remedy, for your average property-owner will subscribe liberally for the sufferers from a fire in Chicago, or a famine in Ireland, or the yellow fever in Savannah, but resist to the last an assessment for the repavement of his streets. He is heedless of the decay, the disorder, even of the sickness that may follow; he would rather lame his horses, break the axle-trees of his carriage, submit to noisome odors, endanger the health of his family—do anything rather than pay an assessment designed to put the thoroughfares in respectable order. There are many streets in New York to-day that bear complete testimony to the truth of these assertions. But the average property-owner is wholly indifferent. He does not care a straw for the reputation of the city; he is simply determined to save his assessments. He has lost the nice sense which demands neatness and order; he seems to be heedless of every nuisance but the nuisance of the tax-collector. It can be readily shown that property-owners should *not* be assessed for new pavements—as, indeed, we shall do a little later in this paper—but the measures taken to escape the burden have been exceedingly mischievous in their effect.

The moneyed citizen of New York is a curious study. His callous senses—his eyes that do not

see, his nose that does not smell—permit endless nuisances to grow up around him. He is willing to see his curb-stones garnished with ash and garbage boxes; the streets are disfigured by tottering telegraph-poles (one of the nuisances permitted by Albany legislation), and he makes no sign of disapproval; he is heedless of the fact that a great majority of the streets are in the possession of owners of vehicles who stable their unused trucks, carts, and wagons in the public highways without hinderance or remonstrance; he is blind to the encroachments of traders upon the sidewalks who almost drive pedestrians into the roadway with their monopolizing merchandise; he will submit to see the sidewalk which belongs to him appropriated by loading and unloading trucks; he lets the roots of his trees at the curb thrust up the paving-stones to the risk of the limbs of the passer-by, or he permits the trees to die and stand with their rotten limbs at the mercy of every gale; he seems rather to enjoy the disfiguring banners that are stretched across every avenue, and the projecting signs that in every rain wrest his umbrella from his hand; he lives heedless of all these encroachments upon his rights as a citizen, contented so long as he is not to be troubled with projects for controlling them. He believes, indeed, that there are ordinances that regulate them, but it would be troublesome and unneighborly to labor for their enforcement. He is often zealous in politics on all those questions that do not immediately concern him, but neglectful of all those that pertain to his comfort and personal well-being, except so far as they relate to public expenditure. His one political motto is retrenchment. He does not ask what an administration has accomplished, but how much money it has spent. He is partisan in nothing save in keeping down charges. His class obstructs every public improvement that is likely to increase the public debt. It opposed the Croton-water project and the Central Park; it objects to new wharves, new pavements, new public edifices, new railways—everything, indeed, that seems to threaten an increase of taxes. The value of real estate in New York has increased in spite of its owners, for they have strenuously opposed all those measures that have helped the growth of the city and promoted its prosperity. In every community restraint is useful—restraint, indeed, is indispensable; but nothing can improve or develop on mere negation. A community that is never constructive can never advance to eminence.

There have been at different times reform movements, from which it may be argued that the public have not been so indifferent as here asserted. But these reforms have been mainly projects to put out one set of officers and put in another set, under the idea that a change of persons, rather than a change of methods, would accomplish the ends desired. There was a combination years ago against Fernando Wood; there was a like one against Tweed and his set; but who can say that the city government has improved one jot, save in the matter of irregular expenditure? Our rulers are more honest, but are they in any way

more efficient? Do they see evils and remove them? Do they evince any better knowledge or capacity, or a more executive thoroughness, than the rogues they have superseded? We have recently elected a succession of reputable mayors, but, so far as concerns the supervision of affairs, we might as well have disreputable ones.

Our mayors lack power, but they are not forbidden to suggest. They are deprived of control in many things that should distinctly lodge with them; but they still may use their eyes, their senses of smelling and seeing, their powers of observation. If the mayors of New York can absolutely be no more than nonentities—mere names—it is strange that self-respecting persons consent to take the office. But, in truth, much as their power has been abridged, they are not so wholly helpless as would seem; they can suggest, they can organize, they can detect evils and propose remedies, they can exert a powerful influence in favor of reforms; they can act as moral if not as controlling leaders of the people. One may be powerless as a mayor, but there is no law that compels him to be brainless also. An alderman may have little real authority, but that is no reason why he should be without personal influence—why he must think nothing, say nothing, urge nothing. Do men become enamored of the distasteful condition of our city the moment they enter upon office? Do they come to like our rotten wharves, our chaotic markets, our streets with their wretched pavements, their unregulated traffic, their hideous eruptions of bad taste?

Suppose, now, that a mayor in studying city affairs a little should discover that it would be practicable to keep the pavements in perfect repair by a simple and wholly equitable method, by which the cost would fall where it belongs and be easily collected! Would not that be a mayor to be proud of? Yet this very thing can be done. The cost of the opening, grading, and first paving of a street ought to fall by assessment upon adjacent property, because the property is proportionately increased in value thereby; but there is no valid reason why the wear and tear of the pavement, which is caused by the travel thereon, should not be replaced at the cost of that which causes the friction. The roadway is ground up by ponderous ice-carts that pay no tax, by huge trucks belonging to private firms that pay no tax, and worn by hundreds of other vehicles that freely use it. It is no more than a just principle that we should look for repayment to the source whence arises the need for disbursements. It would be practicable to arrange a graded license-fee upon vehicles ample enough to keep all the roadways in good condition. This tax should have no exceptions—every vehicle that uses the pavement should contribute its share toward keeping it in repair. And the owners of horses and vehicles could well afford it. Well-kept pavements would save many a lamed horse, prevent many a broken axle, keep all vehicles for longer use. But, no matter what indirect advantages would accrue to those concerned, it is plain as day that, inasmuch as the roadway in the streets is ex-

clusively for the benefit of vehicles, the cost of maintaining it in proper order should fall upon the owners of those vehicles.¹

A similar principle applies to the wharves, which should yield a rental sufficient to pay for their construction and all needed repairs. Nothing in the world but imbecile management can account for their present condition. Under judicious directions they could be made sources of revenue for the city; by means of jobbery, neglect, and blundering, they are rendered unsightly, and made a source of endless vexation to all connected with them. Has there ever emanated, from any official, one good practical suggestion in regard to these wharves? Have our reform mayors, or our reform aldermen, or our politicians of any grade or complexion, given to the subject a moment's thought, contributed even a hint toward a solution of the problem? There was once much talk about a series of stone docks, a plan costly and unnecessary. Strictly speaking, we do not need docks at all, and the example of Liverpool, which agitates some minds so greatly, should not be followed. Here the tide has less rise and fall; at the lowest ebb ships may float at our piers, while at all times the land-locked bay is ample protection against winds. Inclosed docks like those of English ports are wholly unnecessary. But it would have been refreshing if some one of our respectable mayors—officials who are supposed to oversee the interests of the city—had discovered that light and strong iron piers are best suited to our local conditions. These piers should be erected with open spaces, so as to permit the tides to ebb and flow beneath them. Piers of this kind would be durable, free from decay, prevent all stagnant water, be as compared to stone inexpensive, and could be made light and graceful in form. But this would be an innovation; it means idea, insight, forethought—and when did such revolutionary forces ever show themselves at the City Hall?

New York is superbly situated. Every one acknowledges this—that is, gives his intellectual assent to the proposition; but the fact has rarely entered into the heart and conscience of the people. That the city lies near the sea, with a splendid bay at its foot, and is washed on each side by a noble river, are geographical facts that nobody denies; but in what way have they been wisely appropriated? For anything one may see as he travels the streets of New York, it might be an inland city, standing on a plain, or in a desert. The splendid waters that surround it bestow no convenience, no beauty, no feature of health, recreation, or attraction. Resting upon an inlet of the sea, it has superb outlooks, but they are given over to dirt and disorder. There is a Battery at its foot that commands a bay which for beauty is excelled by but one or two in the world, and for picturesque animation is unequalled. But it is not fashionable to visit the Battery. Herds of immigrants are landed there who enjoy its fresh air and the varied panorama, but citizens for the most part turn their

¹ This has been suggested before by the writer of this article.

backs upon it. What a place for a terrace, for a belvedere, for grand baths, for sea-side recreation, for marble walks and classic gardens, for some wondrous display of æsthetic beauty! No city in the world has a spot so gloriously placed for adornment, for the exercise of gardening and architectural skill. The broad bay, the green hills that encompass it, the tossing waters, the anchored ships, the swift steamers and white sails that come and go, the immense stir and life and sparkle, make up a fascinating picture—but it is given over to stragglers and strangers. One can but feel keen regret at the neglect of the opportunities the Battery affords for a great and unique feature.

New York, indeed, has every natural advantage. Where is there another city so fitted for the exercise of ingenious taste? It should have sea-baths to rival the baths of old Rome. It should have reservoirs of sea-water for flooding its streets, an excellent sanitary process. It should have fine approaches to its water-side, and interspersed amid its wharves there should be embankments where citizens could inhale the air from the sea and recreate themselves. The water-boundaries of the city, indeed, were there such things as art and taste, would fascinate with their succession of grand piers for commerce, grand baths for health, parks for pleasure, architecture and gardens for æsthetic culture.

These may seem the dreams of a visionary. But it is only by exalted conceptions of this kind that cities become great. Neither Babylon nor Rome became the wonder of the world save by high ambition and lofty local pride. Sloth, indolence, indifference, low tastes, mean desires, never did and never can give largeness and dignity to the habitations of the world. It is, perhaps, too late to give an artistic character to the New York water-line except at the Battery, but it is not too late for well-ordered wharves, spacious baths, and respectable approaches to them. It will never be too late for

cleanliness, method, and good taste, if it be so for splendor.

It is far from being too late to make New York a worthy city. It is simply amazing that, with all the wealth held here, so little zeal is evinced in the direction we have indicated. It is surprising that good ideas for governing the city never emanate from those most identified with the interests of the place; that the largest city on the Western Continent, one that might under judicious care be made a second Paris, has become a byword of sloth and disorder, simply because its citizens are heedless and neglectful.

Indisputably, New York as it stands has many fascinations. It is a gay and animated city. Its private residences have often great beauty. Its banking-houses, warehouses, and shops, astonish by their size and splendor. Its Broadway is a thrilling panorama, and its Fifth Avenue at fashionable hours is one of the gayest promenades in the world. There are handsome theatres, brilliant restaurants, imposing hotels; the streets are thronged, and throngs inspire with electric pleasure. And if one only saw Broadway and Fifth Avenue, he might think it a tolerably well-kept city. But their attractions have come in the way of commerce and by concentration; there has been no supervision by instructed taste, no erection of public edifices worthy of a great city, no popular organization for adorning the streets with artistic mementos; all that the city is has come by chance, as it were, and not by direct effort or large purpose; while in its wharves and its by-ways—in its streets lined with ill-built and towering tenements, crowded with obstructions, ill-paved, littered, filthy, unsightly—in the surrender of all its thoroughfares to nuisances, and in the absence of all enlightened administration—it is an amazing disgrace to its people.

Is it not time that this queen of the continent, superb in natural beauty and in a few acquisitions, should put on the splendor of its birthright?

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XLVII.

BREAKING IT.

JEFF remained at his post in Abdell Court for the remainder of that eventful day, though with a mind but little disposed for his business duties. As he had expected, however, and to his great relief, his employer did not return. The young fellow would have found it difficult indeed to maintain in his presence that indifferent air and manner which Dalton had enjoined upon him; and, however successfully he had played an assumed part with the editor of the *Smellfungus Magazine*, it is doubtful whether he would have been equally fortunate with Richard Holt. When the office closed he betook himself at once to Brown Street, where he found Jenny, for the first time since her illness, sitting in the little up-stairs parlor—to which, even with her

ordinary lodgers, Mrs. Haywood hesitated to give the title of drawing-room, but modestly termed it her "first-floor front." There were flowers in the room, and in the window-sill there was a flower-box full of bud and blossom, that filled the air with fragrance.

"Is it not beautiful?" cried Jenny, drawing her visitor's attention at once to this unwonted ornament. "Does not our room look a perfect bower?"

"A very proper cage for a sick bird to dwell in, till she is strong enough to fly at large in the sunny south," answered Jeff, gallantly.

"Now, none of that, Jeff. I am not Mr. Sanders, remember; so please to stick to what I know is your proper element—prose. I can't think what has come to dear Kitty, that she should suddenly rush into these extravagances; it is not only flowers, but all sorts of delights and delicacies; and not for my sake only; for she has actually bought Tony a

trap, bat, and ball! One would have thought she had had a fortune left her—except for her face, poor darling." Here her voice grew suddenly grave. "I am afraid there is something—I mean, more than Tony, and the baby, and myself—upon her mind, Jeff. I can't make her out at all. She is sometimes quite extravagantly gay; a put-on manner, I am sure; and then, again, she becomes more depressed than I have ever yet seen her; and *that*, alas! I can see is natural. Do you know anything, dear Jeff, about my Kitty, that I *don't* know?"

Jenny looked at him very earnestly as she said these words, but the young man's face only reflected her own quiet sorrow.

"Nothing, I think, Jenny, that *you* don't know," he answered. "She has avoided me—I may almost say shrunk from me—for this long time; ever since you have been ill, indeed."

"And she has seen Mr. Holt," sighed Jenny. "Oh, why, oh, why, have I been struck down like this," added she, passionately, "and rendered a useless burden, while all things have been going wrong? Jeff, you'll lose her; mark my words, we shall all lose her, and she will fling herself away upon that man, for our poor sakes."

"Don't, Jenny, don't! I beseech you not to give way. There is a God in heaven who will not permit it."

"Ah, you think so," returned Jenny, bitterly. "It is a happy faith."

"It is a true one."

"What! that horrible things are not permitted to happen every day? I see there is another mail from Rio—the Sancho has arrived. That makes the *fifth*, and still no news—no gleam of hope."

"There is hope always, Jenny." She looked up at him as quickly as the bird to which he had likened her, with swiftly-scrutinizing glance.

"He has come! Our father is alive!"

Then, but for his arm, she would have fallen: her cheeks were white, her eyes closed; she lay upon his breast like a thing of stone.

"Great Heaven! have I killed her with my stupid folly?" exclaimed Jeff, in horror. "How could I hope to keep such a secret from eyes like hers!—Jenny, Jenny, speak to me!"

"I hear you; I shall live to see him yet," she murmured, faintly. "Lay me down, with my face to the wall, Jeff. Leave me alone with my Maker, whom I have denied. He will send the tears presently."

"You will not speak of this, Jenny—just yet?" said he, once more alarmed at her long silence.

"To no human ear; no, Jeff. Leave me now, and go to Kitty."

Jeff left the room, closing the door softly behind him. In the little passage he met Nurse Haywood.

"Well, Miss Jenny is getting on nicely, Master Geoffrey; is she not?"

"Yes, nurse. But she is tired, and wishes to get a little rest; so do not let her be disturbed. Where is Kitty?"

"Lor bless ye! why, where should she be except with the baby? She can scarce ever be got to let him out of her sight. It's my opinion, what with attending to that dear child, and housekeeping, and always being worried about this and that, as she is a-wearing herself out. I daren't tell Miss Jenny, but I have come across Miss Kitty at times when she looks fit to break her heart, though she has always a smile and a kind word for a body when she speaks to one."

"I hope she will speak to *me*, nurse. Please to say I wish to see her on very particular business, and that I will not detain her long."

As he waited in the sitting-room down-stairs, revolving in his mind how he should break his great news to Kitty, but failing to hit upon a plan, there reëntered to him Mrs. Haywood.

"Miss Kitty is very sorry, sir, but she is much engaged; and, if you would kindly write her a line, instead of seeing her—"

"I *must* see her," interrupted Geoffrey, impatiently. "Did you not tell her my business was very particular?"

"Well, yes, Master Jeff, I did; and that was the very thing, to tell you the honest truth, as seemed to scare her. She has got enough and to spare on her poor mind already, you see."

"Please go and tell her, nurse, that it is absolutely indispensable I should see her, but that what I have to say will not distress her. Be sure you tell her *that*."

"Lor, Master Jeff, you ain't a got any good news for her, have you?" answered the old lady, in a trembling voice. "Nothing about Mr. John—him as I remember as young as you be, and as comely?"

"There is no time to lose about what I have to say," answered Jeff, with as constrained a manner as Nature permitted him to assume; "and I do beg you will give my message." His heart smote him at having to snub the good old dame, but he was also irritated at her sagacity, or rather at the transparency of his own attempts to conceal his errand. If his heart had been in literature, Mr. Sanders would have read him as easily as a proof-sheet; it was only where his feelings were not concerned that Geoffrey Derwent could play the hypocrite. While still conning that unwonted part, Kitty entered the room.

"Well, Jeff, what is it?" cried she, holding out her hand. "I never knew such a man of mystery. There is baby taking his first beef-tea, and yet Nurse Haywood says I must leave him to attend your highness." Her air and manner were too light and gay to be natural to the occasion in any case; but, contrasted with her looks, which were wan and worn beyond anything he could have anticipated, they seemed unreal indeed. Her eyelids were heavy and swollen, and on her fair white brow sat unmistakable care and woe.

"I am not come upon my own affairs, dear Kitty," said Jeff, assuringly, "or I would not have been so importunate."

"The affairs of no one else can interest me—and all of us—half so much," she answered, smilingly.

"I meant to say I should not have intruded here, without a sufficient motive, Kitty—that is all. The fact is that—that—Mr. Holt—"

At that name a shadow fell on Kitty's face and chased her smile away; she had been standing hitherto, but now at once sat down.

"That Mr. Holt has had a summons to Liverpool with respect to the arrival of the Sancho."

"Ah, yes; that is the Rio steamer," she answered, sadly. "The fifth that has brought no news."

"Well, it *has* brought news."

"Of the Flamborough Head? What news?" inquired Kitty, eagerly.

"The ship was wrecked: that's certain; but there were some survivors—two."

"Two!" repeated Kitty, mournfully; "but two!"

"It is not yet known for certain—that is, publicly—who they are; but—now, don't cry, Kitty, *darling* Kitty—but there's a hope."

"A hope? What? of papa's being alive, and he not here? I don't believe it. I want no more such hopes, Jeff; I can't bear them. They are killing me, I tell you; they are driving me to— I don't

know what I am saying, Jeff, but I can't bear them." Her head had fallen forward upon her open hands, and she was crying bitterly.

"Do you suppose I could come here to mock you, Kitty? I came to comfort you, to gladden you."

"To gladden me?" She shook her head; her tone was as though he had suggested the most unlikely thing on earth; and yet she raised her face all wet with tears.

"He is alive, Kitty; your father is alive!" She looked like one awakened from a dream—astounded, dazed; the light of joy was breaking on the night of woe, but very slowly.

"Alive! Papa alive! Where is he?"

"In England. You will see him soon. I have seen him."

"Thank God, thank God!" she murmured. "Oh, thank God!"

Still she did not rise, nor show any passionate excitement, such as he had expected, and had seen in Jenny. "Is he well, Jeff?" she went on, slowly.

"Yes, quite well. Philip Astor is with him, and has been very, very good to him. He is to be called Dalton now, and recognized as his brother."

"When shall I see him? When is he coming? Why is he not here?"

"Because he feared the shock might be too much for you and Jenny. He is close by. Shall I fetch him in, or will you wait a little?"

"Wait a little—just a minute." As she spoke, a joyful cry burst forth in the quiet street. Both glanced through the window, and on the other side of the way was Tony clasped in the arms of a thin, grizzled man, in wayworn and outlandish garb. Behind them stood another. They were looking toward the house, and Jeff beckoned to them frantically, and ran to the front-door. The next moment, Kitty, sobbing as though her heart would break, was strained passionately to her father's breast.

"Don't cry, don't cry," he whispered, though the tears were falling down his own weather-beaten cheeks like rain; "and you have not yet kissed dear Philip—your uncle Philip."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DOES KITTY KNOW?

IN Brown Street, Islington, was probably a happier place that evening than any which took place in more fashionable quarters of the town; yet it was a happiness tinged with deepest sorrow. Dalton's return brought with it to his children a keen sense of the loss of her who would have given him his fittest welcome; and when his eyes rested upon his remaining dear ones, he missed his Edith most.

His first question, after his greetings with Jenny and the rest were over, was, "Where have they laid her?" and he felt pained and sorrowful when he learned that it was at Sanbeck, hundreds of miles away; whereas, had it been possible, he would have visited her grave, and wept over it, that very night. They told him, too, at his own desire, of her illness and death—how she died, as it were, for very love of him, since the shock of his reported death had killed her. He was silent for many moments, sunk, as it seemed, in a stupor of grief, when Kitty stole from the room and brought down the babe—his Edith's precious legacy, and placed it in his arms.

"We four are still left to you, dear papa," said she. She herself had been supported in her affliction by the sense that others were dependent upon

her, and she hoped it might be the same with him. And so it was, though in a less measure. He presently grew himself again, and began to ask them about this and that.

"I hope the folks at Riverside have been kind to you, my darlings, since you have been all alone?"

"They meant to be kind, I think," said Kate.

"Meant to be kind," repeated her father, frowning. "There is no difficulty about expressing kindness. At least Philip here found none, I know, in my case.—Is there anything amiss with the Campdens? What have they done, Jenny?"

"Nothing," answered Jenny, sententiously.

"We did not like the manner in which Mrs. Campden behaved to us, after mamma's death," explained Kitty; "it was more manner, perhaps, than anything else, but our hearts were sore, and easily hurt."

"Jenny, tell me," said Dalton. "That woman has behaved badly to you. Is it not so?"

"Not only that woman, but the whole family, in my opinion," returned Jenny, dryly.

"Surely not Uncle George?"

"Uncle George is nobody at Riverside; if he had been anybody, there is no saying what might have happened; but he is not. It is a wretched story from beginning to end, and they are wretched people."

"If it be so," said Kitty, reprovingly, "do not let us talk about them on a night like this."

"I am sure I never wish to mention their names," answered Jenny.

"But do you mean to say," said Philip, "that these friends of your father's—rolling in wealth, as I understand they are—never held out a helping hand to you, Jenny?"

"My dear uncle, you don't understand the matter; you should get Mrs. Campden to explain it to you, as she was good enough to do to us—'Rich people have so many calls.'"

"If this is as you say, I will never set foot in that woman's house again," exclaimed Dalton, angrily.

"That will be one call the less for her," observed Jeff, pleasantly.

"And the Skiptons? Have you seen nothing of them, too?" inquired Dalton.

"My dear papa," said Jenny, gravely, "you can't expect folks who respect themselves—or who wish their coachman to respect them—to bring their carriage to Brown Street. It is no good asking after our old friends, for, except dear Dr. Curzon, and those now under this roof, we have none."

It was a relief to Kitty that not a word was said about Mr. Holt, though of him it could certainly not be averred that he had deserted them. To her, terrible as it might seem, and did seem to her own mind, the return of her father was not an unmitigated joy. When Jeff had informed her of it, she had not evinced the delight he had expected, because the thought had flashed upon her that, so far as she was concerned, he had returned too late. She was not indeed pledged to Holt, but she felt compromised as respected him, and in honor bound to accept him as her future husband. For some days past her mind had been made up for the sacrifice, and she had already plunged into little expenses upon Jenny's account, in anticipation of it. The money that was to take her sister to the sea, and bring back the roses to her cheek, and which Holt had offered, she had resolved not to decline. She was already under a pecuniary obligation to him in the matter of the premium, which could only be discharged in one way; for, to judge by the appearance of her father, he had come back even poorer than he

had left England. Well, she would now be able to help him as well as the rest—four of them, instead of three—that was all.

Still it was a relief to her that not a word was spoken about the man the thought of whom was ever present with her, and shadowed her young life with gloom and evil presage. In vain she had called up every argument to strengthen his cause and back the claim she felt to be unanswerable: his solicitude for her and his; his generosity; his patience and forbearance. The very constancy with which he clung to her, and pursued her, ranged itself upon the other side, and increased her sense of repugnance, nay, of loathing.

It was a part of the plan agreed upon between Dalton and Philip that they should say no more for the present about Holt and his transactions than they should be absolutely obliged to say; and it surprised them both to find how easy it was to maintain their reticence. Neither Kitty nor Jenny asked their father one word about the *Lara*, nor put a question respecting his pecuniary affairs. It is true that they had taken it for granted that matters were the reverse of prosperous with him, which would have been a sufficient reason for avoiding the subject; but in any case—poor though they were, and suffering from the ills of poverty—such material woes were for the moment forgotten in the joy of seeing him back again.

"I think I have reason to be proud of my darlings, Philip," said Dalton, as the two walked together with Jeff from Brown Street that night to the lodgings which that young gentleman had procured them near his own. "I had ruined them, and, as it must have seemed to them" (he pointed to his shabby coat), "had failed in saving anything from the wreck of their fortunes, yet not a syllable have they spoken to me upon the subject, lest, doubtless, it should sound as a reproach."

"I expected nothing less," answered Philip, quietly. "I feel several inches higher since those two girls have called me uncle. They have nothing sordid about them, such as I, alas! have seen in my fellow-creatures all my life."

"And it isn't as if they had not to think of shillings and pence," put in Jeff, eagerly. "If you could know how Kitty has cut and contrived, and striven to make both ends meet, during the last six months—" Here he stopped, for a look of intense pain came into Dalton's face.

"Well, well; that will be all over now, I trust, Jeff. To-night, we have still to do some dirty work, and then we shall have clean hands for the future; we will avoid rogues and fair-weather friends, and all worthless folk; and my dear ones shall have no further cause for tears. I think Jeff should know what we are going to do with respect to Holt, Philip."

Their plan of attack, unfolded to their young friend, at their lodgings, was simple enough.

A letter was to be posted to Holt that night, informing him that his fraud respecting the *Lara* mine was discovered; and that his malpractices respecting other affairs of Dalton, of which he had had the management, was more than suspected. Restitution was imperatively demanded; and, in default of it, he was assured that criminal proceedings would at once be instituted. There were no upbraidings; but a more curt, decisive, and stern epistle was never penned.

Philip would have preferred that their opinion of Holt's treachery should have been stated in Saxon English; but Dalton would not have it. Such a course, he thought, would have taken for granted a certain familiarity to still exist between him and this

scoundrel, of whose connection with himself he felt unpeppably ashamed.

"What makes me mad with him," said Philip, "is to think he should have dared to lift his eyes toward Kate. Such vermin ought to be poisoned out of hand.—What do you say, Jeff?"

"I am bound to say," returned the young fellow, gravely, "that Mr. Holt—whatever may have been his reasons for it—has been considerate, and even kind, to me."

"But you are not going back to him, surely, after *this*?" said Philip, in amazement.

"Well, yes; I shall go to-morrow, for the last time; he may have something to urge, I do not say in excuse, but in extenuation of his roguery. Your letter gives him no opportunity for this."

"Opportunity, indeed!" rejoined Philip, with irritation. "I would send him a rope, to afford him the opportunity of extenuating himself on *that*. If you get talking with that wily scoundrel, my young friend, you will be wound round his little finger."

"Our Jeff—being honest—contends at a disadvantage with most people," observed Dalton, laying his hand on the young fellow's shoulder; "yet in the end I should be inclined to back him. Let him take his own way, and we will take ours."

Accordingly, Jeff went to Abdell Court next morning, as usual. Mr. Holt had not arrived; nor, said the office-boy, had he yet returned from the country. Upon his table was lying the usual pile of letters, which it was Jeff's business to sort and dispose of. Some he was empowered to open and answer; some he would open only and make an "abstract" of for his employer; others he would put aside for his private eye. Among these last was one in Dalton's handwriting, with the contents of which, however, Jeff was already acquainted.

Eleven, twelve o'clock passed, and yet Mr. Holt came not. It would not have been surprising had his real destination of yesterday been what he had pretended it to be; but Jeff was well convinced that he had not gone to Plymouth, but to Liverpool, and there was now ample time for him to have gone and returned. At one o'clock the office closed for an hour, during which Holt was accustomed to deny himself to everybody, whether he was within-doors or not; and a little before one he came. He looked jaded, wan, and pale, like one who has been on a toilsome expedition, and failed in its proposed object—or so it seemed to Jeff, who observed him narrowly—but there was no other change in his appearance, no cowed or defiant looks, such as might have been expected, had he known that Dalton had landed upon English soil. Jeff felt sure he did not know.

"Well, what news, Mr. Derwent? Who has been?"

"Mr. Dawkins called just after you went away yesterday, and appeared to wish to see you very much."

"What about?" inquired Holt, quickly. "But it's no matter. It was most likely about that cock-and-bull story about the Flamborough Head. I dare say you have heard it yourself, Mr. Derwent?"

"I have heard that some one—two persons, indeed—have been saved from the wreck."

"Well, it's true, for a wonder: Jones and Norton are their names. I am sorry to say their story destroys the last gleam of—What's this?" He had been sorting the letters with his hand, and presently came upon the one dispatched from Islington the previous night. "What's this?" he reiterated, in a voice grown suddenly hoarse and low. "How did it come? Where did it come from?"

"It came by the early post, sir."

"It's strange," said Holt, with an air of indifference; "quite curious. Have you ever seen a handwriting like that? It reminds me of one who certainly never could have written it; and yet it gave me quite a turn. You know whom I mean, I dare say?"

He did not attempt to open the letter, and the strong, huge hand that held it in its grasp shook like a leaf.

"I know whom you mean," said Jeff, gravely. "It is Mr. Dalton's."

"Yes; it is like John Dalton's writing."

"It is his writing, sir."

"That is impossible; that is ridiculous. The post-mark disproves that. But there is a curious similarity, without doubt.—Has the boy gone to his dinner?"

Jeff answered that he had; and Holt moved to the door and locked it.

"Now tell me, Mr. Derwent," said he, still toying with the letter—"for you are one who tells the truth—what makes you fancy that it was really Dalton who wrote this? As a matter of fact, as I have already stated, there were but two men saved from the wreck of the Flamborough Head."

"I know it, Mr. Holt: they were John Dalton and Philip Astor."

"That's a lie—that's a lie!" exclaimed the other, passionately. "You are a liar, like the rest!" but his pale face belied his words; he staggered rather than sank into his chair.

"You had better open the letter, and see who is the liar," said Jeff, haughtily.

"You speak of Astor, but you don't know the man as I do," continued Mr. Holt. "He is an utterly untrustworthy and contemptible fellow. He was here once, in your place; and I trusted him too far, and he repaid me for my confidence by forgery. He is not to be believed upon his oath. If there is anything in this letter founded upon his evidence—"

"You had surely better read it, Mr. Holt," said Jeff, curtly. He could not but feel some pity for this miserable wretch, who evidently dreaded the thing he held in his quivering fingers as though it were a very adder.

"What! you know its contents, then?" exclaimed the other, sharply. "You are in the conspiracy with Astor and the rest. You think it honest, do you, to take your wages here, and turn against the hand that pays them?"

"I know what is in that letter, Mr. Holt; but yet I am no conspirator," answered Geoffrey, steadily. "On the contrary, I came here to-day—for the last time—to do what good I could for you. As for your wages, they were paid for work, I suppose; or, if that was overpaid, you had your reasons for it; but I owe you thanks for civil treatment, and I am here to give them."

Holt had opened the letter by this time, and ran his eye through its half-dozen pregnant lines.

"It is not Astor's word that Mr. Dalton has taken, you see, sir," continued Jeff, "but the evidence of his own senses. He has been to Brazil, and seen the *Quito*. As for the other matters, you know best; but—"

"Ay, it is all over," murmured the other. "It is no use holding on to a falling stock, Mr. Derwent, eh? That's one of the great principles of our business." Holt was looking at Jeff, and speaking to him, yet he seemed almost unconscious of his presence: his eyes had no speculation in them; his tones were mechanical. Presently he cried out, like one who is wrung with a sharp physical pain, "Does Kitty know of all this, Jeff?"

CHAPTER XLIX.

MR. HOLT MAKES JEFF HIS CONFIDANT.

UNDER ordinary circumstances, Mr. Holt could scarcely have made an observation so displeasing, and calculated to set his companion at odds with him, as that most unexpected one with respect to Kitty; but the tone in which it was uttered, and the look that accompanied it, disarmed the young fellow altogether—nay, more, it filled his soul with compassion for this beaten wretch. For, if ever a man looked beaten in the battle of life, not at one point, but at all, and not only beaten, but broken and utterly despairing, it was the once prosperous, and demonstratively prosperous, Richard Holt.

"Does Kitty know of all this, Jeff?"

The use of the two familiar names was most significant, since they comprised not only a confession of hopeless love, but an appeal to the generosity of his rival. "Tell me," it seemed to say, "for mercy's sake, if I am lost in the eyes of her I love, as well as in those of the rest of the world; or whether, so far as she is concerned, I can still hold up my head? I appeal to you, because your heart is kind and sound, and you are one neither to lie to me, nor, though I am helpless and fallen, to tread me under foot."

"Kitty does not know, Mr. Holt—as yet," answered Jeff, hesitatingly.

"And yet *you* knew, and did not tell her!" put in the other, quickly. "There are few men in your case who would have waited so long. Her father, however, has perhaps informed her this morning?"

"No, Mr. Holt; it was arranged that she is to be told nothing till he has had your reply to his letter."

"Then I will give him his reply," answered the other, calmly. He opened a little box that lay on his office desk, and took from it a sheet of figures. "Here is my account with John Dalton," said he, "which you can presently examine at your leisure. He will find that I was a more honest man than he took me for—up to yonder date," pointing it out with his finger. "The *Lara* itself was a *bona-fide* investment in the first instance. He and I both made money out of it, and would have continued to do so legitimately but for my passion for the girl you love. That was what drove me to my ruin. Ah, you do not comprehend that! If you loved her as I did—and as I do—it would be easier for you to understand it.—Nay, forgive me. I was wrong there. An honest love doubtless takes honest ways, and only those, to win its object. Call mine dishonest, then, if you will; yet it was genuine of its sort, believe me. Its nature was devouring, and I denied it nothing—honor, reputation, self-respect, were all thrown into that fatal flame. From the first moment that I beheld her, I swore to make that girl my wife; and now I shall die—perjured."

He smiled a wretched smile, and sighed, then wearily went on:

"Her father would have none of me. He had opened the doors of his house to me with reluctance, and I found no favor there. In vain I worked for him and enriched him. When I ventured upon ever so slight an approach to familiarity with those belonging to him, he took no pains to conceal his annoyance—his astonishment at my presumption. I had some pride of my own also, and this wounded me to the quick. Since I had no chance to attain my object while he was prosperous, I resolved to ruin him."

Jeff uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"I am sorry to offend you, Mr. Derwent; but

this is a relation of facts—the last dying speech and confession of a man under the gallows, you know” (here he smiled again, if possible more ghastly than before)—“and does not concern itself with sentiment. I had tried fair means to no purpose; and I was not to be balked. I could not bend John Dalton, so I resolved to break him. Hitherto he had been, practically speaking, my partner in all the business we transacted with one another; now I made him unconsciously my confederate. I set rumors afloat about the *Lara* which brought down the shares, and then I bought them up. In the end, Dalton and I possessed the mine between us, though I told him afterward that I had parted with all my interest in it. Whatever we had now to do in concert, I secured the lion's share of profit for myself—it is all there” (he pointed to the schedule) “in black and white—not because I was grasping, but because I wished to dock his gains. When there was loss, it was he who chiefly suffered. I fed his ambition, and encouraged him to make a figure in politics as well as commerce; knowing that politics would cost him money and not fill his pocket, as they do with some men. When funds began to fail him, I matured my scheme concerning the mine. I sent a creature of my own (the ‘expert’ Tobbit) to Brazil, to report upon the *Lara*—to the English shareholders (in reality to Dalton and myself), with instructions to declare it valueless; with what success, you know. Still, I could not get Dalton to dispose of his shares; some influence was at work—I now feel certain it must have been that of Astor—to induce him to hold them. His resolve to go to Brazil to look into matters for himself filled me with dismay, yet I strove in vain to hinder him. When he had once embarked, it was, I knew, but a question of a few months, and then my fraud would be exposed. But if I could only have secured Kitty in the mean time, that would not have disturbed me. To that end I applied every means in my power; but, though I had a keen ally in Mrs. Campden, I made no progress. You will learn all that from other sources. You know, even though the Flamborough Head went down, and Fortune seemed to favor me to the utmost, and to turn her back upon those weak ones with whom I warred, that I was never Kitty's accepted suitor.”

Jeff was not quick at figures, but he could calculate better than any man what it cost his defeated rival to say those words. And yet even he knew not their full meaning. This unhappy wretch was not all evil (as some of us are, I fear, in spite of some philosophic observers who have reported to the contrary); since he could not marry Kitty himself, he was willing that the man who might, and who certainly deserved to do so, should be quite clear in his own mind that his wife had never plighted troth—no matter under what circumstances—to another; he was willing that this should be, and he was above measure desirous that Kitty, in accepting Jeff, should on her part feel uncompromised as respected himself. It was not all generosity—though people can afford to be generous when making their wills; he was solicitous that his memory at least should not be odious to Kitty.

“Do I speak plainly, Mr. Derwent?” said Holt, after a short pause.

“You are giving yourself unnecessary pain, sir,” answered the young fellow, kindly; “as for me, I am but a messenger to carry back to those who sent me your acceptance of certain terms.”

“That is true; but confession, they say, is good for the soul, and I prefer you to any priest, Jeff.” He was right there, so far, in all events, as making his peace in this world was concerned. He knew

that in that young and generous nature he should find such an apologist as he would have looked for in vain elsewhere; and that apologist would have the ear of her whose censure or contempt alone had terrors for him. “As for the terms you speak of,” he went on, “I have no choice but to accept them. The figures I have given you will show my indebtedness to Mr. Dalton, to which the interest shall be added. The calculation will take a little time, perhaps a few hours; may I ask, until they have expired, that this” (here his face showed a tinge of color)—“this matter of business may not be spoken of save among those to whom it is already known?”

“So far as I have any influence, Mr. Holt, you may depend—”

“I ask no more, save one thing,” interrupted the other, with a wave of his hand; the first recurrence he had made to his favorite Continental manner. “Though easily granted, it is a great favor, but it is the last I shall ever seek from you.—You hesitate to pledge yourself beforehand,” added he, with a faint smile; “that is only natural under the circumstances. However, this little matter can be performed ‘without prejudice,’ as the lawyers say: there is no dishonesty in it, I assure you; no harm to any one, but some good, or at least some pleasure to me, whose pleasures are mostly come to an end.”

“I will do it, sir,” said the young fellow, simply.

“Then good-by, Jeff; and may your life be a brighter and a better one than mine has been.”

“But the favor, sir?” said the young fellow, greatly moved.

“Oh, it was merely that—that you would shake hands with me.” He did so. “After all that has come and gone, I was more than doubtful whether you would. It cost you something, Jeff, I saw; but in the end you will not repent it.” Then, resuming his usual business manner, he added: “John Dalton will receive all his dues by to-morrow morning at latest; and your salary will be sent to you, up to this date, by the same post. I am sorry that circumstances have caused us to part company, Mr. Derwent; but needs must when the devil drives, and he was certainly the coachman in this case. As for to-day, I have much business of a private nature to arrange, and have no further occasion for your services.”

As he said those words, he sat down and took up his pen. Geoffrey bowed and left the room, and in a few minutes the office. His leave-taking had been altogether different from anything he could have imagined, and puzzled him, now that it was over, even more than during its occurrence. The tone and manner of the speaker had seemed to explain much at the time, but now they were absent, his memory failed to supply them; the lights of the picture were wanting, and the impression it produced upon him was one of unmitigated gloom.

Its tints would have been darker yet if he could have looked—but a few hours—into the future.

CHAPTER L.

HOW MR. HOLT HASTENED MATTERS.

IN spite of all that had happened to the family in whom Geoffrey Derwent had so large an interest—the return of Dalton; his recovered wealth, which would once more reinstate those belonging to him in their former position; and his own prospects, which had altered so materially for the worse (for the “opening” which he had looked for in business was now closed, and the gulf between him and Kit-

ty yawned as wide as ever)—in spite of all these important considerations, Jeff's mind, as he turned his steps toward Islington, was mainly occupied with his late employer. Notwithstanding all the villainy to which he had confessed, the young fellow's heart was pitiful toward him; not a word of sorrow for his delinquencies against Dalton had passed his lips, though he had promised material reparation; but, on the other hand, his sensitiveness as respected Kitty had been extreme. It was for her, though selfishly, that he had sinned—had gone through the fire of shame and the foul water of fraud; and Jeff's own great love for her (though it would never have thus led him astray) made excuses for his rival. He pictured him during those weeks when Dalton had first sailed from England, and he must have been expecting day by day the tidings of the exposure of his crime, and pitied him. It was, perhaps, pity misplaced; for Holt was a man with nerves of iron; a man, too, of means and subtle device, whom the law could not have thrown on his back like a turtle (as it throws the poor and dull who transgress it) to await trial and sentence; but, judging his case by what his own would have been in the like conditions, and also taking into consideration the fact that the man was down and harmless, Jeff on the whole was glad that he had given him the hand, not indeed of friendship, but forgiveness.

Jeff's day was all his own—as many days to come were, alas! likely to be—yet he hesitated to visit Brown Street, where of late he had been so unwelcome. Moreover, he feared that he should be subject to questioning there upon the events of the day, which recent experience warned him that he was not fitted to undergo; he entertained the just conviction that Jenny would have "turned him inside out," as they say at the Old Bailey, in five minutes of cross-examination. He resolved to go, therefore, to Dalton's lodgings, and there leave a line to state the result of his interview with Holt, with that proviso added as to "the date of publication" of it, and then pass the time as he could till evening. He found, however, a note at the house awaiting him, asking him to come on to Brown Street to dinner; an invitation which he had not the courage—or the cowardice—to refuse.

He found the family all in high spirits, with one exception. Dalton, indeed, was not so debonair and joyous as he had been wont to be; his manner had something of sardonic exultation, in place of its old abandon, and it became him less. He had been hard hit, and he was a man not used to blows; such men return them with interest, and feel a pleasure in the repayment. A rapid glance had passed between him and Jeff, which assured him that his enemy was vanquished. Jenny, bright, gay, and frail as a bird, was full of fun, with every now and then a dash of spleen among her sprightliness, like a sparrow turned sparrow-hawk; she had been hit too (for was not each slight a blow to one so fragile?), and was not one to forget it. The sudden change for the better in the sick girl showed how much mental trouble and material privations had had to do with her malady. Tony was in tearing spirits, now dancing about his father, now romping with Uncle Philip, whom he had taken to as naturally as though he had been a member of the family from the first. Only Kitty was not merry: when her face was turned toward her father or Jenny, it beamed indeed with smiles; a sense of gratitude seemed to environ her like an atmosphere; but she was strangely silent, and, when not addressed, had a grave and quiet look that reminded one more of resignation than contentment. Perhaps, Jeff dared to hope, she had been reflecting, like himself, that the course of

true love was not likely to run smoother than of yore with them; that this new-found prosperity, while it made self-sacrifice unnecessary, would still be a fatal obstacle to her heart's desire. For that she knew that she was once more prosperous, was certain. The air of the whole party convinced him that such was the case, and especially the air of good Nurse Haywood, who waited upon them at dinner in person, and treated "Master John," as she still persisted in calling Dalton, like a prince who has not only returned to his native land, but come back to enjoy his own again. He would have had of her best as long as it lasted, had he been a beggar, but her behavior would in that case have been less unlike a prolonged flourish of trumpets. Indeed, it might be said that there were cymbals also, for, in her excitement and exultation, she clashed the plates together, and broke a couple.

"It doesn't matter, if there are enough left to go round," said Dalton.

"Thank Heaven! it doesn't, Master John," answered the old lady; "for there are plenty now where those came from."

She had got some bottles of champagne from the public-house, the whole of which she would have dispensed to the company, and thereby have poisoned them, for the Brown Street vintage was execrable.

"I am afraid you don't like it, sir," said she, aggrieved; "but it was the best I could get at such a short notice."

"The wine is excellent, nurse," said Dalton, gravely; "but one bottle is quite sufficient to drink the health of all our friends in."

The list of toasts indeed was short enough. They drank Dr. Curzon's health; and, in spite of her remonstrances, they drank to Nurse Haywood herself, the men shaking hands with her, and the two girls overwhelming her with caresses. It would certainly have been no exaggeration had she observed, in acknowledgment, that it was the proudest moment of her life; her only reply, however (and how far preferable would it be if after-dinner acknowledgments in general took that form), was a flood of tears.

When the ladies had retired, taking Tony the reluctant (who, so far from finding fault with the Brown Street champagne, had done ample justice to it) with them, Dalton laid his hand on Geoffrey's shoulder.

"And now, lad, for your news from Abdell Court. I need not ask if it be good news, for I have read so much as that already in your face."

"Yes, sir, it is good news. Mr. Holt admits all that is urged against him, and promises to make the completest reparation; only for a few hours—the time he named, indeed, must have elapsed by now—he begged to be spared exposure."

"What did the fellow mean?" inquired Dalton, angrily. "Did he want to shut my mouth, if a man had asked me any time to-day, 'Is Richard Holt a villain?'"

"I think he merely meant that, until you had heard from him this evening, he hoped you would not make his shame known to your own family."

"My family!" echoed Dalton, scornfully. "The scoundrel has small claim to forbearance as respects them, I reckon. Do you know, man," added he, with stern solemnity, "that it is thanks to him that my dear wife is lying in her grave at Sanbeck?"

It was certainly true that through Holt's fraud Dalton had been forced to leave the country, and that out of his absence had arisen the catastrophe at the Nook.

Jeff hung his head; the argument had gone home to him; he felt that he had nothing more to say for

the unhappy wretch whose hand he had taken that day for the last time.

"Come," said Dalton; "let us not think of villains to-night. There was one toast, Jeff, I didn't propose while the girls were here, because I wished to save your blushes; but I mean to drink it now.—Philip, fill your glass; the sherry, I think, is a little less deadly than that champagne. As good wine needs no bush—if the converse be true, by-the-by, this wine should require a thicket—so a toast that we drink with all our hearts needs no speech. My toast is Geoffrey Derwent. You don't know him, Philip, as I know him (nor did I know him, for that matter, as I ought to have known him, till within the last two days). But you may take my word for it that, young as he is, a truer heart, or one more to be relied upon, in times that try men's hearts and show what stuff they are made of, does not beat than his.—I need not repeat the story; but Jenny has told me all about you, Jeff; and if Kitty has told me nothing, there have been, I dare say, some very good reasons for her silence. I have no secrets from Philip here, not even that one; and I have a particular object in saying what I have to say before Philip. His notion is, that, with returning prosperity, I shall fall into the old tracks; that 'the deceitfulness of riches'—"

"I never said so, John," interrupted Philip; "I only thought—"

"Well, you see, he *thought* it," put in Dalton, quickly, "and that is quite as bad.—To put the matter beyond question, however, so far as you are concerned, Jeff, I wish, in Philip's presence, to remind you of a certain confession you made to me with respect to Kitty, when you and I parted company at Riverside. Do you remember what it was, Jeff?"

"Yes, indeed; I remember very well, sir."

"And do you recollect what I said to you in reply?"

"You said you would talk to me about that when you came back again."

"Very good; and now, you see, I am keeping my promise. Well, if you still love Kitty, and she loves you, she is yours, Jeff!"

"O sir, you are too good!" cried Jeff, his heart bounding with joy and gratitude, though conscious of a doubt. "But, alas! I have nothing; and Kitty will be rich; and people will say—"

"Let them say what they like, and be hanged!" cried Dalton, violently. "If 'people'—by which I suppose you mean one's friends—would say a little less, and do a little more, when occasion demands it, their opinion would be of more consequence." He pushed his chair back from the table, and began walking up and down the little room as he went volubly on: "It has always of course been acknowledged of Society, even by the prosperous, that she was 'frivolous' and 'hollow,' and all that sort of thing; but I could not have imagined, unless I had experienced it myself, how worthless and rotten at the core the creature is. The women are worse than the men, because they protest so much. To think of the scores of them that have smirked and smiled, and asked me after my 'dear girls' with such tender sympathy; and then, when one's back was turned—as they thought, for good—and these same 'dear' ones were left helpless and penniless, how not one—not *one* of these fine folks would hold a finger out, or even say a word of comfort! No, Jeff; don't talk to me of what 'people' may 'say,' or I shall be tempted to think that those who are not knaves in the world must needs be the other thing."

Philip sat back in his chair, jingling some half-pence in his pocket—probably all the money he had

—and very much applauding these remarks; but a keener observer would perhaps have had a suspicion that Dalton was working himself up to this display of vehemence, or, at all events, found it necessary to nurse his wrath in order to keep it warm. The fact was, not only was his nature eminently genial, and inapt for receiving deep impressions, especially of an unpleasant sort, but second nature—use—had made him regard the very class of persons he was now anathematizing as his own world, beyond which he had few sympathies. His feelings, however, with respect to Geoffrey Derwent were genuinely what he described them to be, and he was perfectly honest in the offer he had just made him of his daughter's hand.

"Perhaps you would like to go up-stairs, my lad, and have a few words with Kitty," added he, kindly, "while we old fellows smoke a cigar." As he spoke he threw open the window, admitting a little air, a good deal of dust, and the growing chorus of some street-hawkers, who at that period of the evening were wont to "work" Brown Street, and supply it with the latest sensational intelligence.

Jeff smiled his thanks, and left the room; but his step on the narrow staircase was not that of a lover who has "asked papa" with success; and on the landing he paused for full a minute, weighing this and that in most unlover-like fashion; for, with all his good qualities—among which a loving heart was not certainly wanting—Jeff was intensely proud. His darling hope had been, if only circumstances had permitted it, that he might have made for himself some position in the world—humble but not despicable, and such as he could have lifted Kitty out of her difficulties to share.

In wedding her as things were, he would not indeed be marrying her for money; but the inequality in their fortunes jarred upon his sensitive feelings. Among such natures—for low ones find no difficulty in the matter—it requires a strong mind and an exceptionally wholesome one to accept a pecuniary obligation without repugnance. The worship of money is so universal that even those who ought to know it is a mere idol are apt to treat it as a sacred thing.

In the drawing-room he found Kitty seated close to her sister, with the latter's arm about her waist. It was generally Jenny who "did the talking" when they were alone together, and she had evidently been doing it on this occasion. Kitty had the downcast looks of a listener who has been preached at.

"Talk of Jeff and he makes his appearance," said Jenny, saucily.

"I hope I am not intruding?" observed he, humbly.

"You are intruding on *me*, sir," said Jenny, rising from her chair. "I have had quite enough of you below-stairs for the present;" and off she tripped, leaving the two young people alone. The window was open here, as in the room below, but the dust was less, and the wind that passed over the flower-box on the sill brought charming odors with it.

"Kitty, dear, your father has been speaking to me most kindly," said Jeff, hesitatingly.

"He is always kind, and in your case can never, I am sure, be otherwise, Jeff," answered she, steadily. "He knows that he owes you very much."

"I don't feel that, Kitty; but I feel that whatever he owes me, or can owe me, it can never be so much by a hundred times as what he says he is prepared to give me. Can you guess, Kitty, darling, what that is?"

"Jeff—Geoffrey," said she, in distressed tones, "did you not promise at the Nook—"

"Yes, dear," interrupted he; "but that was different. The circumstances are altogether changed.

They are not, indeed, as I could wish them to be even yet. I am poor, I may say penniless, when compared with you—"

"O Jeff, how dare you!" exclaimed Kitty, rising angrily from her seat. "Do you suppose I am thinking of money? Of course I have had to think about it of late—for others; but in a matter that concerns myself alone, can you think that your being poor or rich can draw me, by a hair's-breadth, one way or another?"

"It draws me, Kate!" cried Jeff, simply. "It is the only thing that draws me—just a hair's-breadth—away from you. I thought, when I spoke to you at the Nook, that it was the reflection how ill off we both were as respected means; and that, in your unselfishness and generosity, you felt it right to be the prop and stay of your own household, and not to look outside of it, even for such love as mine."

"It was partly that, Jeff; but also, even then, there was another contingency, and that, alas!—the other obstacle, I mean—has grown and grown; indeed, I don't know how I stand respecting it. I—I—you must please to give me time, Jeff; and I can't promise; indeed, I can't."

"But you have promised no one else, Kitty?"

"No; at least not exactly; but—"

The shouting of the hawkers in the street was growing nearer and nearer; as one on one side, and one on the other, they bawled together, like singers in a glee who are out of tune, it needed a practical ear to catch a word.

"This man is dreadful," muttered Jeff; and, moving quickly to the window, he pulled up the sash, and shut out the sound.

"You need time, Kitty, to think it over," said Jeff, softly; "well, let it be so; I was not impatient, you know, before."

It was not impatience, nor yet disappointment, nor distress, that agitated the speaker; yet his face had blanched, and wore an expression anxious and distrustful. But Kitty's eyes were fixed upon the floor, and saw him not.

"No; you were patient, and good, and kind, as you ever were, Jeff," answered she, tenderly. "Whatever happens, I shall always think of you as—as all that. But indeed I must have time."

"I am going now," said Jeff, and indeed his hand was already on the door. Never surely were two fond lovers so willing that time and space should separate them as these two seemed to be.

Throughout the day, from the moment her father had told her that better times had come to them—he could no longer deny himself that pleasure, though he had forborne to speak of how his fortune was about to be restored to him—Kitty had been revolving in her mind her position as respected Holt. The money he had advanced for the life-insurance premium would now be repaid to him, of course, but could that acquit her of her obligation? and, if it did, would it release her from the implied though unexpressed consent she had given to accept of his attentions? It was easy to break with him, indeed, but could it be done with a good conscience? In her heart of hearts, Kitty knew she had made up her mind to marry this man, and she feared that he knew she had done so. To marry him now—all the forces that had driven her toward him having suddenly ceased to exert their influence, while the dead-weight of dislike still drew her in the opposite direction—she felt it was impossible; but she also felt, notwithstanding the arguments which Jenny had just been pouring into her ear, and the still stronger claims which love itself, in the person of Jeff, was urging, that much, very much was owed to Richard Holt; indeed, that all was owed by rights, only that

the debt was too excessive for payment. At all events it was for him to impose what terms he pleased in default of its discharge. Until she had confessed to him that notwithstanding all that had come and gone she could never be his wife, she felt at least that it was unbecoming to speak of marriage with another. Hence it was she had said, "I must have time."

And Jeff needed "time," too, though for a very different purpose. He could not understand her scruples, for had not Mr. Holt himself said, "I have wooed her without success?" yet he felt confident that the obstacle to which she had alluded was Holt, and no other. He was not at liberty—or did not feel himself to be so—to say that this man had already renounced his claim, if claim he had upon her; but something had suddenly taken place which might set her at liberty another way. And yet, to do Jeff justice, it was not that thought which was paramount in his mind, as, having quitted the presence of his beloved Kitty, he flew downstairs, and, snatching up his hat, let himself softly out-of-doors. Through the open window on his left he could hear Dalton and his half-brother talking earnestly over their cigars; he even caught the name of "Holt" coupled with some adjective expressive of contempt and loathing; it was strange, considering what he knew of the man, that he should feel pained to hear it; but so it was.

Then turning to the right hand, he sped away after the two street-hawkers, who, having cried themselves hoarse, were just about to enter the public-house at the corner, to refresh themselves with purl—a liquor as popular with gentlemen of *their* calling as Dublin stout is said to be with our fashionable sopranos.

"I want a copy of your paper; quick!" he said, as he came up with them.

"Well, you see, sir, it's the last we have," grumbled the man addressed; "and I don't think as sixpence is too much—"

Jeff threw him a shilling and snatched the newspaper out of his hands, unconscious of the muttered remark of the vender's partner, "Why didn't you ask the bloke a sufferin' for it?" He was a political economist of the soundest type, and had seen the necessity, which the other had omitted to see and take advantage of.

Jeff's practised eye lighted at once upon the big letters—"Suicide Extraordinary in Abdell Court."

He had caught the name as he had sat at the open window, though it had escaped the ears of those who were less familiar with it, and at once associated the catastrophe with his late employer. His air and manner during their late interview were quite in consonance with such a deed, and even (as he now thought) his shameless candor. Had not the wretched man himself likened it to a confession at the gallows-foot?

Within five hours or so of Jeff's parting with him at the office, Richard Holt had blown out his brains.

CHAPTER LI.

HOW THEY LIVED EVER AFTERWARD.

JEFF crumpled the newspaper into his pocket, and walked back in haste to the house he had just quitted. He would tell the news at once to Mr. Dalton, and then Kate would receive it, as it should be told, from her father's lips. He knew Dalton too well to fear that he would feel or express any cruel exultation at the death of his enemy, but he was

not prepared for the grave solemnity with which he received the intelligence.

"I have news, which I am sure you will both deem sad news," said Jeff, as he closed the parlor-door behind him: "Mr. Holt is dead! He shot himself this afternoon in his office in Abdell Court."

"I am not surprised," said Philip, coolly; "he was not a man to live disgraced."

Dalton said nothing for a minute or so. It was not mere pity that made him speechless; it was something more—a certain sympathy. His memory was recalling that scene on Bleabarrow crags when he himself had been about to appear unsummoned in the presence of his Maker. "Heaven have mercy on him, and forgive him, as I do!" were his first words.

"Poor devil!" said Philip, by way of epitaph, and as though the subject in its sentimental aspect were thereby dismissed and done with. "I hope we shall have no trouble in consequence of this about the shares and things."

"He said he 'had much business of a private nature to arrange,'" said Jeff, "when I parted from him; and he had few hours of life before him then; I feel confident that they were spent in reparation."

"Let us hope for the best," said Philip; which, let us imagine, was a pious wish with regard to the dead man's future.

Then the two men began to talk, in quite a different manner from that they would have used half an hour before, of Holt's character. They both agreed that he was an excellent man of business—keen, diligent, and firm as a rock in a storm.

"If he had cared for anybody but himself, he might have been a happy man," was Dalton's verdict.

"You are wrong there, Mr. Dalton," said Jeff, confidently. "He cared for Kitty."

"Hang his impudence!" said Philip.—"Mind, I didn't say hang *him*."

Dalton frowned a little, but made no observation on the subject.

"Come," said he, presently, "let us go up-stairs and break it to the girls."

"If you will excuse me," said Jeff, "I would rather not see them again to-night."

"As you please, my lad," returned Dalton. "You had better look in at our place the first thing to-morrow morning. Come and breakfast with us, and then we can talk matters over."

Jeff accordingly went home at once, feeling that he had quite enough to think about, but only to find there more material for thought. At his lodgings he found a visitor who, his landlady informed him, had been awaiting his arrival there for hours—a certain Mr. Stretham, with whom, as Mr. Holt's confidential legal adviser, he had some slight acquaintance.

"You are surprised to see me here, no doubt, Mr. Derwent?" said this gentleman, in a tone which Jeff could not but consider was, under the circumstances, somewhat jauntily and indifferent.

"No, sir; I am not surprised," returned he, stiffly, "since I already know what has happened."

"The deuce you do! Mr. Holt led me to understand that his intentions had not been disclosed to anybody. He sent me here with a most express injunction to see you to-night and communicate them."

"His intentions, sir? You cannot surely be referring to his design of committing suicide? Are you aware that he has blown his brains out?"

"God bless my soul!" cried the attorney, startled into devoutness. "You don't say so! Blown his brains out! and such clever brains, too! Well, that explains the whole affair, then, which up to this mo-

ment has been so inexplicable to me. He has made over all his property by a deed of gift. If he had left it by will, and then put an end to his life, don't you see there would have been a difficulty about the matter? As it is, everything is quite simple. Even a verdict of *felo-de-se*—if a jury could be got to find it—would not affect the disposition of his money."

"I hope it has been so disposed, however, Mr. Stretham, independently of this deed of gift, that he has made restitution?"

"Yes, yes; we need not talk about that now. I guessed, of course, that there was something wrong—it was about that *Lara* mine, was it not? That money—every shilling of it—has all been paid, or is in course of payment."

"I am most sincerely pleased to hear it," said Jeff, with a sigh of relief. "It must be owned that he did what he could at last to put himself right with his fellow-men."

"Yes, and also to reward his friends," remarked Mr. Stretham, with significance.

"Indeed!" answered Jeff, indifferently. "I was quite unacquainted with them; I knew nothing of his social relations."

"I don't know that he ever had any, except with Mr. Dalton, with whom it appears he has had disagreements. He has made over the whole of his property—something over fifty thousand pounds, I should say at a rough guess—to one Geoffrey Derwent."

"Left it to me!" exclaimed Jeff, astounded.

"Oh, yes; there is no mistake about that. I was to remind you that he said you would have no reason to repent having shaken hands with him. I don't shake hands myself in a general way—I don't think it professional; but, if I had thought my late client was so gratified by the ceremony, I would never have omitted it."

Jeff did not hear the pleasantries; his mind was occupied, not with his own accession to wealth, but with the difference of position in which it would place him as respected Kitty. Gratitude to the dead man, and gratitude also to Dalton, who had accepted him as his son-in-law without a penny, were contending in his heart. The former he could never repay; yet, strange to say, it affected him less of the two. It is the bane of the base that even their very gifts lack the savor of giving; moreover, it must be remembered that Holt, having no further use for his money, must needs have given it to somebody. Afterward, when Jeff came to think upon the matter, he felt the dead man's generosity more keenly, and acknowledged it in heartier fashion; for the conviction was borne in upon him—and it was no doubt a just one—that this vast fortune, given to himself, was, in fact, only given to him in trust to Kitty, who, as Holt had reflected, might have refused to accept it more directly.

On calling at Dalton's lodgings the next morning he found that Mr. Stretham had not exaggerated the completeness of his late client's settlement of all claims on his estate.

It appeared afterward that throughout the progress of his frauds as respected Dalton he had kept the most accurate debtor and creditor account of matters, and was thus enabled to repay every shilling—both principal and interest—in which he was indebted to him.

"If he could cook accounts, it must be owned," as Dalton observed afterward, when the matter had grown familiar, "he could also keep them." He was indeed, maugre a few grains of honest sentiment, a great financier, and admirably fitted to control the destinies of a joint-stock company or a foreign loan.

Kitty, I think, held another view of him, which—since he was dead and gone—almost took the form of tenderness. She understood the man, as regarded his affections, as only a woman could have done. She knew that when he had persecuted her most he had loved her as few men can love; and now that he had become a mere memory, and she could, as it were, afford to do so, she in a manner respected him.

Even Jenny in days to come had a certain qualified praise for Mr. Holt, with whom she would frankly confess she "had had no patience until he left dear Jeff all that money." She thought there was more real good in him—if "grit" be good—than in such fair-weather friends as the Skiptons had proved themselves to be. She deemed him "worth a dozen" of such as Mrs. Campden; but, then, in Jenny's estimation, a dozen Mrs. Campdens were, to use a phrase of the auction-room, a very "cheap lot" indeed. He was a rogue, but at least he did not mingle his roguery with cant and "gush" and protestations of eternal friendship, wherein the word "eternal" had even a less extended sense than certain heretical theologians have of late attributed to it. These remarks, of course, are, however, like a Reuter's telegram, "in anticipation of our usual advices."

It may be easily imagined that, as even Kitty's tender conscience had had little to urge against her union with Jeff as matters had stood, she saw no obstacle to her own happiness, now that the other claimant for her hand had removed himself from the field; while, whatever "people" might have "said" had the wedding taken place under other circumstances, they had now nothing but congratulations to offer upon the union between two young persons not only so obviously fitted for one another, but whose means were so proportionate. It was every way a most "desirable" match; and was ever anything so "funny" as that father-in-law and son-in-law should possess the same diamond-mine (or something) in Golconda (or somewhere) together! The whole thing seemed so "providential," and as though it had been "preordained, as it were, you know."

Dalton went about saying the bitterest things against society—and yet mixing in it almost as much as he had been wont to do. His smile was less genial, but his wit was even keener than of old. He was quite as much sought after as before, but not so well liked. It was complained of him by a great lady of fashion that Mr. Dalton would say "quite horrid things" at times; by which it may be presumed her ladyship meant the naked truth. The fact was, Dalton was like a fish out of water among plain, honest people, such as have no turn for epigram, who are content to keep their claret till the second day, and who use ready-made "dressing" for their salads. He knew that there were other atmospheres purer and more wholesome, and was angry with himself because he could not live in them; or at least that they did not suit him. It is the fashion to say that adversity does us all good; but if it be so, John Dalton was an exception. His wife's death was a terrible loss to him. Doubtless such pure souls are well employed to whatever scenes of bliss they wing their flight; but to the post of guardian angel to her husband, which she had filled in this world to such perfection, there was no successor, and he missed her gracious influence sorely.

It must be said, however, to his credit, that, notwithstanding her vacant chair at his fireside remained unoccupied, the sweet influences of home never lost their power over John Dalton.

After a sojourn at the seaside, which placed poor Jenny at as good a standpoint in regard to health

as she had ever been, he took the family to the old home in London, which their mother's memory had made so dear, and where a charming surprise awaited them. Every article of furniture that could be recovered from the purchasers at the sale was found there in its old place; and the same welcome and familiar faces greeted them, from whom their father's "fallen fortunes" had at one time compelled him to part.

The mistress of all, indeed, was absent; but another member of the family was installed there *en permanence* in the person of Uncle Philip.

Society, with her fine perception of what is right, expressed herself as astonished and even "pained" to perceive the landmarks of legitimacy thus ignored; but she was not absolutely "outraged," as she would have been had the *Quito* proved less remunerative. She contented herself with hinting that Mr. Dalton had doubtless his reasons for so singular a proceeding; and that if everybody had his rights, perhaps it would be found that the case of Astor *versus* Dalton had been decided wrongfully. The report was, that Philip had his home and his income upon the understanding that he did not marry, whereby complications might arise to give employment to gentlemen of the long robe in the second generation. The rumor received this much corroboration, that Philip remained a bachelor.

Jeff carried away his bride from her new old home at midsummer, but settled so near it that Jenny and she were scarcely more apart than when they lived under the same roof. Her baby-brother continued to be her especial charge and idol long after she had children of her own; and, when many years after he followed his brother Tony's example and became an Eton boy, he received every "half" such hampers from Sister Kitty as put to shame even the liberal contributions from his own home.

On the other hand, Tony and Jenny are as fast friends as ever; and, though the former took a creditable degree at Cambridge, he has been heard to say in the society of Lincoln's Inn that all that now remains to him in the way of learning which is worth a shilling was taught him by his second sister.

The chief guest at Kitty's wedding was Dr. Curzon; and I am afraid that the names of the company did not occupy a very long paragraph in the *Morning Post*. There were plenty of fine people who would have been glad to come, and I think Dalton would by that time have so far forgiven his fellow-creatures as to invite them; but Kitty said: "No; if you please, papa, I would rather have only real friends at my wedding."

It was very seldom she expressed herself with such decision, yet somehow her husband was guided by her in most things. "She has a very light hand," Dalton used to say, "and Jeff has a tender mouth." Above all things, Kitty had a horror of "the city" and speculation of all kinds; and since it would never have done for Jeff to be idle, she sent him into Parliament, where he was greatly liked. Though not distinguished for oratory, he spoke now and then sensibly enough; his opinion upon commercial matters had some weight—at all events, in the smoking-room. It was generally supposed there that he had been in early life "largely connected" with the city. Very few people know more of other people's early lives. Curiously enough, it was never whispered that he had been connected with literature. "His good manners," Dalton said, "forbade the suspicion."

Jenny made quite a success as an authoress, only her views were "dreadfully advanced," folks said, and her observations "really, you know, so *very* severe." However, she put her principles, whatever they were, into practice, and aided with purse as

well as pen every genuine scheme of philanthropy, if it only kept itself clear of patrons. She did not like patronage even for other people, and, as for herself, it was dangerous to offer it. A very benevolent duchess, who met Jenny on a board, once tried it on with her, and is said to have been greatly discomfited. Dalton's version of his daughter's retort was that, shaking her curls and showing her teeth at her grace like a Blenheim spaniel, she had said, "Madam, don't *patronize me*, or I'll bite."

I am afraid Jenny has never forgiven society for its behavior to her and hers when they "went under;" but, on the other hand, she does her best to help and comfort those who are in the same sad plight; for, as to turning *her* back upon a friend, she would as soon think of enlisting in the Horse Guards. She was steadfast in all things, and from one resolution nothing moved her—namely, that she would never speak to Mrs. Campden. But for her, perhaps, some sort of reconciliation would have been patched up; as it was, the two families never renewed their former intimacy. Mrs. Campden died in a few years—of a cold, said the county paper, caught in distributing tracts to "her poor people, by whom she was greatly revered;" but, strange to say, her loss brought Uncle George no nearer to his old friends the Daltons. He knew that they harbored a bad opinion of his Julia, and a certain chiv-

alry of disposition forbade him to make advances to them.

In after-years, indeed, Jeff and Kitty, with a whole tribe of pretty children, passed a summer month at Riverside; but the old geniality was wanting: Mr. Campden felt there was a subject, sealed, between them, yet one to which it was difficult not to make allusion.

He knew his wife had behaved ill, of course; but he made excuses for her—such as we know nothing about. Women, as everybody knows, will cling to their husbands, be they ever such scoundrels; and men will cling—though not so often—to wives who are mean and base, and make allowances for them such as astound the looker-on.

Upon Jenny Dalton it was generally imagined that the plough of adversity had made deep furrows; while her sister had remained unscathed, or that the marks of that rude discipline had soon worn away. But I venture to think that judgment was a superficial one. Kitty, like her mother, was a favorite in society, but, like her, the roots of all her happiness lay deep down in the garden-ground of home. She forgave the world; but in her heart she never forgot its sorry treatment; she was gracious in return for its civilities; but she knew their value, and was not to be (twice) deceived.

[THE END.]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"AMERICAN readers," remarks a contemporary, "have a happy faculty of owning books rather than of borrowing them from circulating libraries." There is little doubt that every reader in our happy land congratulates himself upon this fact, and is sure that it is something we all have a right to be proud of. People who purchase the books they read, and hold them as heir-looms for their descendants, who associate with the books they love to read the pride of ownership, must, it is natural to suppose, have a deeper interest in literature than those who peruse the much-thumbed volumes of the circulating library, which, being once read, are never at hand again for after-perusal—for stray moments of companionship, or for occasional recurrence to favorite passages. Obviously, one can but desire to own the book that he loves, and there would seem at first glance to be every reason why our American custom should be permanently sustained.

There are, however, sometimes unexpected sides to a question. It is confessed on all hands that in America the reward for literary work is wholly inadequate; a community which is confidently believed to be the greatest readers of books in the world actually pays its authors and writers much less than do those benighted countries where editions are small and circulating libraries many. The publication of books for general buyers instead of for libraries has caused a pressure for cheapness. No man buys one book; if he is a reader at all, he must desire to buy many books; and only people of wealth can afford to supply their library needs by purchase unless books are cheap. Now, it so happens that while cheap books are an advantage to readers, and may

be profitable by large aggregates of sales to publishers, they are to the disadvantage of authors, rendering just compensation for literary work almost impossible. If the reader will patiently follow us through a few figures, we think we can make the truth of this statement clear to him.

The usual price of a novel published in the better American style, that is, in a duodecimo volume bound in cloth, is one dollar and seventy-five cents. The customary percentage which an author receives on a book at this price is seventeen and a half cents per copy, being ten per cent. on the retail price. We have selected a work of fiction for illustration because it is the kind of literature that upon the average is the most profitable to writers. If a novel published in the style described attains a sale of ten thousand copies, it has met with success—not a brilliant but a more than fair success. Inasmuch as the average sale of a duodecimo novel is probably not more than two thousand or twenty-five hundred, and the vast majority never reach a circulation of five thousand copies, it must be conceded that a sale of ten thousand copies is evidence that the author has made something of a hit. But this successful book yields the author only seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. Now, one book a year is as rapidly as writers usually can produce, and as many as the public would continue to purchase at the rate of sale we have assumed. In truth, if ten thousand copies is the extreme sale of one of an author's popular books, there will be sure to be those the circulation of which will fall considerably below this number. But let us assume that he will be enabled to maintain his popularity at an even level. In addition to one book a year, he

could do some work for the magazines, so that by persistent labor his income might be increased to say three thousand dollars a year—this, recollect, for an author who stands well up on the literary ladder. It is not so much as the salary of a book-keeper or a second-rate clerk; it is far below that of bank and insurance-company officers; it is insignificant beside that which a lawyer or a doctor of about the same relative grade makes in any of the leading cities; it is insufficient for the needs of a family, and permits nothing to be saved for old age, when the pen will but too surely lose its skill. Yet our supposititious case is that of a successful author—the multitude of writers cannot hope to do nearly so well as this.

Now, in England the average author probably does no better than the average one here; but there are high prizes there for the successful writer. It was currently stated, before "*Daniel Deronda*" was more than three-quarters published, that George Eliot had made from it some seventy-five thousand dollars. Perhaps this is an exaggeration, but we can scarcely be wide of the mark in assuming that "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," the greatest success of the century, did not yield its author a third of this amount. Mr. Tennyson derives an annual income from his books of five thousand pounds, or twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Longfellow is probably one of the best paid of our authors, but the profits from his books are doubtless very much less than this. It must be remembered that all pursuits that give the multitude of workers just repayment for their labor have their brilliant successes; and hence if a profession does not reward its great leaders amply it will certainly starve the rank and file.

But how is it that English authors are so much better paid—when successful—than ours are? It is frequently declared that the absence of an international copyright is the cause. This at one time operated greatly to the injury of the American writer, but, as now every English author worth anything gets his copyright or his price from American publishers, this fact has ceased to have much influence on native productions. The principal reason for the difference we have pointed out is in the method of publication. The dollar-and-a-half or two-dollar volume here costs so much for paper and printing that but a small margin is left for the author. In England such a book would be published at thirty shillings sterling, nearly eight dollars in our currency, but would be sold, necessarily, at this price, almost exclusively to circulating libraries. If the book at this price is a success, the profits swell up rapidly, a distribution of two thousand copies netting the writer three or four times the profit that our supposititious ten thousand would do here. In England, therefore, a successful book means a prosperous author; in the United States a book may be successful, and the author yet remain poor and underpaid. In view of this fact, we are not wise to brag of our disposition to "own our books;" the "greatest reading public in the world" ought in the interest of literature either to buy more books, or pay larger prices for them; otherwise, if a body of writers is to be maintained, it may be necessary to establish the English library system here.

THE Centennial Exhibition is declared on all sides to have been a great success. Judged by the largeness of the plan, the beauty of the structures, the extent and fullness of the display, its vast number of visitors, it was indeed a complete triumph. But these are incidents of a successful show: this World's Exhibition must have other results than the success of numbers if all the energy and expenditure involved in the enterprise are to have adequate return. It remains to be seen how far the Exhibition has instructed us—what improvement of taste and modification of ideas it is to bring into our arts; what wider knowledge and juster perceptions it has produced in the minds of the millions who witnessed its wonders—before we can pronounce the final verdict of success. The evidence of these results will, of course, come in slowly; but, unless they become apparent—unless we can detect improvement in how we build and how we decorate, and our arts show more invention and skill; unless the people evince in these things enlarged ideas and purer taste, the Exhibition will not have proved a commensurate success. It is very far from enough that we should have had a glittering show; no matter how much money may have poured into Philadelphia, or how vast the crowds that gathered at the display—the diffusion of knowledge, the elevation of taste, the stimulation of competitive energy, are the sole results that in the future we shall be justified in congratulating ourselves upon. But it is only just to believe that results of this nature will ensue. Ideas are slow in germinating; new perceptions require time for practical application; nor will it, indeed, be easy to say how little or how much of our industry has been influenced by facts or ideas gathered at Philadelphia; yet we have a right to expect that in some directions the influence of the great Exhibition will be apparent if any good results at all come from it. These remote results, however, depend upon the people. Whatever they may prove to be, the Exhibition managers deserve the praise of all persons for the skill with which they conducted a bold and difficult enterprise to an end which, so far as their functions extend, was successful. They planned well; they succeeded against many obstacles in gathering from all peoples, even the most remote, specimens of their industrial skill; they have placed a mark upon our first Centennial anniversary not to be forgotten; and, if our people do not make the Exhibition a means of permanent good, the projectors at least are not responsible for it.

TRULY science has, as was said recently by one of its eminent votaries, "its romantic side." Its history presents not a few deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice; its results have not seldom been attained by suffering voluntarily inflicted, and have now and then cost the lives of willing victims. The young Berlin doctor who, when a deadly contagious distemper was ravaging the poorer households of that city, thought he had discovered a method for its cure, and, knowing that its test might be fatal, nevertheless boldly tried it upon himself, and who, as he lay dying from its effects, jotted down his observa-

tions of its action on his system until within nine minutes of his departure from earth, was a hero to whom Sir Philip Sidney would have doffed his hat. A deed scarcely less noble, as it involved serious self-sacrifice, has just been done at Manchester by a young English medical student. It appears that a weakly young man had a leg amputated at the hospital, which made him so feeble that he was not likely to recover. He was fast sinking when the hospital doctor declared that there was but one possible way of saving him. To the patient's languid veins must be transfused a quantity of warm blood from a vigorous, living man. A young student, who heard this, at once stepped forward and offered his own blood for the purpose. A pint of the vital fluid was thereupon taken from him, and sent circulating through the arm and body of the moribund youth. Within two hours he revived, recognized people, and was pronounced on the way to recovery.

The young medical student to whose unselfish heroism this good result was due may possibly have worked even better than he knew. It was long a matter of discussion and doubt whether this operation of transfusion could really be performed so as to transfer the vital vigor of one person to another. It is not at all a new idea, indeed, for we read of its having been tried on a certain pope four centuries ago, three young men being compelled to sacrifice their lives in order that the decrepit pontiff might thus renew his youth; but the experiment failed. The experiment has been tried many times, and in different countries; and for the past half-century the practicability of transfusion has been generally admitted by the profession. The difficulty is, to successfully effect it; but it is well known that the blood of animals has been again and again transfused to the veins of human beings with the best physical results.

Of course the idea of transfusion gives rise to many amusing fancies. Can you make an old man young, a cross man amiable, a coward brave, a nervous man phlegmatic, by exchanging the vital fluid in the veins? Is there a modicum of sober truth in Edmond About's funny conceit about the "nose of a notary?" The blood of lambs is sometimes used in the operation of transfusion: do the doctors find the patients thereafter more lamb-like? How gratifying it would be if, by merely vivisectioning the gentle denizen of the pasture, and transferring its blood to mortal veins, we could transform the uncomfortable tempers around us into perennial docility! We fear, however, that psychological results are not to be attained by this very material process. Very much will be gained, however, if we can restore ruddiness to pallid cheeks, and strength to a tottering body; if we can see the consumptive revive under the circulation of healthy blood yielded to him by the self-sacrifice of another, as the fainting vampire revived under the moon's rays; and if the effects of those horrible sudden hemorrhages which end in abrupt death from mere loss of blood can be obviated by a prompt transfusion. It may not be that the fountain of perpetual youth is to be found welling up from the heart of one's neighbor; but the gift of health

from one mortal body to another has a certain poetry about it scarcely less pleasing to the fancy than the ancient fable, being significant of human self-sacrifice, a noble emotion in which the ancient fable was wanting.

A CURIOUS and interesting book has just been made by Mr. William Jones on "Finger-Ring Love." Finger-rings, to be sure, have pretty much lost the symbolism which once attached to them; but they are one of the few ornaments which are indulged in by the most barbarous and the most enlightened races alike, and it may be taken for granted, from the universality with which they are found, that they will never go out of fashion. Civilization, while it has discarded the rings in the nose, in the ears, and in the lips, which ruder peoples still wear, and which, there is some reason to believe, were thus worn by our remote ancestors, still taxes the art and fancy of the jeweler to find new ring-patterns, though such patterns must be somewhat limited in shape and in their capacity for the transposition of jewels. A finger-ring has the merit, however, of adapting itself to every condition of man, every character, and every mood. From the gorgeous solitaire with which the "gilded youth" binds the promise of his "ladye faire," to the sombre mourning-ring of black; from the portly hoop of gold proper to the lady who has celebrated her silver wedding, to the yet more portly signet which befits the railway president and the bank director; from the thin-chased band of cheap gold, or mayhap of gold-washed brass, which the humbler lover slips upon his shop-girl sweetheart's finger, to the dazzling blaze of emerald, ruby, and diamond, without which the shoddy dame suddenly grown rich cannot sleep o' nights, much less appear in her box at the opera—it is a shape and style of ornament which with one voice every social grade confesses its favorite.

We need not like the fashion the less because the ring is really venerable and historic, bringing to us remote, quaint, and august memories. Far back in the ages, Mr. Jones tells us, the ring was a symbol of office and a mark of rank. Rings were used as signets, and were tokens of authority, by governors and priests in Biblical times; and from those times down to a period when rings became merely universal and ornamental, rings had, in every use, a peculiar significance. Before even the great could conveniently write so much as their names, the signet was used instead of the signature to official and formal documents. There was a superstition that if a man, when thus affixing his seal, broke the ring, his speedy death was foreshadowed. Forgery by affixing a seal with a ring was a death-offense in Egypt. From this use of the ring, the next use, that is, as a symbol of rank and power, naturally came about. Alexander the Great strikingly exemplified this symbolism when, lying speechless on his death-bed, he handed his signet to Perdicas, as a sign that Perdicas should administer his kingdom. More interesting is the ring regarded not only as a symbol, but as a sort of bond, in betrothal and marriage. Nor have the engagement and wedding rings

quite lost the charm of this symbolism yet. The wedding-ring and its significance are quaintly characterized by Dean Comber when he says: "The matter of which this ring is made is pure gold, signifying how noble and durable an affection is; the form is round, to imply that our respect or regard shall never have an end; the place of it is on the fourth finger of the left hand, where the ancients thought there was a vein which came directly from the heart, where it may be always in view, and, being a finger least used, where it may be least subject to be worn out; but the main end is to be a visible and lasting token of the covenant which must never be forgotten." The ring used, indeed, to be also a sign investing the wife with authority over her household, for with it the household keys were delivered to her among the Romans. In the Orkneys to this day the youths and lasses signify their betrothal "by clasping hands through a great round hole in one of those weird monoliths known as the Standin' Stanes of Stennis." Here, possibly, is the origin of the pleasant custom of slipping upon the dainty finger of the lady-love a token that her whispered promise has bound her to a new fate.

THE fact should not be lost sight of, in following the events now proceeding in Eastern Europe, that Russia has been ambitious to possess Constantinople for two centuries. It is well to ignore neither side of a controversy which is likely sooner or later to develop into a general European war. Russia's ambition is the obtrusive fact before the eyes of Turkey. That it still exists, despite Crimean wars and Paris treaties, may be seen by what has taken place within the past year. It is already a fully-proved fact that the rebellions which broke out a year ago last summer in the Turkish Christian provinces were instigated, encouraged, and nourished, by Russian agents. There remains as little doubt that Serbia was cajoled into her declaration of war last spring by Russian influence. It is a fact patent to all the world that Serbia has been for months little better than a Russian province, and the Servian army a Russian army to all intents and purposes. Russia rejected the proposition for a six months' armistice, probably because she would have meanwhile to show her hand in a European conference, and because such a conclusion would enable Turkey to organize for decisive victory. If we regard Russia's advances in Turkey, the diligence with which she has remodeled and reëquipped her armies, her hurried building of iron-clads, her railway extensions, her repairs of old fortresses and creation of new ones for the past ten years, we must see that she has been steadily preparing for an eventuality which she now sees to be near at hand, if not actually present.

It may be that it would be better for the Christian population in Turkey, and even for the world in general, that Russia should go to Constantinople; but let us recognize that, if she does so, it will be from no philanthropic designs of protecting an oppressed race and religion, but because she thereby fulfills a traditional aspiration of aggrandizement. But we must also keep in view

the probability that, if a crusade is really begun against the votaries of Islam on the plea of a rescue of Christians, an intense and murderous religious conflict must ensue. The Turk has been much reviled and anathematized of late, not without some reason; but no one has ventured to accuse him of cowardice. His religion teaches him who falls upon the field fighting under the banner of the Prophet to look for the highest beatitudes in the life to come. A Turkish population of five millions, at bay, would be a terrific sight, a matter even for the colossal armies of Europe to shudder at. Heaven have mercy upon the Christians, if the sultan, in his despair, should evoke this fanatic force and fire! That he can do in a moment. He need only to appeal to the Mohammedans on both sides of the Bosphorus, and we shall see the old fierce Saracen spirit rekindled, and the East lurid with conflagration and massacre.

GENRE painting has not been distinguished in the hands of American painters, but Mr. E. Wood Perry has painted a number of pictures of this kind that have the mellowness, the tone, the excellence of composition and of character-drawing, that mark the work of noted artists abroad. Mr. Perry has specially devoted himself to the perpetuation of our old domestic country life, to the portrayal of characters, incidents, and interiors, now found only in obscure places, in the long-settled portions of New England, but which once were common enough in all the farm-houses and rural villages of the country. He has succeeded in giving a fairly poetic interest to these quaint early phases of country life, reproducing them without the harshness and barrenness that usually mark pictures of American scenes—delineating them sometimes, indeed, in colors and with harmonies that are masterly. "Hackling Flax," which we engrave for the frontispiece of this number of the JOURNAL, is one of his simpler compositions. It necessarily loses in the engraving the fine charm of color which the original possesses; but, if not the best, it is a good example of the artist's style, so far as black-and-white can be an example of a painting.

A WEALTHY and public-spirited citizen of Boston has just devoted a considerable sum to the establishment of a college of cooking. In this he has followed in the line of those who have started, at the South Kensington Museum in London, a "national school of cookery." There is real benevolence in this attempt to carry cooking up to the dignity of a science; and the projector of the new Boston "college" reasons wisely when he considers that to assist in giving the public a good digestion he is doing some service to the moral and intellectual movements of the age. Indeed, the union of the theory with the practice of cooking which he designs is the proper and only method of making it a science of hygiene and enjoyment as well. The new college will at once impregnate principles and illustrate by practice. It will be a normal school of cooking, educating teachers of the science as well as those who are to practically conduct it as an art.

New Books.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

IT is no very long time since one could take up any production by Wilkie Collins with the assurance of being interested and amused, if not particularly edified. There are few, probably, who would care to read "Armada" or "The Woman in White" a second time, but there are fewer still who would deny having found them intensely and pleasurably exciting, and full of a certain vigor of narrative and vividness of coloring which impressed them powerfully on the imagination. As much might be said of nearly all his other novels; but "The Two Destinies"¹ is not only relatively inferior, but is as dull, commonplace, and disagreeable a story as it has often fallen to our lot to read. The plot, which is usually Wilkie Collins's strong point, is transparently simple; the two leading characters (who, in fact, are the only ones drawn in sufficient detail to take them out of the category of lay-figures) are so hopelessly vulgar that there is a suspicion of satire on the author's part in the eagerness with which their American friends are represented as following them to Naples after reading their story; the melodramatic episode of the veiled, deformed lady is so curiously crude that it would seem like *naïveté* in a less experienced writer; and there is scarcely a trace of that fertility of incident and picturesqueness of description which usually characterize Mr. Collins's work. What has been solely relied upon to catch the interest of the reader is the introduction of spiritualistic phenomena. The whole machinery of the story is supernatural. The lovers appear to each other in visions; they touch and caress one another in waking dreams; they communicate with each other in states of "trance;" they write legibly on paper, from which they are separated by scores or even hundreds of miles; and the apparition of a young child hovers in the heavens for two days and a night in order to guide one to the other at a critical time. All this is handled with none of the skill with which Bulwer, for instance, treated similar subjects in "A Strange Story," but in such a way as to awaken the same kind of repulsion as that produced by the performances and theories of so-called "mediums;" even in fiction the principalities and powers seem to be occupied in furthering the vilest ends of the vilest people. Judging by George Eliot's last story, the novelist of the future is to be a prophet; by Mr. Collins's, he is to be a necromancer.

It is difficult to read "Rose Turquand"² without being reminded of that Brummagem jewelry for which Parisian workshops are so famous. The peculiarity of this jewelry is that, while it reproduces with singular fidelity the shape, color, and finish, of the real jewelry, no one is ever deluded into believing it genuine; and so, though Miss Hopkins imitates with quite remarkable skill the style, method, and even mannerisms, of several popular novelists, the *façetted* voice produces a fatal discord throughout her narrative. If the book were intended as burlesque, it might be pronounced clever and successful; for it is amusing to note how dexterously the author has picked up all the cant and clatter of the time, and how painstakingly she reproduces it with minor variations of her own. In constructing her story Miss Hopkins appears to have deliberately adopted the strictly eclectic

plan. She has observed that Dickens's sentimental pathos is considered very affecting—therefore Dickens is her model when she wants to move her readers to tears; Thackeray's social satire endeared him to the tastes of a cynical and fault-finding generation—therefore we will ridicule our fellow-creatures in the pungent Thackerayan manner; George MacDonald has shown that religion and theology may be dealt with in popular fiction—therefore there must be a certain class of readers to whom carefully-rounded paragraphs about "God," "the Eternities," "Truth," and "Duty," will be acceptable; Bulwer's showy romanticism and pinchbeck heroes obtained numerous admirers—therefore it is wise to titillate the palates of some readers by depicting impossible people, actuated by incomprehensible motives, performing absurd and incoherent actions; George Eliot has shown the effectiveness of the sententious and the epigrammatic—therefore at appropriate intervals the judicious novelist will introduce such sentences as the following: "Uneasy conscience, like an old blunderbuss, occasionally discharges itself with a wide impartiality of aim." Even the strange verbal antics of the newest school of poets are thought worthy of being represented in the *mi-lange*, and accordingly we read of the "sacrament of words," of lovers being "drenched with silence," and of the "rapture of pain." Now, we have no desire to cast unnecessary censure upon Miss Hopkins's work, nor would we be understood as intimating that there is anything blameworthy in a young novelist studying and even following good models: it is the undisguised openness of the imitation which invites comment, coupled as it is with the most complacent self-assertion on the part of the author. Miss Hopkins, at least, is entirely satisfied with "Rose Turquand." Were this a trifle less evident, we should be inclined to predict that she will do creditable work when she has acquired more confidence in the strength of her own opinions; for the book is written in a pleasant and sprightly style, and shows keenness of observation as well as some power of character-drawing.

Very different—quite a contrast, indeed—is "The Laurel-Bush," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."³ It is truly old-fashioned in its perfect naturalness and simplicity of tone, its unpretentious directness of style and method, and its entire freedom from all appeals to the current appetite either for sensationalism or for that morbid prying into mental processes which so often passes in fiction for "psychological analysis." Miss Mulock's tendency to didacticism and moral reflections is also less obtrusive than is usual in her later writings, and, were it not for the depressing melancholy of the story, we should say that it exercised a poetic and idyllic influence upon the mind. This same melancholy furnishes the critic with his only excuse for fault-finding. Why should an author deliberately, and with malice prepense and aforethought, harrow up our souls with piteous pictures of the changes and chances of this mortal life? We will not spoil the reader's pleasure by revealing the plot of the story, but we confess that we are inclined to resent the grievous fate which Miss Mulock inflicts upon her imaginary lovers. Poetic retribution, where fault or error receives its due punishment, we can

¹ The Two Destinies. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

² Rose Turquand. By Ellice Hopkins. New York: Harper & Brothers.

³ The Laurel-Bush: An Old-Fashioned Love-Story. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers.

acquiesce in; but how contemplate with resignation the utter spoiling of the lives of two innocent and praiseworthy persons by one of those trivial accidents for which only Providence can be held to account? On laying aside the book we find ourselves wishing with real fervor that all could have been different; and of course the fact that the author has inspired us with this keen personal interest in the creatures of her imagination is at once her vindication and reward.

A novelist should be very confident of her hold upon her readers before offering them an uneventful domestic tale of nearly six hundred pages, and it is convincing proof that Miss Yonge's previous works have left pleasant reminiscences that we took up "The Three Brides"¹ with such entire resignation. It may be said, however, that, in spite of its length, the story is easy reading, and only when it is finished, and we come to recall its main features, does it occur to us how readily and even advantageously it might have been compressed into half its present limits. Like all Miss Yonge's novels that are not historical, it deals with English country gentry and their "dependents," and its main artistic motive is the delineation of three young ladies who, by a curious but not unnatural conjunction of events, are congregated as brides in one house where, besides their husbands, there are two other brothers and a mother-in-law. One of the brides is a disciple and product of the modern religion of self-culture, and consequently is cold, selfish, conceited, and with a good solid stratum of stupidity beneath the superficial intellectual polish; the second bride is comparatively uncultivated, impulsive, and, in spite of being a clergyman's wife, inordinately fond of social gayeties, but withal warm-hearted, generous, affectionate, and lovable; and the third is an Australian wildling whom the ministrations of a certain Mr. Pilgrim have converted into an intractable bigot who sees "sin" lurking in a laugh, and perdition in a game at cards. The five brothers have hitherto lived together in perfect harmony, each prosecuting his special pursuit, and vying with each other only in devotion to their invalid mother; but of course the advent of the brides involved many changes, and the book narrates in detail how the household readjusted itself to the new conditions, and how the process affected the lives and fortunes of others in the neighborhood. Nearly all the salient features of country society are touched upon, but the moral stress of the book, so to call it, falls upon sanitary drainage and the amusement question. Neglect and ignorance of the former brings a terrible scourge upon the community, and at the same time enables the author to get rid of the most perplexing elements of her story; and on the latter the author favors us with some opinions which certainly do not suffer from lack of precision. She sees no harm in card-playing, cricket, and the like, even for clergymen; and dancing is not only unobjectionable but sometimes commendable; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and she draws it peremptorily at horse-racing. This is wholly and ineradicably evil, and should be discountenanced by all respectable, not to say Christian, people. The story is told with the easy grace of a veteran writer, and if the pace is somewhat slow we can at least feel assured of a reasonably satisfactory goal, and of a variety of attractions by the way.

In "My Own Child"² the author deviates from the ordinary theme of novelists, and instead of the love of man for woman, or of woman for man, makes the

love of mother and daughter the *motif* and main interest of the story. Of course, love of the orthodox and usual type plays a more or less influential part, and there is a piquant picture at the beginning of a childish courtship which resulted in the heroine's becoming a wife, widow, and mother, at the age of fifteen; but this is a mere prologue to the real action of the drama, and everything else is kept subordinate to the delineation of what is doubtless the purest and most enduring feeling that man can know. The author has chosen to deal with a very exacting phase of this feeling, and the high-pitched monochord now and then becomes dissonant; but on the whole a difficult subject is managed with skill, and power is manifested in the slow and delicate gradations by which the story deepens from the pastoral scenes of the opening to the piteous tragedy of the close.

The moral of "Near to Nature's Heart"³ is not far to seek, for a sermon lurks in every chapter; and Mr. Roe writes a preface on purpose to inform the reader that "these books" (meaning his novels) "are written with the honest, earnest purpose of helping him to do right." The criticism of the so-called religious press on the author's course in abandoning the ministry to devote himself to novel-writing seems to have made him more anxious than ever to prove that in leaving the pulpit he has not ceased to preach; and, accordingly, the desire to "do good" is decidedly more obtrusive in this latest story than in his previous ones. The chief fault of the story, however, arises not from the deliberate insistence upon the ethical or moral element, but from the fact that in writing it the author has utterly misapplied his powers. With but slender traces of imaginative force, of dramatic insight, or of literary skill, Mr. Roe's previous stories have yet possessed a certain homely interest due to the fidelity with which he has portrayed the actions, and motives, and aspirations, and difficulties, of average but not commonplace men and women in the ordinary conditions of every-day life. The people and the incidents, and the mental and moral phenomena, that he has himself observed or encountered, he can depict accurately, and not without spirit; but it might have been predicted beforehand that he would fail in the attempt to write an historical novel, and "Near to Nature's Heart" would afford ample confirmation of the prophecy. The scene of this story is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson during the Revolutionary War, and neither the introduction of historical persons and events nor the addition of historical notes imparts the slightest *vraisemblance* or gives the reader the feeling that he is mingling with the people and observing the incidents of a hundred years ago. Moreover, in the attempt to catch that glamour of romance which hangs over long-past times, Mr. Roe simply becomes hazy, inconsistent, and unnatural; and there is something ludicrous in the contrast between the plain, homespun prose of the rest of the narrative and the fanciful opening chapter, which introduces us to a creature more nearly resembling a Greek nymph or dryad than a woodland pioneer of the colonial period—a surpassingly beautiful maiden of sixteen summers who repeats snatches of Shakespeare and the Bible, mocks the birds, shoots and traps the beasts of the forest, fishes with water-lily buds, gambols like a fawn in secluded sylvan glades, and lives with a mysterious, curse-blighted household in the inmost recesses of the woods. Nothing could be farther from Nature's heart than the melodramatic succession of incidents that constitute the main action of the story; and there is something tawdry and sensational about it all which is hardly redeemed by the final triumph of Bi-

¹ The Three Brides. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

² "My Own Child." A Novel. By Florence Marryat. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

³ Near to Nature's Heart. By Rev. E. P. Roe, New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

ble-inspired faith over the demoralizing tendencies of French philosophy.

No similar accusation of ultra-didactic aim can be brought against "My Little Love," by Marion Harland, who writes with the genuine artistic purpose to please and entertain the reader. Her hand has lost none of its cunning, and the neat precision of the practised writer furnishes an agreeable contrast to Mr. Roe's somewhat crude style; but we confess to having found her over-minute account of the infant phenomenon who plays the part of heroine in the present story a rather dreary substitute for the spirited sketches of men and women with which the author has hitherto favored us. An abnormally precocious child is generally an object of curious interest to her immediate relatives and friends, but mere lookers-on always find it difficult to participate in the enthusiasm of those near the throne, and are apt to cherish a not unnatural preference for "children that are children." This, in spite of the skill with which it is told, is the fault of the story of Ailsie Darling: the reader never quite succeeds in catching the feeling of the author, with whom Ailsie is probably—in part, at least—a personal reminiscence. Moreover, there is something almost profane in the idea of connecting love (as here meant) with a child of ten years; and the latter part of the book, which is intended to be intensely pathetic, scarcely affects us, because we are out of sympathy with him whose feelings are most minutely depicted. Like all Marion Harland's works, "My Little Love" is wholly destitute of humor, but there is a touch of the comical in the bitter hate and scorn which the author appears to feel for that class of people known in the South as "country-crackers." Given a household of the genus Rusticus, as she calls it, and she has a supply of villains, hypocrites, and bores, ready to hand; and it is appalling to think how many such there must be in the country, since the author is careful to intimate that she regards the Gaskins, not as individuals, but as types of the whole class.

The initial volume of the "No-Name Series" brings us face to face with the fact (which the publishers seem to have overlooked) that mere anonymity cannot be relied upon to impart additional zest to the reader's interest in a story, unless the story itself possesses some especially striking or attractive features. "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" undoubtedly rises above the average level of American novels, but we have not found ourselves oppressed by any overweening curiosity as to its authorship, and indeed are rather sorry to learn that it is "by a well-known and successful writer of fiction." It is emphatically one of those books that are promising if regarded as the experimental work of a new and unpractised hand, but quite the reverse if regarded as mature performance. There is always the hope in the case of an inexperienced writer that he will outgrow his faults and retain and develop of his present qualities only those which are good; but, as "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" is acknowledged to be the production of a veteran writer of fiction, we are forbidden to indulge this hope, and compelled to give its merits and defects an equal consideration. Of its faults, the first to be noted is that it is hopelessly provincial in tone, theme, and treatment; it was written of New-Englanders, by a New-Englander, for New-Englanders. The New England intellect, as soon as it has risen above "pies and town-meetings," takes to ethics as naturally as a duck to water; and the author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" occupies herself mainly, not

with holding the mirror up to Nature and human nature, but with refining upon the nice distinctions between moral right and wrong. Her desire to portray the two men between whom Mercy found it necessary to choose is not nearly so great as her anxiety to impress upon us the exceeding beauty and importance of absolute truthfulness, and to penetrate the perilously subtle disguises which a lie may put on; and the quaint realism of Mercy's portrait, which should have been the strong point of the book, is deliberately subordinated to fine-spun theories as to the poetic temperament and to the effect upon character of integrity which is merely rational instead of "organic." The merit corresponding to this defect is, that the story has a certain value as a faithful transcript of local scenery, manners, and modes of thought; that its ideals are less vulgar than those which more cosmopolitan novels are apt to present; and that it reads as, though it were written for an educated and refined audience whose tastes are too cultivated to endure tinsel sentiment, or tawdry rhetorical coloring, or an inelegant and ungraceful style. There is an atmosphere of high breeding about it, indeed, which is perhaps the book's most pleasing feature; and, though the character-sketches are somewhat "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," the local scenes, scenery, and incidents, are so vivid and realistic that the reader will speedily suspect that Penfield is not unknown to actual geography. Throughout our notice we have applied the feminine personal pronoun to the author, and, without venturing to particularize, we shall content ourselves with thus excluding the claims of the entire male sex—though there is a touching bit of *post-mortem* philosophy which might tempt us to name Miss Phelps, were there not so many other things to exculpate her. Toward the close of the narrative, when the time has come for Death to insert his sickle among the characters, Mercy is represented as transferring her affections from the man whom she had loved for many years, but who proved unworthy, to a man long dead, whom she had once refused, and as being consoled with the idea that she will some time be united to him, though she already has a husband, and the man a beloved wife in that world to which he had "gone before."

"Giannetto," by Lady Margaret Majendie,¹ though scarcely more than a novelette in dimensions, is a very strong and artistic piece of work, and will remain in the reader's mind, probably, long after some of the more pretentious novels on our list have passed into the convenient haze which time spreads over our memories. The story is of an Italian fisher-boy, who, dumb from his birth, and passionately rebellious against the infliction, suddenly recovered his voice after a narrow escape from shipwreck in a storm. The strange character of this phenomenon, coupled with the boy's stranger moods, caused the superstitious villagers to believe that Giannetto had, like Dr. Faustus of the legend, entered into compact with the evil-one. He himself appears to have shared this belief, and, though he subsequently became a great and famous singer, he considered himself inevitably given over to the Furies, and gradually degenerated into a gloomy, morose, and violent man. Finally, when on the verge of insanity or suicide, he was saved by the faithful ministrations of a priest, who had devoted himself for long years to this one object. The narrative is intensely, almost painfully interesting throughout; and the author finds opportunities by the way to construct for us some exceedingly vivid and charming pictures of Italian scenery and social life.

¹ Giannetto. By Lady Margaret Majendie. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

¹ My Little Love. By Marion Harland. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

No-Name Series. Mercy Philbrick's Choice. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

